PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

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EMBER

15¢



PRISCILLA LANE
BY PAUL HESSE

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

FULL-COLOR STAR PORTRAITS IN THIS ISSUE

Including: Ginger Rogers · Robert Taylor · Betty Grable · Rita Hayworth

Follow this Bride's Way to New Loveliness!
go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



This exciting complexion care is based on skin specialists' advice—praised by lovely brides!

"MY FRIENDS tell me how much lovelier my complexion has become since I started following the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. I wouldn't be without Camay for a day," says beautiful Mrs. Carnohan.

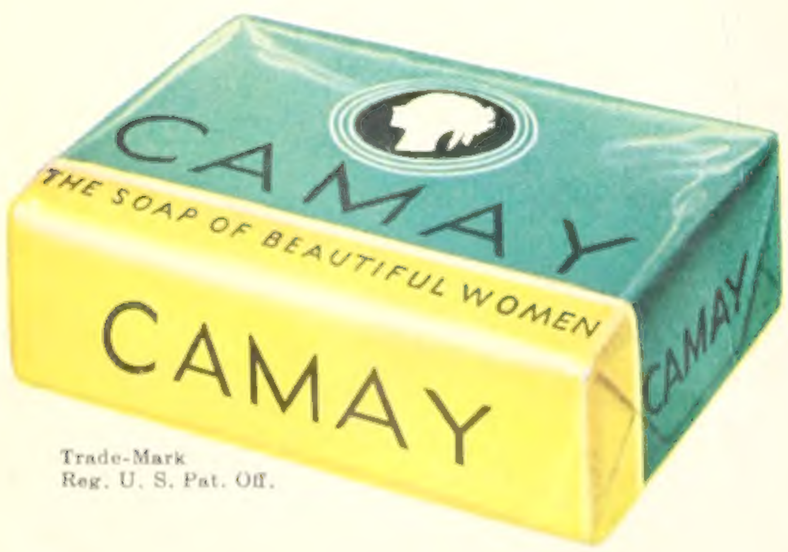
You, too, can be lovelier if you will only give the Camay Mild-Soap Diet a chance. For, without knowing it, you may be letting improper cleansing dull your complexion—or you may be using a soap that isn't mild enough!

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is actually *milder* than dozens of other popular beauty soaps! That's why we say, "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet."

Give your skin thorough cleansing with Camay night and morning for 30 days. At once—what a delicious, fresh feeling! But be faithful—and soon your complexion may have thrilling new loveliness!

This lovely bride, Mrs. Harry Carnohan of New York, N. Y., says:

"I wouldn't let my skin go without the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a single day—it has done so much for me! Why, I'd been following the Mild-Soap Diet only a short time when my friends began asking for my beauty secret! Another thing I like about Camay is that wonderful fragrance. It just seems to last and last."



Trade-Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Go on the MILD-SOAP DIET *Tonight*



First step to a lovelier skin . . .

Make a lather with Camay on your wash-cloth. Work this milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils, chin. Rinse with warm water—then 30 seconds of cold splashings.



As the days go by—new beauty!

Simply do that every night. Then, while you s
the tiny pore openings are free to function for r
ral beauty. In the morning—one more quick se
with Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

Even though the Night is Magic

it takes <u>two</u> to make Romance



Romance fades when a girl is careless—Guard charm every day with Mum!

ROMANCE seems in the very air tonight! There's a moon to inspire unforgettable words, a lovely girl ready to listen. But there's no man to whisper them to Jane!

Too bad someone can't tell her that a girl must be more than pretty—more than smartly dressed to attract a man. Unless she *stays* nice to be near, how can she win his heart—how can a man stay in love?

The shocking thought that she's careless has never entered Jane's pretty head. She bathes each day, of course, before dates, too—shouldn't that be enough? She forgets that a bath's job is to remove *past* perspiration. To prevent risk of *future* odor, so many popular girls rely on *dependable* Mum.

With Mum your bath-freshness lasts for long hours. Mum keeps you a charming companion, helps your chances for romance! You will like Mum for its:

SPEED—30 seconds to use Mum! Even when you're late for business or a date, you still have time for Mum!

CERTAINTY—No guesswork about Mum—because without stopping perspiration it *prevents* odor all day or all evening.

SAFETY—You can use Mum even after underarm shaving, even after you're dressed. Mum won't irritate skin. Mum won't harm fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering. Guard your charm with Mum!

. . .

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—You need a gentle, safe deodorant for sanitary napkins. That's why thousands of women prefer dependable Mum this way, too.

MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration

Mum is a Product of Bristol-Myers

QUICK, CONVENIENT MUM KEEPS YOU BATH-FRESH FOR HOURS







The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month



The greatest star of the screen!

The minutes of the last meeting, read and approved, placed "Mrs. Miniver" right up there on all ten-best film lists of all-time. Now we can get on to present and future business.



Clark Gable (Honky) and Lana Turner (Tonk) ignite again in "Somewhere I'll Find You".



"Tish", based on the popular stories by Mary Roberts Rinehart, dusts off the mantle of Marie Dressler and tenders it to Marjorie Main, who plays the title role.



The inimitable Mickey Rooney becomes "A Yank at Eton" and the role becomes Mickey Rooney.



Judy Garland's out-and-out starring vehicle is one of the out-and-outstanding entertainments on the horizon. "For Me and My Gal".



"Red" Skelton and Ann Sothern are in "Panama Hattie". You'll see Red—and Ann.



"Random Harvest", the James Hilton best-seller, is in the able hands of Director LeRoy and stars Ronald Colman and Mrs. Miniver Garson.



"Seven Sweethearts" brings prominently to the fore those up and coming artists, Kathryn Grayson, Van Heflin and Marsha Hunt.

★ ★ ★ ★

This completes the agenda for pictures current and in the immediate making at M-G-M, whose promise of great motion picture entertainment has always been fulfilled.

★ ★ ★ ★

Your Miniver Man—



—Leo

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

SEPTEMBER 1942 VOL. 21, NO. 4

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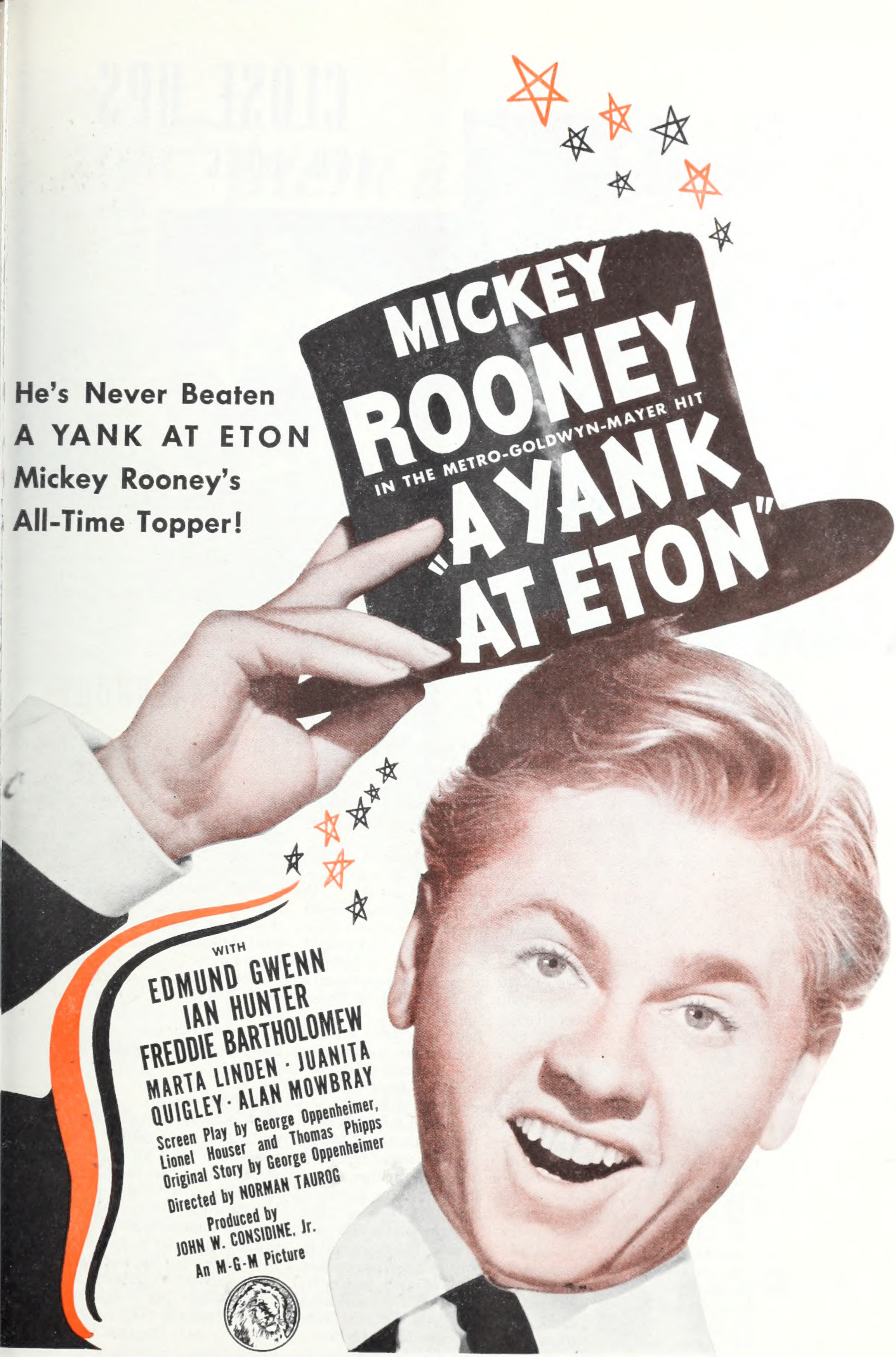
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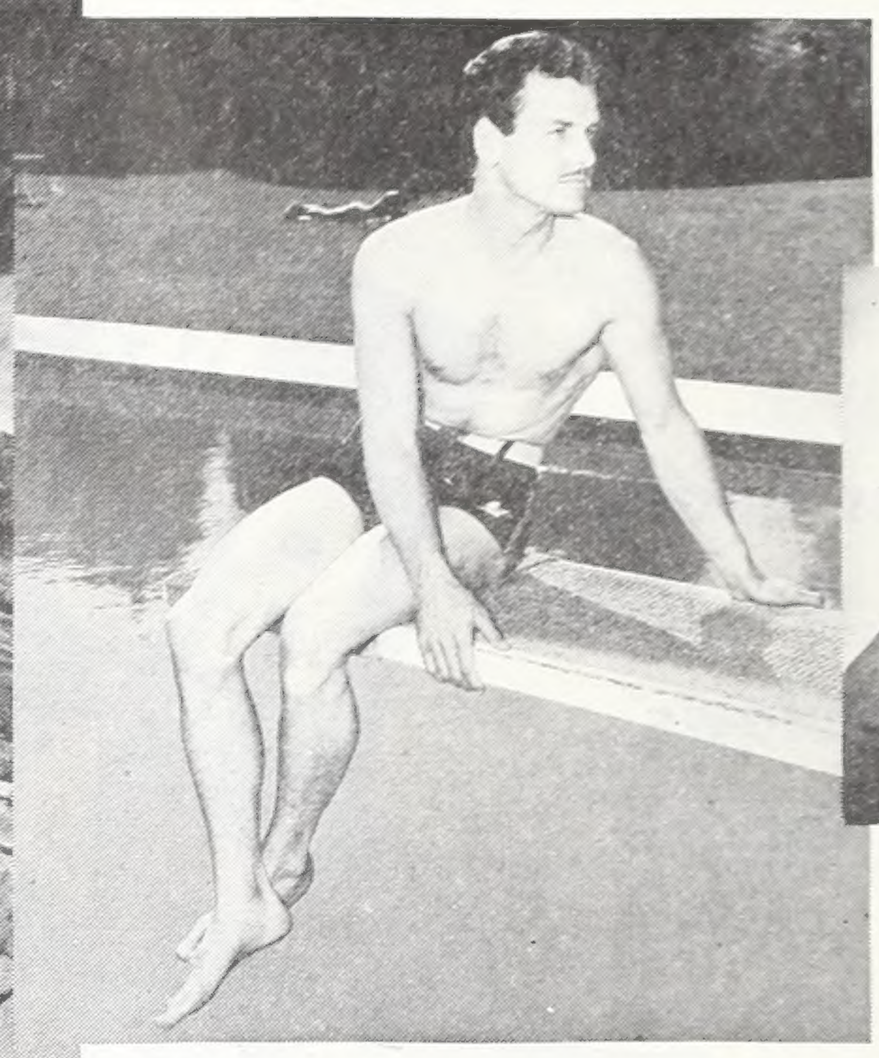
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He's Never Beaten
A YANK AT ETON
Mickey Rooney's
All-Time Topper!
MICKEY
ROONEY
IN THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER HIT
"A YANK AT ETON"
WITH
EDMUND GWENN
IAN HUNTER
FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW
MARTA LINDEN · JUANITA QUIGLEY · ALAN MOWBRAY
Screen Play by George Oppenheimer, Lionel Houser and Thomas Phipps
Original Story by George Oppenheimer
Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Produced by
JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.
An M-G-M Picture

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



New kind of sex appeal is inaugurated by Rosalind Russell, who won stardom without false eyelashes



Gig Young, who did so well in "The Gay Sisters" better watch out!



Alan Marshall, worth his weight in rubies, is up for investigation

BY RUTH WATERBURY

WHOEVER thought up the word "should"? It's a wonderful way to daydream without its costing a cent. . . .

For instance, all these girls who are fine actresses but not overwhelmingly beautiful enough to be glamour girls should stop trying to be imitation Bette Davises . . . Bette is unique and terrific and she can play unpleasant dames in a manner that makes them linger forever in your memory . . . but when a forthright, unaffected actress like Barbara Stanwyck plays one of those lethal ladies in "The Gay Sisters" she does herself an injustice . . . Ida Lupino hasn't done her career too much good by always being compared to Davis, either . . . if the girls just must be meanies on the screen, they ought to get a new pattern of sheer cussedness . . . Davis has a magnificent monopoly on hers . . .

All those up-and-coming darlings who want to be comediennes should see every picture of Rosalind Russell's . . . remember, kiddies, that once upon a time . . . all of three years ago . . . they were saying that Russell was "through" all on account of her not being any sweater girl, of not having the obvious false-eyelash-long-hipline type of sex appeal . . . but Roz has proven that there can be mental sex appeal and that there is a public, male and female **both**, subtle enough to appreciate that . . . a big enough public, in fact, to pay Roz $150,000 a picture for as many pictures as she can do per year—right now about four per annum. . . .

The cases of Alan Marshall, Philip Dorn, Glenn Ford and George Sanders should be investigated . . to find out why they are being wasted in this year when men are worth their weight in rubies . . . Marshall should be put to work regardless . . . Glenn Ford should be given some properly young, light roles instead of those lead-deady things like "Martin Eden" he's had so far . . . Dorn should be rescued from playing *Dr. Gerniede* in the newest "Kildare" which is titled "Calling Dr. Gillespie" and is a thriller but it's still a "B" . . . and star Sanders should be in a series of pictures in which he could be at once romantic and a heavy, as Gable was when he first came to fame. . . .

Frank Morgan ought to be put right into one of the priestly roles in "The Keys of the Kingdom" not alone as a reward for his magnificent work in "Tortilla Flat" but as a guarantee that the true spirit of religion would be captured on the screen . . . and next year's Academy Oscar for "the best supporting actor" should go to Frank for his inspiring, touching scene in "Tortilla" where he tells his dogs about the legend of St. Francis . . a scene that can mean so much to any one who needs renewed faith . . furthermore Morgan should never again be wasted on one of those silly, fluttering roles with which he has so long been afflicted. . . .

What about a quiet talk with MacDonald Carey and Gig Young to tell them that while both of them were most delightful in their initial screen appearances . . . Carey in "Take a Letter, Darling" and Young in "The Gay Sisters" . . . they had better watch out that they aren't too charming for all endurance, both of them coming dangerously close to it in these debuts. . .

METRO merits some congratulations on their sheer good sense in having promoted Jules Dassin from "B's" to "A's" on the strength of this young man's direction of "Nazi Agent" . . . but Conrad Veidt should be rewarded with a fine "A" role, too, for his magnificent acting in the double-role lead in that film . . . there should be no further wasting of a great performer like Veidt . . . and harsh words are certainly in order to the Brothers Warner about throwing away Ann Sheridan on a dull dish like "Wings (*Continued on page* 17)



THEIR darkened house sheltered their hushed story..

BUT IT COULDN'T HIDE THEIR *LOVES!*

To meet them is to love them—but to love them is dangerous! Every strange episode in the lives of these girls that the town called bad emerges starkly from the furious happenings of Stephen Longstreet's talked-about best-seller. See it *lived!* See it the moment it opens in your city!

BARBARA
STANWYCK
as FIONA...She couldn't live down her reputation—so she lived up to it!

GEORGE BRENT
as CHARLES... Tricked into a marriage he couldn't forget!

GERALDINE
FITZGERALD
as EVELYN, who lived as she pleased 'til a kiss changed everything!

and introducing
GIG YOUNG
who had everything except the woman he wanted.

with
DONALD CRISP · NANCY COLEMAN · GENE LOCKHART
Larry Simms • Donald Woods • Directed by IRVING RAPPER

The Story of the Startling Loves of
"The Gay Sisters"



WARNER BROS.
have turned another great novel into another great screen event!

Screen Play by Lenore Coffee • Based Upon the Novel by Stephen Longstreet • Music by Max Steiner • **REMEMBER YOUR WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!**

Speak FOR YOURSELF

Dollar-marked definition of Virginia Weidler: A lanky little figure with a spark of genius



$10.00 PRIZE
The Bonnets Are Humming

HOLLYWOOD gives us "B's"; if I visited there I'd like to put "bees" in people's bonnets, too.

I'd tell Veronica Lake to cut her hair into a short bob. That shaggy mop makes her resemble a female Dead-Eye.

I'd tell *Blondie* to wear cotton dresses and not frilly silk ones while doing housework.

I'd slip a grasshopper down the back of Virginia O'Brien while she was singing in her clever dead-pan manner.

I'd co-star Nelson Eddy with Lana Turner—then watch his reserve melt away! It would be an exciting combination. Then I'd give him back to lovely Jeanette, they being a superb team.

I'd picket M-G-M until they agreed to let Robert Taylor wear a moustache in every picture; and make Jeanette MacDonald of the vivid coloring appear only in technicolor movies.

Finally, I'd greet Victor Mature with a frigid, "Oh, so you're the beautiful *punk* of man!"

ELIZABETH PIGNATELLI,
Providence, R. I.

$5.00 PRIZE
Off His Chest

THERE is a familiar ditty to the effect that "John Brown's baby had a cold upon its chest." I, too, have something upon my chest, but in this case it is hot, not cold! It is this:

In these days of tire-conservation and gas-rationing, local amusements are going to mean more than ever. If we can't get away from town, then we are going to have to find our fun in town. What better place than a good movie? But . . . and just here is the rub . . . it must be a *good* movie! This means comedy, pathos, acting. It means more pictures like "How Green Was My Valley," "Remember The Day," "One Foot In Heaven" and "Sergeant York" . . . and fewer pictures like "Two-Faced Woman" and "The Lady Is Willing."

The greatest opportunity and the greatest audiences Hollyowood has ever had are here. Whether they capitalize upon it or not will be determined largely by the type of pictures they turn out. We're ready to go and see them . . . but they've got to be good!

REV. WILLIS J. LOAR,
Spokane, Wash.

$1.00 PRIZE
Sister Act Gone Sour

ONCE upon a time, Mickey Rooney had a sister . . . a sweet, unsophisticated kid, who walked out of the picture, pigtails and all, and into our hearts. Now, in the space of two years, she's been developed into a "Glamour-Puss." You guessed it! Virginia Weidler!

Why, in the name of all the sacred catfishes, must Hollywood take an individual like Virginia and turn her into the same old mold of blasé young thing we have seen over and over? Why not let Virginia be Virginia, not Deanna, or Judy, or anyone else but the adorable personality that appeared in "Young Tom Edison." We laughed with her and cried with her; there was the real spark of genius in that lanky little figure. Now—behold the hair-do and the formal . . . but no Virginia!

Please, oh please, give us back the original Virginia, sans braids if you must, but minus sleekness and sophistication.

ELSIE H. FOX,
National City, Cal.

$1.00 PRIZE
Speaking Of Speech . . .

WHAT movie voices remind me of:

Andy Devine's . . . slate pencil on glass.

Bogie-man Bogart's . . . rat-a-tat-tat of machine guns.

Billie Burke's . . . the tinkle of ice in a glass of sparkling ginger ale.

Eugene Pallette's . . . the mournful, deep-throated call of a bullfrog.

George Sanders's . . . sudden sharp crack of a pistol in the dead o' night.

Clark Gable's . . . a stout-hearted oak resisting a stinging nor'wester.

(*Continued on page* 79)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

Private life OF THE MAN MILLIONS CHEERED!



Here's the intimate story of a man millions idolized. He fought his way to the top—and then he met Her! Together they reveled in life and love. But there was one secret they tried to keep from each other—and out of their struggle comes one of the screen's most dramatic and touching romances. Presented by Samuel Goldwyn, who gave you some of the finest films you've ever seen.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN presents

GARY COOPER

in

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES

(THE LIFE OF LOU GEHRIG)

with

TERESA WRIGHT · BABE RUTH · WALTER BRENNAN

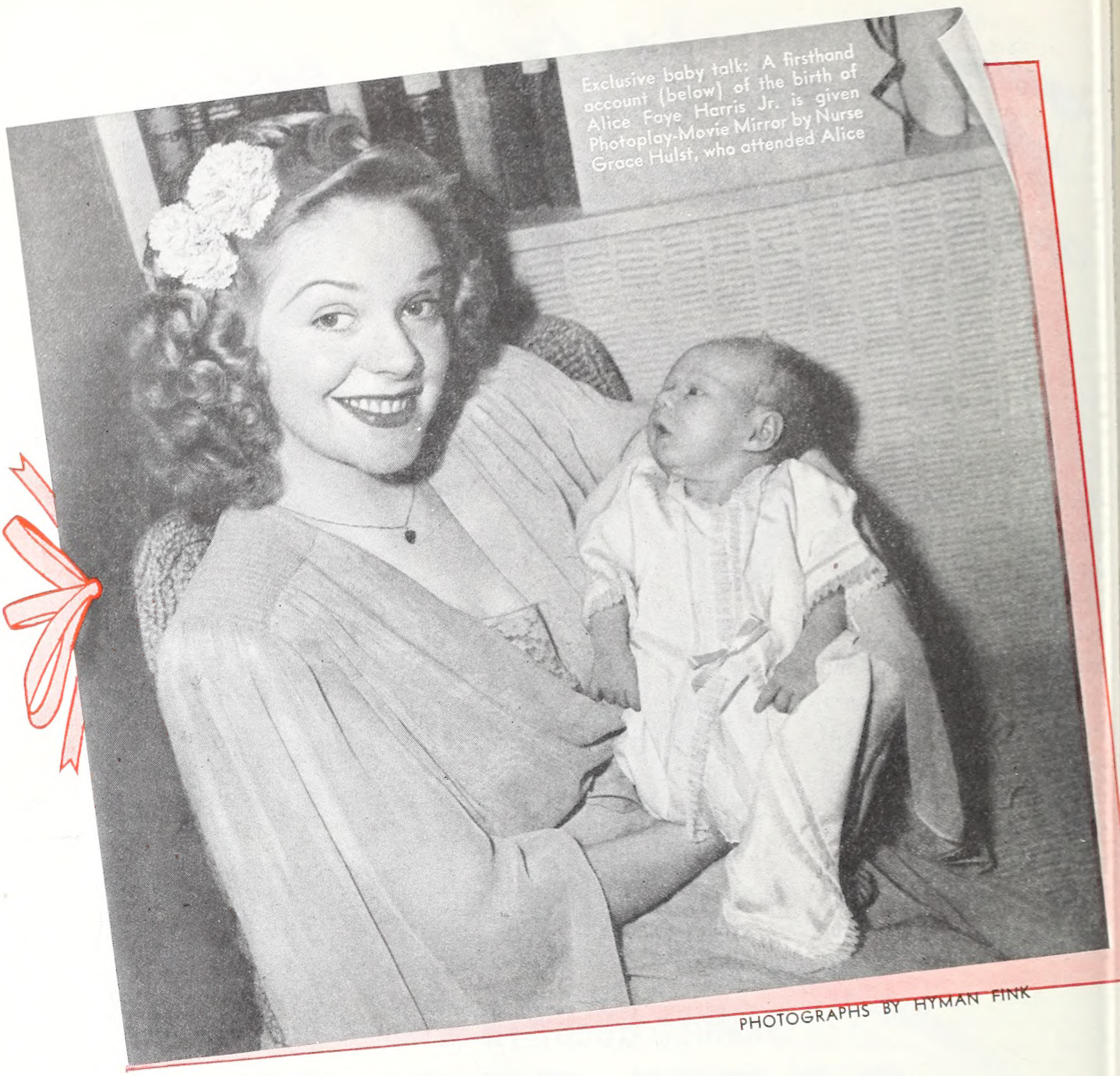
VELOZ and YOLANDA • RAY NOBLE and his Orchestra • Directed by SAM WOOD

Screen Play by Jo Swerling and Herman J. Mankiewicz

Original Story by Paul Gallico • Released through RKO Radio Pictures Inc.

It's the Great American Story!

WATCH FOR IT AT YOUR LOCAL THEATRE



Exclusive baby talk: A firsthand account (below) of the birth of Alice Faye Harris Jr. is given Photoplay-Movie Mirror by Nurse Grace Hulst, who attended Alice

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Inside Stuff

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

ALICE FAYE'S Nurse Speaking: At five o'clock in the evening of May 15, 1942, a turquoise blue coupé stopped in front of the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood. A tall dark man with wavy brown hair, dressed in brown sport clothes, tenderly helped a woman from the car. She wore a tan cashmere coat over a dark blue silk dress. A blue kerchief tied around her head kept her blonde curls in place.

Slowly, because the woman was in pain, they made their way into the hospital and to the admitting office. The man registered there for his wife —Mrs. Phil Harris.

That was on Friday. On Sunday Mr. Harris had to leave town, to broadcast from an Army camp fifty miles away. Still no baby! But no complaints from Alice, though her face was beginning to show strain.

At last, at midnight Monday, the doctors held a consultation and decided they would have to perform a Caesarean operation. They called Mr. Harris at the Biltmore Bowl and he was at the hospital immediately, brought from downtown by police escort.

As Alice was given her last hypodermic before surgery, she looked up at Mr. Harris and said, "Don't leave me." And he didn't. Into the operating room he went and, with a drawn and haggard face, sat quietly until, at 2:40, he watched his daughter come into the world.

When the nursery nurse reported that the baby weighed 7 pounds, 2½ ounces, Mr. Harris began passing out cigars to all the doctors, internes and other fathers who were waiting. Then he dashed to the telephone.

Telegrams, telephone messages, flowers began to pour in. The first were two dozen American Beauty roses from Mr. Harris. Ann Sheridan and Mr. Brent sent dozens of white carnations. In the middle of the bou-



Bigger smiles make better banquets! Bruce Cabot and Dorothy Lamour give out with grins, are the star life of the party at the Cocoanut Grove

Cuddle up a little closer, just for a picture: A sailor boy (he's her husband, Buddy Westmore!) gets together with Rosemary Lane at the Mocambo

quet was a white woolly lamb with a little music box inside that played "Merrily We Roll Along."

From Mr. Benny and Mary Livingstone came a large tray with hand-painted glass nursery jars holding roses and forget-me-nots. Tucked under the flowers was a cloth monkey dressed in bright-colored clothes.

Mr. Clark Gable sent a large bouquet of white gladioli and long-stemmed pink roses. There was a doll cradle filled with pink sweet peas that played Brahms's lullaby; a doll carriage with pink roses and lilies of the valley; a bird cage of orchids; a pillow of gardenias; a huge bouquet of white lilacs and pink carnations from Dennis Day.

For five days Alice was so ill no one but her husband was allowed to see her. But gradually she grew stronger and would hold the baby as long as the nurse would allow her to.

She had Mr. Harris bring her things from home. She was worried about his packing them, but he brought all the right things—pale pink nighties and bed jackets with A.F.H. in pale blue; a white chiffon gown with gold lace; a pale green nylon gown and jacket; her perfume bottles and silver toilet set, engraved "Alice

Her engagement ring was a pear-shaped diamond and her wedding ring—which she insisted be left on during surgery—was a circle of diamonds.

As Mr. Harris was to leave to go on tour with his orchestra on Monday, June 1, the doctor finally consented that Alice be discharged Sunday noon.

Miss Faye gave the nurses who took care of her sets of cologne, soap and perfume in cases. To the floor nurse went great boxes of candy.

Again the blue turquoise coupé

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



The old cliché, "Like mother, like daughter" gets a brand-new slant as Marlene Dietrich and Jean Gabin come to the Max Reinhardt Workshop production of "Mourning Becomes Electra," in which Marlene's daughter Maria Siebert (below, as Lavinia) blossomed forth as such a good actress Paramount immediately signed her

came to the hospital, but this time to the ambulance entrance. Mr. Harris carried Alice Faye from a wheel chair to the car, then took the baby from the nurse and gave it to the mother. Together they drove away, the nurses following in another car with the bags and presents.

And so was a star's baby born.

It's the Little Things Department: The trailer Guy Kibbee used on hunting trips is now used as a card room in his backyard, with the following sign on the door: "Be it ever so stationary, there's no place like home."

Bob Stack is quite a dish with his blond locks dyed dark. It gives him oomph. . . . Sabu had his tonsils out. He kept his turban on, however.

Deanna Durbin will not sell her house while husband Vaughn Paul is in the Navy. Her sister, brother-in-law and baby have moved in with her.

Jimmy Stewart says everyone in Hollywood looks so old to him now that he's the only man in his Army tent who has to shave every day. . . . Some wag suggests John Howard must be hoarding rubber in his boots, the way he bounced back to Hedy Lamarr after the George Montgomery breakup.

Back Home in Glendale: The "For Sale" sign on Bette Davis's house in near-by Glendale has been taken down and Bette and her husband Arthur Farnsworth have decided to move back in—the steenth move for Bette in a few short years.

Bette explained to Cal why she suddenly changed her mind after offering to sell her home.

"If I sell at a profit, that throws me into a higher tax bracket, so I lose money. Obviously, if I sell at a loss I take a loss. If I live anywhere else, we pay high rent. So we finally realized we ought to live in our house.

"Anyway, it's the best house we ever had."

But don't be surprised if Bette is somewhere else by the time you read this!

Thought We'd Mention That: It may mean nothing at all but Lana Turner brought out the old supply of sweaters before embarking on a northern bond-selling tour, and did the frozen north melt into a bond-buying spree! Just mentioned it, girls, that's all.

The small Arizona auto court where Laraine Day and her new husband Ray Hendricks spent a night of their honeymoon has been renamed "Laraine Day Honeymoon Cottage" and is doing a wow business, according to its owner.

Those two pals of many a day, Errol Flynn and Bruce Cabot, had a serious row at a party the other night over the beauty, Faith Dorn. But Miss Dorn still protests she's engaged to Howard Hughes who is so enamoured of Lana



Now Guess Her Age!



New-Texture Face Powder Makes Her Skin Look Years Younger!

By *Lady Esther*

ONCE THIS lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people actually thought she was approaching middle age.

For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* face powder! It was a cruel powder, both in texture and in shade—showing up every tiny line in her face—accenting every little blemish and skin-fault—yes, and even making the pores seem somewhat bigger, coarser!

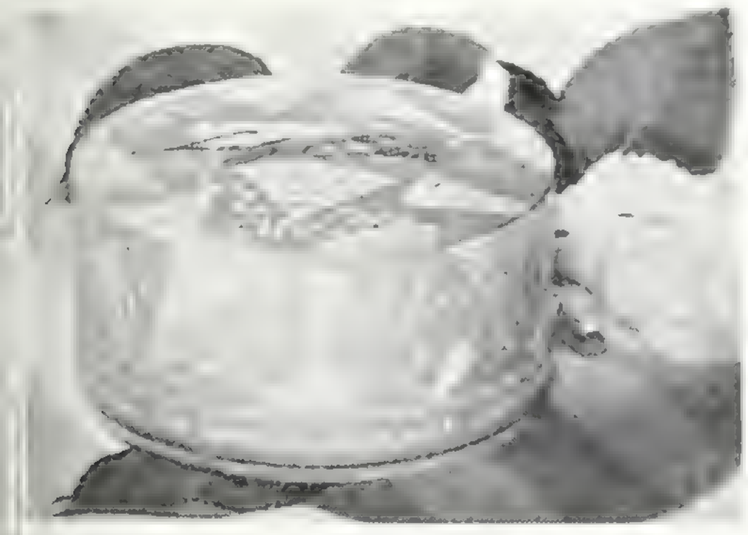
But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Would you say she is 21—30—35?

She has changed to Lady Esther Face Powder—the powder with a new and different texture. Lady Esther Powder is deliberately planned to flatter the skin, to make it look smoother, fresher, *younger!*

Lady Esther Face Powder is not mixed or blended in the usual way. It's *blown* by *TWIN HURRICANES* until it's much smoother, finer, than ordinary powder.

But it's not the texture alone that's so different! The *TWIN-HURRICANE* method makes the *shades* different, too! Just imagine—hurricanes *blow the color* into this amazing powder! That's why the shades are so rich and glamorous. That's why Lady Esther Powder makes your skin look so much fresher, younger.

Try this hurricane-blended face powder! See how it helps hide little lines and blemishes, helps hide big pores and even tiny freckles! See how it gives instant new life and freshness to your skin—how it makes your skin look *years younger.*



Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Send your name and address on the coupon below and you will receive all 7 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all! When you come to the one that is most flattering to your skin you'll know that is your *lucky shade!*

LADY ESTHER, (79)
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill

Please send me by return mail your 7 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover the cost of packing and mailing.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



New Louisiana Cafe sees a couple with news to tell: Franchot Tone and his wife come to celebrate the fact they'll have stork business

Threesome turns into two with but a single thought. Admiring Claire Trevor at the Cocoanut Grove are Phil Reed and new star Glenn Ford



Turner he has the most expensive Hollywood restauranteur cater her meals while she's aboard planes—which is often.

It Occurred to Cal: Columnists, fans and press agents can now take a vacation with their minds at rest concerning the marital status of George Sanders. "Is he or isn't he married?" has been the burning question tossed about town for a long time.

Well, it's over now. Mrs. Sanders herself came forth with the confirmation of her marriage to the actor at the very moment Mr. Sanders was being seen here and thereabouts with a pretty actress.

"We were married October 27, 1940, by the Reverend Mr. Glenn Phillips in the Hollywood Methodist Church," she said. "And I have no thought of divorce. I'm a broad-minded wife and permit my husband to live his own life."

"Permit" seems an understatement to Cal. Fancy dictating to old Georgie Porgie.

Mrs. Sanders was Elsie M. Poole, an actress professionally known as Susan Larson. The pair met on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot. Mrs. Sanders has given up her career since her marriage to George. . . .

Perhaps when Professor Theodore C. Flynn, father of Errol, arrives in America from Ireland for a lecture tour this summer, he'll resort to a little private lecture for his son's benefit on How Not to Get Mad at People in Public. . . .

Clark Gable in his uniform of Major in the Army will not only be one of the handsomest men in service, but one with his heart eased for the first time since Carole Lombard's death in the knowledge he is being useful to his country.

Kiddies Can Help Corner: Children of motion-picture parents have caught the spirit of war activities and are eagerly doing their bit to help. The two children of Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, for instance, are conducting a lemonade stand near their Selma Avenue home, with the proceeds going into War Stamps. Virginia Bruce's daughter is a rubber and old tin collector in her neighborhood and has already accumulated a good-sized collection.

Joan Bennett's two daughters have foregone their usual summer vacation at a girls' camp to join the Junior Auxiliary of the A.W.V.S. The girls are supervising Victory Gardens and running errands for the senior organization.

Sandra and Ronnie Burns, children of George and Gracie, have asked to be allowed to speak over the radio to other children, asking them to spend part of their allowances for War Stamps, and Bob Young's two girls are eager to write to other children throughout the States who might have good ideas and ways to help Uncle Sam. If your children are interested have them write Carol Ann and Barbara Queen Young, in care of their father at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif., or get in touch by mail with any of the stars' children anent this idea.

These Hollywood kids are really in earnest.

Quotes From the Famous: Errol Flynn on his shortcomings as a husband: "Maybe I'll be a better husband as time goes on, but it will take a lot of time."

Victor Mature on his love for Rita Hayworth: "This is the one thing in my life that isn't publicity. Somehow I feel Rita has changed my whole life."

Laird Cregar on gossip: "Why do people take the trouble to spread rumors behind my back? They're all true, anyway."

"It's from Edna . . .

She and Bob have Broken Up"



"The poor darling! I thought they were as good as engaged. What's the trouble?"

"She doesn't give any specific reason. Just says that he'd been acting indifferent for some time—then last week he up and married somebody else. But that isn't the worst of it! She lost her job again."

Aunt Vi's face fell. "It doesn't sound possible! Every letter told how well she was doing. Getting such a nice position seemed our reward for all the sacrifices we made to put her through college."

Mrs. Black's hand trembled: "Well, there it is. You can read the letter yourself. Poor dear."

"But doesn't she give any reason?"

"No, just says that Mr. Brownley told her they wanted an older woman."

"Well, one thing I'm certain of," said Aunt Vi, with finality, "it wasn't Edna's fault. It simply couldn't be!"

You May Not Know

But it *was* Edna's fault . . . just as it can be the fault of countless other women. And like so many of these women, Edna was the last to suspect it.

Halitosis (bad breath) may endanger every social charm, every business talent. The insidious thing about it is that the victim may not be aware of its presence. Who would blame a man for losing interest in a woman, or an employer for "easing out" an employee with that kind of a breath?

Don't Risk Offending

Isn't it foolish to run the risk of offending this way when there is an easy and delightful precaution against it?

Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, notable for its amazing antiseptic power. Almost immediately the breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, it is the opinion of some authorities that *most* cases are caused by bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth and gum surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic, because it is liquid, spreads far and quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes. If you want to put your best foot forward, never, *never* omit the Listerine Antiseptic precaution. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of the new Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for oral hygiene

"ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?"

"WHAT COULD BE NICER?



. . . There's nothing like a man around the house during those long winter nights," sighs Liz Cugat (*Betty Field*). "After all, whom else could we girls marry?"

"Are Husbands Necessary?"

A Paramount Picture starring

RAY MILLAND • BETTY FIELD

with

Patricia Morison • Eugene Pallette

Phillip Terry • Leif Erickson • Richard Haydn

Charles Dingle • Cecil Kellaway

Directed by NORMAN TAUROG

Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

The Bride Sneezed: Margaret Hayes debated a long time about attending the theater with the bad cold that seemed to have taken lodging within her lovely head. But, after all, her boy friend Jeffrey Lynn had gone to the Army and Margaret was lonely, so she went.

Halfway through the performance, Margaret was seized with a coughing spell. A young man, a stranger to Margaret, leaned over and asked what he could do. Could he get her water?

Margaret shook her head no.

But the handsome blond fellow wasn't to be put off. He dashed off and returned with both aspirin and water and a week later took himself off to Reno to divorce his estranged wife, Frances Farmer.

At the end of the allotted time Leif Erikson—for our hero was none other than he, as the old-fashioned meller-drammers were wont to say—married the lady with the cold.

Hollywood hopes Margaret and Leif will be happy.

And Jeffrey Lynn? Well, Cal couldn't reach him to find out how he felt. We hope not too sad.

The Ladies Say No: Judy Garland is so bitter at certain of the local press for those rumors of unhappiness with husband Dave Rose she threatens to grant no more interviews. Dave gave her sables for her birthday, incidentally, and both seem very happy.

Bette Davis, on the other hand, ignores the printed rumors of her impending divorce. "Shucks, it makes interesting reading for me in the papers," Bette says blithely.

Kathryn Grayson claims her announced divorce from John Shelton was a bit premature and the two will not get a divorce as planned. At least, that's the lady's decision at this moment.

Advice to Lovelorn: Ruth Hussey is a girl who answers her mail. Ask the man who's written her. Also ask little Mary Sanders of Santa Monica who wrote a pathetic letter to Ruth about her social problems. Mary felt she was unpopular because she wasn't beautiful and didn't know how to "sling a line." She was doggone miserable about it, too.

"A lot of people ask for advice," Mary wrote, "but I'm one who not only asks but takes it."

Ruth sat down and answered that letter.

"Don't think about your looks. It makes you too self-conscious and that feeling of being nervous and ill-at-ease is conveyed to others.

"Don't sit around and wait for boys and girls to invite you out. Invite them to your house and provide fun and amusement.

"And don't, above all, believe the old bunk about being a good listener. Talk. Say things. Keep the conversation going."

Two weeks later Ruth had an answer from a happy girl.

"It worked," she wrote, "and thank you so much, dear Miss Hussey. A nice boy has asked me out twice and I have two girl friends who telephone me every day after school and ask me to their homes. See, I told you I *take* advice easily."

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Palms up at the Beverly Wilshire for a popular Mr. and Mrs. twosome: John Garfield and Mrs. Garfield, who match up nicely here





A "says Hank to Frances" pose of Henry Fonda and his wife at the Cocoanut Grove for the big military ball that was given for Army and Navy Relief

We thought we'd pass the word along—just in case any of you might like to try the Hussey formula.

Marriage Merry-Go-Round: From somewhere down in the Bahamas, Mr. Stirling Hayden announced to the world at large that he and Miss Madeleine Carroll had been married in an undisclosed Connecticut town three months ago. The world at large was mighty interested—and so was Hollywood, although the report has it that, on Stirling's last visit to the Coast, he tried to announce his marriage and was given the good old Hollywood laugh.

Anyway, that's that; and this is this—which is a mighty interesting little story Cal picked up with his good right ear. Seems a few months ago there was a lady who had a lovely home for rent up in Connecticut, a house by the sea, with a nice, private, closed-in garden. One evening the real-estate agent appeared. He had rented the house to two young people —providing the lady of the manor could move out right that night. So she did, her poor heart doing double time after she'd had one look at her leasees—Stirling Hayden and Madeleine Carroll!

Cal remembers, too, how Stirling looked way back in the spring of 1941, when he was being interviewed on what he thought made girls attractive and Madeleine Carroll's name came up. Mr. Hayden, blushing like a schoolboy with his first crush, mumbled something about the fact that she was just so wonderful he couldn't talk about her. Seems he decided to talk to her, instead, and she said "I do," and there's another happy marriage for the Hollywood books!

"Perfectly Mated...*and Perfectly Miserable*"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE
"ONE NEGLECT"
THAT RUINS SO MANY MARRIAGES



1. Everyone called us "the ideal couple." At first, we *were* . . . ideally happy. But gradually, Chet neglected me . . . more and more. I was miserable . . .



2. One morning, my chum found me crying. I didn't want to, but she made me tell my troubles. Then . . . "Little silly," she scolded, "it's happened often. The loveliest girl can lose her husband if she's guilty of one neglect. Carelessness about feminine hygiene (*intimate personal cleanliness*)." Then she explained . . .



3. "My doctor," she told me, "recommends Lysol disinfectant—and here's why. Lysol cleanses *thoroughly* and deodorizes, too. Yet it's so gentle it won't harm sensitive tissues just use it according to the easy directions on the Lysol bottle. Generations of women have used Lysol for personal hygiene."



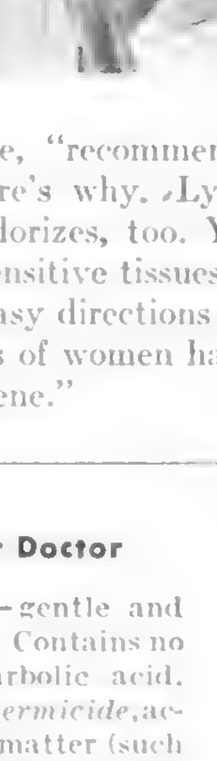
4. Thanks to her, I use Lysol regularly. It is *so* easy to use, so inexpensive. Today, Chet and I are ideally happy, once more! More women ought to know about Lysol disinfectant.

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and thus virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

Lysol Disinfectant

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"Bahama Passage" uses GLOVER'S

Use GLOVER'S, with Massage, for Loose Dandruff, Excessive Falling Hair and Itchy Scalp!

WE want you to prove to yourself that Glover's famous application will help you have more attractive hair! Hundreds of thousands of men and women have used Glover's for many years, and their continued use shows that Glover's gets results! Try GLOVER'S with massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp, and Excessive Falling Hair. You'll actually *feel* the exhilarating effect, instantly. Ask your Druggist for Glover's Mange Medicine and the new GLO-VER Beauty Soap Shampoo.

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Send today for generous complete FREE application of GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE and the new GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO, in hermetically sealed bottles (by coupon only.) Informative booklet on Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair, included FREE!



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Send FREE samples, Glover's Mange Medicine and new Shampoo. I enclose 10¢ to cover packaging, handling and postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Everyone looks at Van Heflin in the movies; everyone looks at his pretty wife at the Mocambo

War Widows: New York City will find both Claudette Colbert and Annabella ensconced in apartments to be near their husbands, Dr. Joel Pressman of the Medical Corps and Tyrone Power of the Navy.

Jane Wyman and wee daughter are probably the happiest people in town since husband and daddy Ronald Reagan has been temporarily sent back to Burbank to make Government shorts.

A little jeweled clip and a note of good-by from the Midwest was all Brenda Marshall needed to know that husband Bill Holden was on his way somewhere else with Uncle Sam's forces. Where, she doesn't know, of course.

Last Minute Round-Up: The Navy Ball was the event of the month, with stars of every magnitude crowding the four walls. Freeman Gosden (Amos) and Gail Patrick, Glenn Ford and Claire Trevor, Randy Scott and Patricia Stillman, Gene (Tierney) and Oleg Cassini drew coveteous glances. And, of course, Victor Mature and his Rita (Hayworth) were present. Sir Alexander Korda and Merle Oberon (this before Mr. Korda's recent knighting), Rise Stevens, Red Skelton and Nelson Eddy, the Henry Fondas and just about everyone in town were present. . . .

The opening of Lum and Abner's picture "Bashful Bachelor" provided a lot of good-natured fun when the pair, who are really Chet Lauck and Tuffy Goff, drove up to the theater in an old-fashioned surrey. The horse's name was Daisy Belle, incidentally.

Jane Russell, Ginny Simms, George Montgomery, Edgar Bergen and Charlie, Paul Hesse and Elyse Knox were also buggy riders and had a whale of a time. . . .

The fracas that occurred during Errol Flynn's birthday celebration wherein Errol's stand-in, Jim Fleming, is alleged to have assaulted Barbara Hutton's butler, loaned for the occasion, has the whole town in a twitter. Practically all the Hollywood notables were present at the unfortunate affair, but few seem to have witnessed the assault.

Miss Hutton is most indignant and intends to see justice is done. Anyway, it's a regrettable incident coming just at this time—what with Mr. Flynn's heart trouble and all . . .

The Marie Wilson-Alan Nixon-Nick Grinde threesome has rocked the town between laughs and indignation. Marie who has been keeping company with director Grinde eight years secretly married Mr. Nixon, young and handsome actor, and now can't make up her mind that she is happy.

Mr. Nixon's torch would light up the world if we weren't living in a dimout!

Close Ups and Long Shots

(*Continued from page* 4) For The Eagle" . . . it took sheer courage for Twentieth Century to make a singing star of Rita Hayworth who can't sing a note . . . because that step may catch up with them sometime and something might happen to Rita's voice double . . . but Twentieth should get some handclaps for always photographing Rita in technicolor since that is one of the most beautiful sights in this world. . .

SOMEBODY should hop right up and buy a little side option on Irene Manning's future talents . . . Irene has only been in two pictures, one bad one, "The Big Shot," and one magnificent one, "Yankee Doodle Dandy," but in both this diamond-brilliant newcomer defied your taking your eyes from her. . . .

Remembering Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney, Anne Shirley and all the other kids who have grown up in the business, Hollywood's eyes should always be wide open on the new crop now growing toward adolescence . . . particularly Larry Simms, for his comedy work in the "Blondie" productions and his dramatic portrayal in "The Gay Sisters" . . . under the heading of future leading men, Dickie Moore who was so good in "Miss Annie Rooney" should be listed, but his name ought to be changed right now to Dick or even to Richard so that, as a very mature adult, he would not have to carry around the burden Mr. Rogers does of being an eternal "Buddy," or Jack Cooper of being an everlasting "Jackie" . . . and Shirley Temple should be separated from her mother during acting hours, and thereby, perhaps, Shirley might get into a strong picture in which she did not have to be a slightly dreary half-orphan. . . .

WHAT with studio heads going into uniform, too, the smartest thing that could be done would be to let Sonja Henie guide some company's destinies straight into ten million bucks . . . Connie Bennett should move into one of those posts, too, both Sonja and Connie having long since proven they can outsmart any man in Hollywood when it comes to a financial transaction and Sonja already having won a few spurs guiding husband Dan Topping's business enterprises while he is off to the wars. . . .

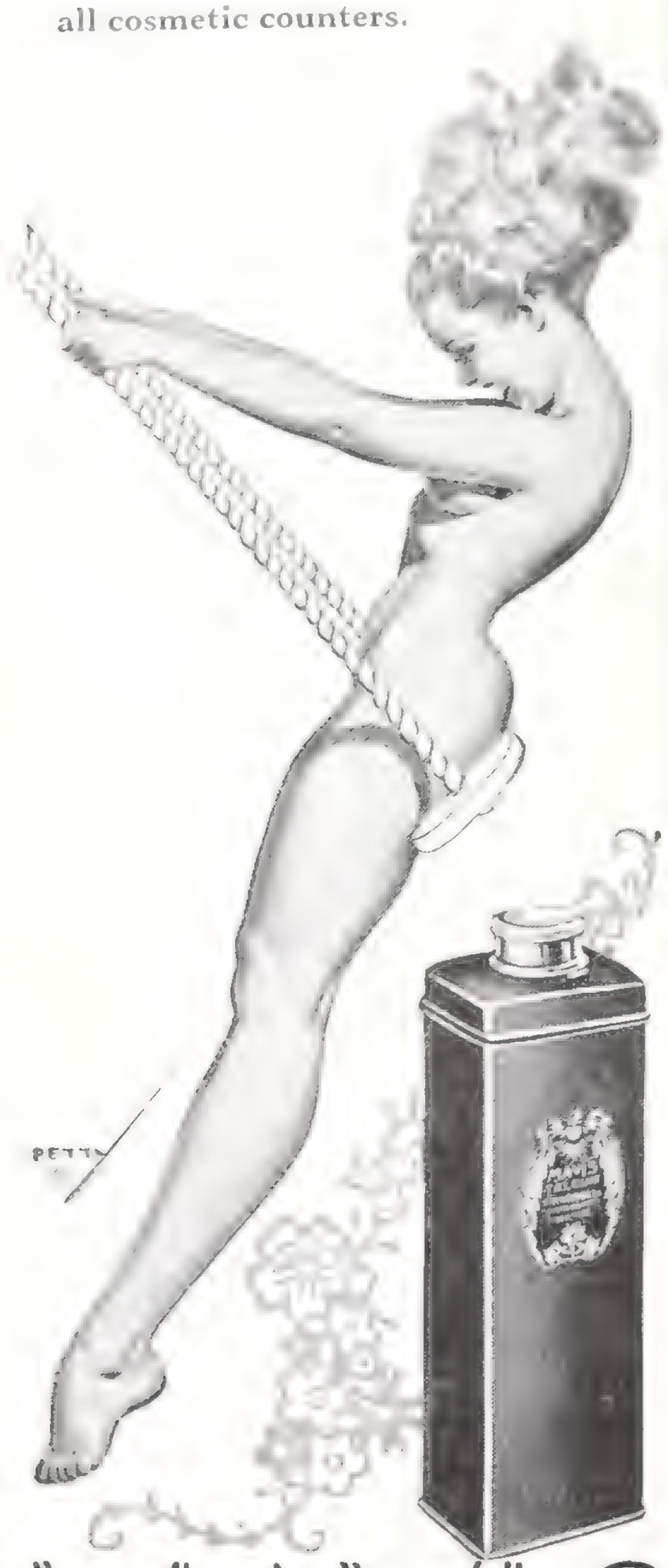
Of course, anybody who started so many upheavals in Hollywood would simply wake up one morning finding his body in bed and his head sitting separately on the dresser . . . but I should think somebody should think he should take the chance!

THE END



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FOR BODY BEAUTY

clothes you in a beguiling film of fragrance . . . keeps you daintily fresh for hours. Use Mavis lavishly, every day. Buy Mavis today . . . at all cosmetic counters.



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talcum
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New Baby Book

Yours . . . Practically as a Gift

Here it is, mothers—the book you've always wanted—and it's yours practically as a gift. In this new book, *How to Raise Your Baby*, Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe gives you the very help you've always wanted. This world-famous doctor answers the problems that face you daily. He discusses breast feeding—bottle feeding—first solid foods—toilet training—how fast your child should grow—new facts about sunshine and vitamins—summer complaints—sensible clothing—diarrhea—jaundice—infection—nervous children—skinny children

While they last you can get your copy of this big, new book entitled *How to Raise Your Baby* for only 25c—and we pay the postage. Mail order TODAY

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BRIEF REVIEWS

√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
√√ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



Love-making, little girl fashion: Joan Fontaine with Charles Boyer in "The Constant Nymph"

AFFAIRS OF JIMMY VALENTINE—Republic: Dennis O'Keefe is a brash young radio publicity man who dreams up a gag of locating a *Jimmy Valentine* to revive a drooping radio serial. He finds his *Valentine* all right, but it leads to murder. Gloria Dickson and Ruth Terry are very good. (July)

ALMOST MARRIED—Universal: When Jane Frazee's baggage goes to Robert Paige's apartment and his to hers, it leads to romantic complications for them both. It's kind of cute. (June)

ALWAYS IN MY HEART—Warners: Kay Francis decides to marry wealthy Sidney Blackmer to improve the opportunities of her children, Gloria Warren and Frankie Thomas. After her husband, Walter Huston, is paroled from prison, he goes incognito to his family's small town and straightens out the children. It's warm and friendly and Gloria Warren has a beautiful voice. (June)

BASHFUL BACHELOR—RKO-Radio: *Lum* and *Abner* come to the screen in a movie that's in keeping with their radio roles. Chester Lauck (*Lum*) is sweet on Zasu Pitts and almost exterminates his pal, Norris Goff (*Abner*), trying to impress Zasu with his heroism. (June)

BLACK DRAGONS—Monogram: A ridiculous potpourri of nonsense, this, all about a Nazi-inspired plastic surgeon, Bela Lugosi, who makes over six Japanese to look like American industrialists so they can steal our plans like mad. It's silly. (June)

BLONDIE'S BLESSED EVENT—Columbia: Not quite up to their usual standard is this picture of the *Bumpsteads* in which they become the parents of a baby daughter. Penny Singleton as *Blondie* arranges with her husband's boss to keep *Daawood*, Arthur Lake, out of town until after the blessed event. (Aug.)

BROADWAY—Universal: George Raft plays himself in this remake of the stage play, a motion picture star who returns to New York and relates his experiences as a night-club hoofer. As the flash back unfolds, such characters as Janet Blair, his sweetheart, gangster Broderick Crawford, and assorted entertainers, gangsters and chorus girls pass in review. (Aug.)

SHADOW STAGE

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BULLET SCARS—Warners: Regis Toomey is a doctor called to treat a wounded gangster and he conceives a clever idea for being rescued from mob leader Howard daSylva. You never saw such shooting. You never saw such a picture, either. (June)

BUTCH MINDS THE BABY—Universal: Typical Damon Runyon, amusing and completely in character, is this comedy of a paroled convict, Broderick Crawford, who saves young widow Virginia Bruce from suicide and falls in love with her baby. Brod even gets Virginia a job in a night club run by crook Porter Hall and minds the baby while she's at work. With Dick Foran. (June)

CLOSE CALL FOR ELLERY QUEEN, A—Columbia: William Gargan, as *Ellery Queen*, visits the lodge of Ralph Morgan and discovers that Morgan has two daughters, one of whom has been missing for years. Margaret Lindsay, Gargan's secretary, impersonates the missing daughter and then all the murders start. (Aug.)

CORPSE VANISHES, THE—Monogram: Brides mysteriously disappear all over the place until girl reporter Luana Walters sets out to investigate. She finally traces the brides to the lair of Bela Lugosi, where dreadful doings have been done. (July)

ESCAPE FROM HONG KONG—Universal: German and Japanese agents and American cowboys Leo Carrillo, Andy Devine and Don Terry mix it up in a free-for-all before the bombing of Hong Kong. They also get mixed up with Marjorie Lord. (Aug.)

FALCON TAKES OVER, THE—RKO-Radio: The popular screen sleuth, George Sanders, has his own talent for unearthing murderers, this time Ward Bond. Lynn Bari is the gal who catches the Sanders eye. It's well done. (Aug.)

FINGERS AT THE WINDOW—M-G-M: Basil Rathbone is the ruthless killer who hypnotizes psychopathics into killing his victims. Laraine Day is about to be his latest victim when along comes Lew Ayres. Rather interesting. (June)

FLY BY NIGHT—Paramount: Richard Carlson has to escape the law because he's accused of murder, so he forces artist Nancy Kelly to accompany him so she won't sketch his picture and reveal him to the police. The result is harrowing. (June)

GENTLEMAN AFTER DARK, A—Small-U.A.: Gentleman crook Brian Donlevy surrenders to Preston Foster on condition that Foster adopt his baby. When the baby's mother, Miriam Hopkins, and her partner in crime, Philip Reed, attempt to ruin the girl's happiness, Donlevy breaks out of prison to stop them. It doesn't matter much. (June)

GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN, THE—Universal: It seems the monster is still alive, this time played by Lon Chaney, so Sir Cedric Hardwicke decides to give him a nice, kind new brain, but after a double-cross, he gets the sly brain of Bela Lugosi, so things are just as bad as before. Ralph Bellamy and Evelyn Ankers are romantic. (June)

GOLD RUSH, THE—Chaplin: A must is this re-issue of Chaplin's never-to-be-forgotten comedy. The narration takes the place of the subtitles; the adventures of the little tramp in the gold-mad Klondike are as appealing as ever. (June)

GRAND CENTRAL MURDER—M-G-M: Van Heflin brings distinction to his role of the amateur detective who unravels the mystery of the murdered show girl; Pat Dane as the ruthless little climber who meets death in the Grand Central Station is beautiful and convincing. (Aug.)

GREAT MAN'S LADY, THE—Paramount: Barbara Stanwyck does a wonderful job as the old lady who reveals to a young biographer the story of her part in the life of a great senator, Joel McCrea. McCrea is very good as the weakling molded into a great man by a greater woman, and Brian Donlevy is the strong man in her life. (June)

HENRY AND DIZZY—Paramount: Jimmy Lydon, as *Henry Aldrich*, borrows a motorboat but wrecks it. The efforts of *Henry* and his pal *Dizzy* (Charles Smith) to earn enough money to replace the boat form the basis of the story. Mary Anderson is the pretty girl. Not up to standard. (Aug.)

HER CARDBOARD LOVER—M-G-M: In his fifty little number, Robert Taylor falls in love with Norma Shearer who has hired him to protect her against George Sanders. At times both Norma and Bob spread on the histrionics a little thick, but Sanders is, as usual, terrific. (Aug.)

I MARRIED AN ANGEL—M-G-M: Much below the standard of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald is this bit of trivia taken from the stage play. Nelson is a Budapest playboy who falls in love with an unsophisticated little clerk in his bank. One night he dreams she's an angel. He awakes to find not an angel but the girl he loves. (July)

IN THIS OUR LIFE—Warners: This unpleasant picture about a selfish woman isn't Bette Davis's best picture by a long shot. Olivia de Havilland plays Bette's good sister, Dennis Morgan is the man Bette drives to suicide, and George Brent the man fortunate enough to escape her. (July)

(*Continued on page* 107)



Chin up!...

HOW can a girl deal with trig and trivialities when her brother's out there fighting for freedom? Today, especially, when you feel so dull and droopy you've half a mind to cut a class.

Half a mind is right!... you can almost hear Bud making a crack like that! "School's your job, Sis", he wrote. "It's part of the American way we're fighting for"!

Well, if he can fight—you can study! But why not organize an all-school treasure hunt for the scrap material Uncle Sam needs for his win. (*Hey look*—one worn-out tire makes 8 gas masks!)

So you tell Jill your brain-wave . . . that you're getting in the fight come Monday, when you'll feel better. And does she give you a look! "Why be so old fashioned?", she asks. "I thought every girl knew about Kotex sanitary napkins"!

Don't wait until Monday!

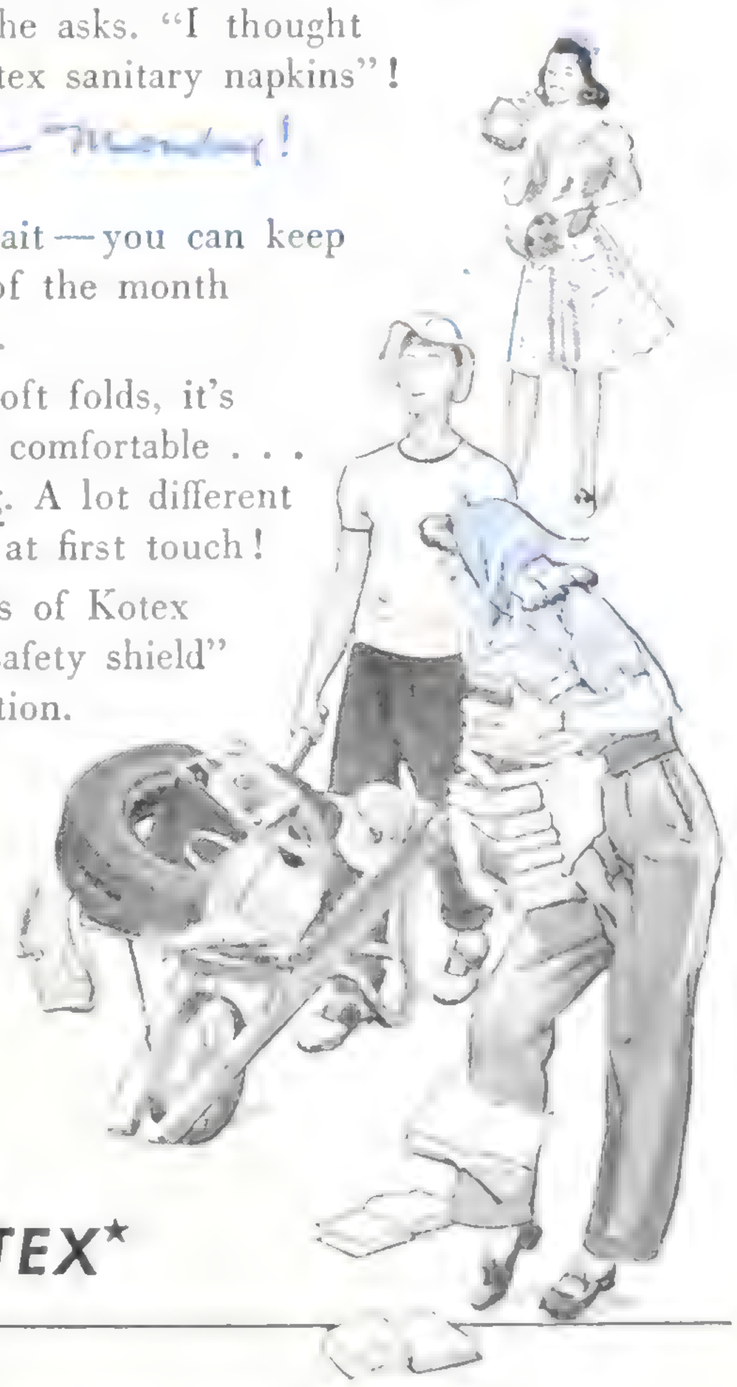
Jill explained you needn't wait—you can keep going in comfort *every* day of the month . . . when you choose Kotex.

Because Kotex is made in soft folds, it's naturally less bulky . . . more comfortable . . . made to stay soft while wearing. A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch!

Besides, those flat, pressed ends of Kotex keep your secret safe. And the "safety shield" means real "forget-about-it" protection.

No wonder more girls choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together!

So now your chin's up—for keeps! And you'll be working for Victory . . . *every* day!



Keep Going in Comfort —WITH KOTEX★



(★T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

FOR GIRLS ONLY! The new booklet, "As One Girl To Another" tells all . . . what to expect . . . what to do and not to do on "difficult days". Mail name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-9, Chicago, and get copy FREE.



Take The Plunge!

Getting into deep water on the subject of baths for five eye-opening minutes

BY GLORIA MACK

Something extra-special in the way of baths for someone extra-special in the movies—Margaret Lindsay

TAKE a minute out . . .

. . . and think about your bath. So it's just a clean-up, get-clean-quick procedure! You're swimming in the wrong direction if you think only that. A bath is a lot of other things, especially now, when the soldier boys come marching home on furlough demanding that their ladies look more beauteous than they ever did before. For instance, it can clean up a muddy-looking skin in nothing flat, provided you use the right technique. That is, you take a warm sudsy bath at night, lather your face well, rinse off with cold water and briskly rub your skin with a crash towel. Follow that up in the morning with a cool shower and another brisk crash-towel facial and that muddy-looking skin will disappear in nothing flat!

A bath will go to battle against those "soft shoulder" blackheads, too, if you'll just take to yourself a stiff bath brush, lather your shoulders and then scrub like mad with a rotary motion. But remember, a lick and a promise with a soft face cloth will never do the job

Take two minutes off . . .

. . . and cogitate on the fact that a bath will turn a tired woman of the world into a sweet young thing in a half-hour's time, if she'll just follow directions and keep herself in relaxing warm water for at least fifteen minutes. Then all she has to do is give herself a nice rubdown, a rub-off with cologne and a fine finish with dusting powder of the same scent.

Wrinkle up your pretty brow over what Margaret Lindsay, who's going to town in her new picture, "Enemy Agents," says: "When I'm completely fagged out I take a bath. I go for a very special, luxurious bath—and it's as good as a rest cure. While I'm in the tub, I put bath salts and bubble bath and anything else I can find in the water and I use my nice scented bath soap. A bath brush or a bath mitt is as good as a massage if you're energetic with it, too. Then I soak and soak and when I get through I'm a new woman."

One-minute pause over this:

More from Margaret Lindsay: "I think it's a mistake to call bath accessories bath luxuries. As a matter of fact, you can buy all of them for just a few cents. A luxury is something you can do without and I don't think anyone ought to be without those extra things that go with a bath—they can give one so much in the way of relaxation and renewed vigor! The stimulating effects of bath salts and the rubdown help your vitality; and the perfumed colognes and soaps help you get your minds off your worries!"

Ponder for a minute:

. . about that "bandbox look." It's a head-to-toe procedure; and one of the best ways to get a perfect cleansing of your face is to apply cold cream before your tub and then let the steam give you a double-plus beauty treatment. But, after your bath, be sure you wash your face with warm water and soap, because otherwise, according to Hollywood make-up expert Perc Westmore, you can never be sure that your face is thoroughly cleansed.

Don't forget to go to work on your toes and elbows. A hard brush plus the softening effect of warm sudsy water will rid you of troublesome calluses. Never skip up on dusting powder footwork, either.

A bubble bath will give you a bandbox look, too—and turn you out as pink and pretty as a picture. And what it doesn't do for the morale these war days! You'll feel like a spoiled darling when you march out to meet that khaki date after the big parade.

Now you can have more alluring hair
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE !



Dramatic simplicity *characterizes smart hair-dos, as well as clothes, this Fall. Before styling, hair was shampooed with new, improved Special Drene. See how silky and smooth it looks!*

Wonderful improved Special Drene Shampoo, with hair conditioner in it, now leaves hair far easier to arrange . . . neater, better groomed!

There's a new beauty thrill in store for you if you haven't tried Drene Shampoo lately! Because the new, improved Special Drene now has a wonderful hair conditioner in it to leave hair far silkier, smoother and easier to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo equals this new Special Drene! No other shampoo leaves hair so lovely and lustrous and at the same time so manageable!

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, scaly dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene removes that flaky dandruff the very first time you use it—and besides does something no soap shampoo can do, not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers." *Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre* than even the finest soaps or soap shampoos!

So, for extra beauty benefits, plus quick and thorough removal of flaky dandruff, insist on Special Drene. Or ask for a professional Drene shampoo at your beauty shop.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — Replacement or a Refund of Money if Defective or Not as Advertised Therein

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Procter & Gamble

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which *never* leaves a clouding film. *Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre!* Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage—right after shampooing!



Special DRENE Shampoo with HAIR CONDITIONER added


OUT OF THE BOOK . . .
ON TO THE SCREEN!
Flaming into your hearts with all its dramatic fervor—
The emotional thrills, the action-jammed dynamite make a great book into an even greater picture!
Tyrone POWER • Joan FONTAINE
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S production
THIS ABOVE ALL
by ERIC KNIGHT
Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK
with
Thomas Mitchell
Henry Stephenson
Nigel Bruce • Gladys Cooper • Philip Merivale
Sara Allgood
Alexander Knox
Screen Play by R. C. Sherriff
20th CENTURY FOX

THE Shadow Stage

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



A living, beautiful tribute: Joan Leslie and James Cagney in "Yankee Doodle Dandy"



Disney at his best, a stirring poem of beauty: Thumper and Bambi in "Bambi"

✓✓ Yankee Doodle Dandy (Warners)

It's About: *The life story of the great star, George M. Cohan.*

THE best biographical musical ever to find its way out of Hollywood and the best thing Jimmy Cagney has done in years is this jury's verdict in the case of "Yankee Doodle Dandy," the story of New York's versatile artist, George Michael Cohan.

We believe the film's warmth, the intangible quality that causes one to take it so completely to one's heart, are due to the sincerity of the story itself, the efforts of the cast and the fineness of the man about whom the story is told.

Cagney is magnificent as Cohan. Walter Huston as his father has never been so appealing. Rosemary DeCamp as his mother, Jeanne Cagney as his sister Josephine, Richard Whorf as his co-producer Sam Harris, and Joan Leslie as his wife, are fine. A bit by Eddie Foy Jr. is a gem.

The music written by Mr. Cohan himself, including "Yankee Doodle Dandy" and "Over There," is unforgettable and so is this picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Our father, our mother, our sister and all of us thank you.

The Best Pictures of the Month

Yankee Doodle Dandy
Tales Of Manhattan
Bambi
The Gay Sisters
Eagle Squadron
The Pied Piper
The Magnificent Ambersons

Best Performances

James Cagney in "Yankee Doodle Dandy"
Walter Huston in "Yankee Doodle Dandy"
Charles Boyer in "Tales Of Manhattan"
Henry Fonda in "Tales Of Manhattan"
Ginger Rogers in "Tales Of Manhattan"
Edward G. Robinson in "Tales Of Manhattan"
Charles Laughton in "Tales Of Manhattan"
Barbara Stanwyck in "The Gay Sisters"
Monty Woolley in "The Pied Piper"
Joseph Cotten in "The Magnificent Ambersons"
Tim Holt in "The Magnificent Ambersons"
Agnes Moorehead in "The Magnificent Ambersons"

✓✓ Bambi (Walt Disney-RKO)

It's About: *The life of a deer in its forest home.*

SURELY Walt Disney's artists have reached their peak of artistic achievement in the drawing of *Bambi* and his forest neighbors. Certainly his animators have surpassed themselves in giving to the birds and animals not only life and movement but emotional reactions such as fear, happiness and contentment.

There is such soul in "Bambi" it is difficult to imagine this a cartooned and not a photographed film. Disney art at its greatest and best is attained in this stirring poem of beauty, which, although lacking the humor of "Snow White" and the novelty of "Pinocchio," stands as a monument to the men who conceived it.

"Bambi" is a little deer born in the forest, living unafraid until man, the villain, strikes terror into his heart and destroys his home.

Children and adults alike will be touched by its message, translated faithfully from the story. As someone suggested, "With this film ends a generation of thoughtless hunters," so deeply does its message strike home.

Your Reviewer Says: A thing of beauty and a joy forever.

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 101

THE SHADOW STAGE



Thrilling: John Loder, Diana Barrymore, Jon Hall and Robert Stack in "Eagle Squadron"



Priceless: Roddy McDowall, Monty Woolley, Fleurette Zama, Anne Baxter in "The Pied Piper"

✓✓ The Gay Sisters (Warners)

It's About: *The pride that goeth before the fall.*

LEST you may anticipate giddy femmes, this story is not about sisters who are gay as birds on the wing but rather sisters who are singularly covetous, proud and moody. The "gay" comes from the abbreviation of their name "Gaylord." And now that that's clear and off our unmentionable, we'll go on with the review.

The picture has a mood, a feeling, a certain distinction all its own, different in theme and idea. But we think you'll enjoy it, despite the underlying current of unkindness that is present even in the most ludicrous moments. Oh, yes, it has those, too.

Barbara Stanwyck (the proud one), Geraldine Fitzgerald (the covetous) and Nancy Coleman (the moody one) are sisters whose estate has been held in litigation for twenty years, a situation that has impoverished but never beaten them. George Brent is the man responsible for their legal difficulties. As it turns out, he's more than that, too, but we ain't a-tellin'.

Larry Simms (of the "Blondie" series) is one of the most appealing child actors we've seen and does a whale of a good job as "that certain little boy." A newcomer, Gig Young, proves a find, if this be a sample.

Your Reviewer Says: Different, mark you, but good.

✓✓ Eagle Squadron (Wanger-Universal)

It's About: *American aviators with the R.A.F.*

THIS picture is a stirring, thrilling tribute to our American boys who, as the credit sheet reads, did not wait to be stabbed in the back but joined England in her fight against Germany before our entry into the war.

Actual action shots of the Eagle Squadron of the R.A.F., as our American boys are called, are incorporated into the story and lend a thrilling effect. The film sequences showing planes in the air over Germany are among the best we've ever seen.

Robert Stack does his best work to date as the American who joins the Eagle Squadron and grows bitter at the seeming indifference of the English to his pal's death. But somehow he learns the English have buried all selfish and personal sorrows to cope with the one great united sorrow at hand.

Leif Erikson as his pal, Eddie Albert as a girl-smitten flyer, Diana Barrymore as the English miss in service, John Loder as the officer who loses her (why must it always be so?) comprise a good cast in a good picture.

Quentin Reynolds speaks a very timely foreword.

Your Reviewer Says: On the beam.

✓✓ The Pied Piper (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The flight of an Englishman and refugee children from France.*

WE have fallen madly in love with the *Pied Piper* played (and oh, little chillun, how he's played) by Monty Woolley. The delicious dialogue, the finesse, the sureness of direction, the—well, just everything.

Woolley is an elderly Englishman on a fishing trip in France when the Nazis invade. As a favor, he agrees to take back to England with him two English children. The little pair grow and expand into a group as Mr. Woolley travels through devastated France on his way to England.

But, alas, the Nazis catch up with him and then—but wait. It's sheer drama with a chuckle, a laugh with a tear. Anne Baxter, the French girl who befriends them, and Roddy McDowall, oldest of the children, are delightful. In fact, this whole picture is an out-and-out gem. Don't miss it.

Your Reviewer Says: Priceless.

✓ The Magnificent Dope (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A country bumpkin who outsmarts a city slicker.*

FONDA and Ameche! Covered wagon and Spitfire! It's the same thing, really, and this picture that depicts Fonda as a yokel jerk who comes to New York to claim his $500 prize as the magnificent dope, offered by "high pressure" Ameche, proves it. Only, as so often happens, the Spitfire comes to a forced landing while the covered wagon rolls into the home base with the girl.

Ameche, fast-talking, glib and smooth, receives a neat going-over by shy (?) Mr. Fonda, who catches on quick to Don's tricks and trumps them with his own little aces. Ameche finally adopts Fonda's theory of relaxation for his success school and does all right, too.

Lynn Bari, as the girl, has ability, looks and charm. One could ask for no more. Edward Everett Horton and George Barbier add a lot to the fun.

Your Reviewer Says: A right perky piece.

(*Continued on page* 102)

"Thank goodness I *need* orange juice!"

"Imagine the doctor saying I *have* to drink orange juice. Why—it tastes better than *anything!*

"He says I need it so I'll have good bones and nice teeth...so I'll grow big and strong...so I won't have so many colds and things.

"Mother lets me have it between-meals too. *She* says it won't spoil my appetite like most sweets.

"I'm glad they feel that way about it. If they didn't, I guess I'd just have to yell for it!"

FOR CHILDREN AND ADULTS ALIKE, fresh orange juice is the most practical *natural source* of daily needed vitamin C. Doctors will advise amounts for infants. At six years, children should have as much as grown-ups—an 8-ounce glass every day for full vitamin C benefits. Orange juice also supplies valuable quantities of vitamins A, B_1 and G, calcium and other minerals.

"Last year I was just a little girl—orange juice sure makes you grow!"





From Natural Color Photographs

Sunkist

SHOPPING LESS OFTEN THESE DAYS? You can still have plenty of oranges for juice and sugar-saving sweets! Just buy in larger quantities—*they keep!* Those trademarked "Sunkist" are the finest from 14,500 cooperating growers.



Have You a Modern "Juicer"? A well-designed reamer will help you get more juice from oranges—quicker. Select one with a large, "orange-size" reaming cone and ample bowl. The "Sunkist" glass reamer (illustrated) is famous for its efficiency. Available nearly everywhere. Priced low. Millions sold. The Sunkist Juicit, electric extractor for home use, will be back after the war.

Sunkist

***California* Oranges**

Best for Juice-*and Every use!*

"Hedda Hopper's Hollywood"—Many CBS Stations—6:15 P.M., E.T.—Mon., Wed., Fri

9 simple hints on how to KEEP FIT AND FEEL BETTER during "those certain days"

1. DON'T THINK YOU HAVE TO SHUN WATER!



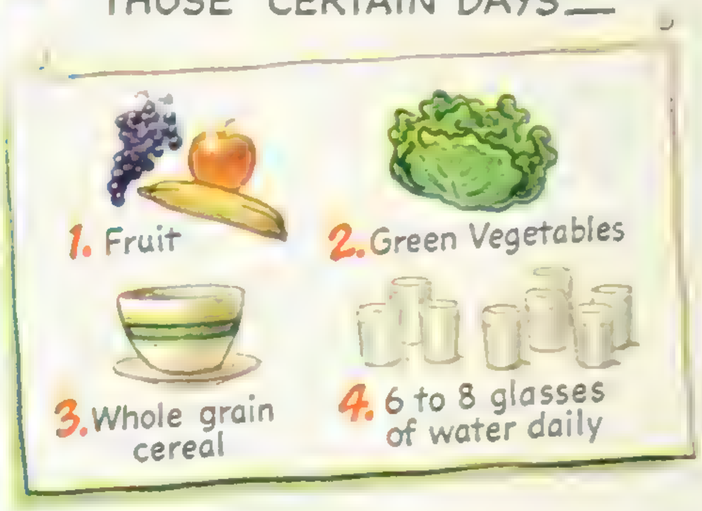
DO KEEP EXTRA CLEAN. TAKE A LUKEWARM SHOWER, TUB OR SPONGE BATH EVERY DAY.

2. DON'T GET OVERTIRED OR LOSE SLEEP!



DO GET EIGHT HOURS' SLEEP EVERY NIGHT!

3. IF YOU'RE CONSTIPATED ON THOSE "CERTAIN DAYS"—



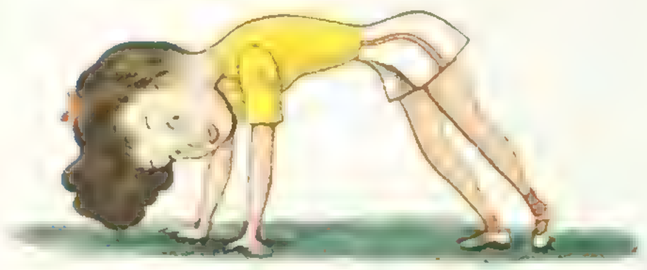
DO EAT PLENTY OF ROUGHAGE FOODS, DRINK PLENTY OF WATER!

4. IF YOU'RE ON YOUR FEET ALL DAY—DO THIS WHEN YOU GET HOME.



LIE ON YOUR BACK AND PRETEND TO PEDAL A BICYCLE FOR 5 MINUTES.*

5. IF YOU SIT ALL DAY AT WORK—DO THIS WHEN YOU GET HOME.



WALK ON HANDS AND FEET FOR A FEW MINUTES.*

6. DON'T CUT OUT GOOD TIMES AND MOPE AT HOME!



DO ENJOY PARTIES WITHOUT "JITTERBUGGING" OR GETTING OVERTIRED.

7. DON'T USE NAPKINS THAT CHAFE!



DO BE SURE YOUR SANITARY NAPKIN IS AS SOFT AS POSSIBLE!

8. DON'T WEAR NAPKINS TOO LONG!



DO CHANGE NAPKINS OFTEN TO BE SURE OF COMFORT!

9. IF YOU STILL HAVE SEVERE PAIN EVEN AFTER FOLLOWING THESE HINTS—



DO SEE YOUR DOCTOR!

P.S. FOR MANY MORE HINTS ON HOW TO KEEP FIT, WRITE ADDRESS BELOW.

*FREE booklet: "YOU AND THOSE CERTAIN DAYS"
Write Educational Dept., The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

THIS PAGE WAS PREPARED IN THE INTEREST OF NATIONAL HEALTH—
BECAUSE EVERY WOMAN-HOUR IS NEEDED TO HELP WIN THE WAR.

Modess —the fluff-type napkin that 3 out of every 4 women found— **Softer**



ABOUT THAT PRICE—

YOU who went to your newsstand this month, or received your copy of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR from the boy salesman who calls at your home, were asked for an extra five cents.

Though it is the most expensive movie publication of all to produce, we have waited until the last possible moment to raise the price of your favorite magazine.

Now, the costs of publishing a magazine of the quality and quantity of Photoplay-Movie Mirror have risen to a point beyond which we cannot go without asking you to share with us the expense of continuing to make it the best in its field.

In deciding to raise the price of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, the publishers recognized the desirability of being able to offer a magazine even more beautiful and exciting, if it were physically possible to do. The ways and means were found. You have been asked to share with us the additional costs of publication, but you are going to get a bonus which we hope is worth much more than the extra nickel you are spending.

In addition to the four full color portrait pages Photoplay-Movie Mirror has always brought you, we have now added two more full pages.

A WAY of measuring the value of these pages might be to consider that Hollywood no longer is able to sell to you black and white photographs of the stars at 25 cents each. While, on the other hand, in Photoplay-Movie Mirror you now get six portrait pages in full color for 15 cents.

In addition, there is now color to brighten several of the story pages you find after the enlarged portrait section.

A few weeks ago I called on several of you, sat with you in the living rooms of your homes and asked you what we could do to make the magazine even more pleasing at the new price.

You were gratifyingly interested, taking your time from the busy routine of the day to answer questions. I came back to my desk with a strong sense of satisfaction, for all of you had told me frankly what you liked and what you didn't like about the magazine.

You mentioned "Fearless" and how you appreciated the sense of honesty you gained from reading what "Fearless" had to tell you.

You confirmed our editorial choice of Hedda Hopper as a brilliant, witty and informative reporter of the Hollywood scene. You put your finger both on our weak and strong spots. For instance, you pointed the way to improvement on our cooking and beauty departments.

Yes, you readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror who invited me into your homes and who became editors for a day proved that you know exactly what you want when you shop for magazines.

With your help, I think we have been able to offer you a magazine this month which is worth the nickel more you are being asked to spend. As partial evidence, I offer Dorothy Kilgallen's stimulating and amusing story on page 30; Adela Rogers St. Johns's brilliant analysis of Paulette Goddard on page 28; "Fearless's" sympathetic explanation of many surprising romances; the six stunning color pages; the bright and helpful fashions; the exclusive details of Myrna Loy's sudden marriage to John Hertz Jr.

You who buy Photoplay-Movie Mirror are honestly and sincerely interested in bargains. So you can see why we believe more than ever in the phrase you have been reading on the cover of the magazine the past twenty-one months and why we think it should be edited to say:

"Still two great magazines for the price of one."

Ernest V. Heyn

PAULETTE GODDARD



Woman of Daring



Wherever Goddard and Charles Chaplin went, public gaze followed—and the whispers started. Was she his wife, his friend, or just his inspiration?



At twenty-one she was a platinum blonde, a girl with a reputation

She's the girl with nine lives, the lady who has provided Hollywood with its favorite mystery, the wife who has dared to play a strange marriage game

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

IT is one of Hollywood's most dramatic stories how Paulette Goddard —she of the stimulating beauty and vivid talent—has made herself a star with the breath of scandal and the spotlight of sensational gossip following her wherever she has gone. How in the latest well-timed explosion of her dynamic career, she has contrived to turn disaster into triumph.

Paulette Goddard is a woman of daring.

For years she provided Hollywood with its favorite mystery. When, at ast, it was time to end the silence so ull of delicious implications, she was eady with a new puzzle equally sur-ounded with hushed whispers.

The first time I saw Paulette God-lard, dark and sultry and attractive, vas at a very highbrow dinner in Hollywood. The girl sat next to Charlie Chaplin at the speakers' table nd I remember very well that she vas much more the center of attention han any of the literary great seated near her and that even then the whispered conversation running back and forth across the large banquet room concerned her much more than it did the distinguished guests we had all come to see.

The whispers were passed on, between the seven courses of the banquet, like tidbits of delicious food. "Was Chaplin going to marry this starlet?" "Were they really so in love?" "Was her fate to be that of Chaplin's other young wives?" "Would he really make a star of her?"

I remember thinking, "This girl is young, but she can take care of herself. She will come out on top no matter what happens. There is steel under that young loveliness. She is the kind of girl who has nine lives."

The last time I saw Paulette Goddard she stood on the stage of a hushed theater. Beside her was the slight, grey-haired genius whose latest picture, "The Great Dictator," was about to be given its world premiere. There was a pause, then Charlie Chaplin said:

"My wife, Paulette Goddard, and I hope you will enjoy the picture."

It seemed as if the curtain had been rung down on the third act of a great drama.

I should have remembered that Paulette Goddard was the girl of nine lives. For a few months later there was a front-page story that said Paulette Goddard was divorcing the man who finally had publicly presented her as his wife.

The girl who had dared to live for years without the world's knowing whether she was wife, friend or inspiration now dared to divorce the man who had only just said they were legally husband and wife.

We in Hollywood first knew her as the girl who rolled into town in a Hispano-Suiza with her mother, a $200,000 bank account and a brand-new divorce. Quite an achievement for (*Continued on page* 96)

If I Were Queen

OF HOLLYWOOD



A royal-purple columnist gets herself a shiny crown and then sets out to do a bit of crowning herself!

BY

DOROTHY KILGALLEN





Why, Queen Kilgallen! How could you ever suggest anything like that for limpid-eyed Lamarr?

There'd be plenty of cash in the royal treasury if Vic Mature had to obey the queen

The author, famous woman reporter, columnist and radio commentator

SOMETIMES on rainy days I like to dream of being Queen of Hollywood, with a diamond crown on my curls and an ermine throne to sit on and a jeweled sceptre to wave around in the California breeze. Of course, it is pretty safe to bet that no whimsical Wizard of Oz will ever transport me to a gilded palace from which I can issue orders to Sam Goldwyn, Will Hays and Bette Davis—but if that *should* happen, I'll know what to do!

If I were Queen of Hollywood, I'd give an "Incredible" Award to—the worst picture of the year and this year it would go to "The Shanghai Gesture" . . . I'd command George Raft's wife to give him a divorce so he and Betty Grable could marry and live happily ever after . . . Bob Hope would be my court jester . . . I'd never let Hedy Lamarr grow middle-aged the way she did in "H. M. Pulham Esq.", simply by powdering her hair at the temples. She'd have to put on a few pounds or take off a little glamour, or acquire a few crow's-feet around the limpid orbs.

I'd clamor for more interesting individuals like Joan Fontaine and Greer Garson, and fewer rootin' tootin' cuties . . . I'd never let heroes call heroines "My sweet."

One of my first reforms would be architectural. I would demand that at least two-thirds of the restaurants, cafes, hot-dog stands and filling stations be remodeled to look like what they are, instead of caricatures of Moorish castles, Breton lighthouses, Provençal chateaux and Dali nightmares . . . I'd force everybody in Hollywood to sign an "I Ain't Kidding" pledge so all that time spent by the various citizens asking one another, "Are you kidding?" could be put to more profitable use . . . I'd make Victor Mature pay a fine every time he gave out one of those poisonous interviews on the subject of Victor Mature . . . I'd send for Wendy Hiller, who was so wonderful in "Pygmalion" and "Major Barbara,"



Let Errol Flynn follow imperial orders and there'd be less liniment sold in Hollywood



Kate Hepburn would certainly take up the slack nicely!



Merle Oberon, now Lady Merle, would have another title pronto in the gay Kilgallen reign

and put her right to work in front of the cameras without tacking on so much as a single false eyelash or gleaming enamel tooth jacket . . . I'd banish all moustaches, with the possible exception of Jerry Colonna's—because shearing his would be practically cutting a man in half!

I'd forbid all comedies that kid the Nazis—because I don't think the Nazis are kidding . . . I'd let vaudeville come back to life "in the flesh" if it can, but not in pictures where long routines and running gags and mugging definitely have no place . . . I'd try to find an animal star like Rin Tin Tin, so the pooches of the nation could have an idol, too . . . I'd ask Joan Crawford to give a lesson in Deportment and Etiquette Toward Fans And The Proletariat to some of the Jenny-come-latelys among the glamour girls who worry their studios, are rude to their admirers and terrorize their employers . . . I'd team Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers again, to a score by Irving Berlin . . . I wouldn't let Cary Grant sit under the apple tree with anybody else but me.

I'd have Bette Davis play a happy-go-lucky Pollyanna type in a picture without a single tear or tense moment. She'd just laugh and laugh and laugh—and I *don't* mean leer! . . . I'd confer Knighthood on Alfred Hitchcock every night in the week . . . I'd have Dorothy Lamour wear the old sweater and cap and let Bing Crosby and Bob Hope wear the sarongs . . . I'd give Lee Tracy juicy assignments . . . I'd take motion-picture exhibitors to task for some of those double features that destroy all sense of realism by having an actor die a very sad death in one film and then spring into being again, peppy as all get out, in the second feature on the bill . . . I'd allow Katharine Hepburn to wear slacks, even to court functions, because—on *her* they're becoming.

I'd demand to be told what it is that W. C. Fields has that I don't get and why I fail to see anything even slightly amusing in any of his pictures, and why I (*Continued on page* 90)

Columnists were agog over Norma Shearer's hinted romance with young ski instructor Martin Arrougé. Her friends thought she'd deny it; instead she stunned them by admitting just how she felt—and why



Romance for the Lonely

BY "FEARLESS"



Bob Sterling too young for Ann Sothern (left)? Wait a minute. Look at that situation as it's explained here. Joan Crawford liked Glenn Ford and vice versa; that romance didn't turn out because Crawford thought of something most Hollywood women completely ignore





The quest for love is as important in Hollywood—and as misunderstood—as it is anywhere else on earth where there are women whose hearts are empty

WHEN Norma Shearer's reported romance with young Martin Arrougé, her ski instructor, hit the front pages, friends waited for Norma's denials. None came. Instead Norma, mother of two children, confided to friends that despite the difference in their ages, the romance was serious.

Hollywood had no doubt of it after glimpsing the pair dancing together at night clubs, Norma with stars in her eyes. At the airport recently when Norma bade Martin a lingering good-by, as he left for a brief trip to New York, everyone was convinced Norma Shearer intended to marry this man if indeed she hadn't already done so, as rumored. She had met him at Sun Valley where she'd gone on a skiing vacation. He was young—twenty-seven—of excellent family, born in Utah of French descent. He had come to Sun Valley himself as a guest, but had stayed on to become an instructor. Shy and unprepossessing, he had a great love for children and he took Norma Shearer's children to his heart. It was that that brought them together—and who is there to say that Norma herself was not struck, as all Hollywood has been, with his close resemblance to her late husband Irving Thalberg?

"I've been a widow for six years," Norma told her friends, "and in those years I've spent too many lonely hours. Besides, my children love him. For me," she added with wistful dignity, "it's a serious romance."

In those revealing words can be found the answer to so many "lonely romances" in Hollywood, the town that's been called, and rightly so, the loneliest one in the world.

Night after night, Hollywood beauties, whom any ordinary lad would give his eye teeth to date, sit alone waiting for their phones to ring. One famous blonde starlet recently confessed that she hadn't had a date in three weeks.

Why is this? Simply because movie stars are placed beyond the pale of ordinary human beings through peculiar circumstances, exactly as if success had shut them off by a wall. Stars are so intent on getting ahead, holding on, climbing through the years and reaching the peak, that when the time finally comes to breathe easily, to let down a bit, in the knowledge that their careers are set and the goal reached, they discover that love and romance have not waited.

This is not just the star's fault, remember, but Hollywood's own. "Be careful with whom you're seen," studios caution starlets on their way up. "You have a position to maintain," they warn the newly christened star. "Move in the right circles, know only the best, be seen only with the famous."

Which is all right until one day grown-up Miss Glamour Girl awakens to the awful fact that her purse may be full, but her heart is empty. Then comes the quest for love to fill that empty heart. If it can't be found with people one's own age, and in Hollywood it seldom can, there is a reaching out of empty hands and hungry hearts to whoever offers the love.

Sometimes it works out beautifully. But oftener it doesn't.

Bette Davis (*Continued on page* 80)

Bombardier's Bride

Priscilla Lane, who's discovered how to be a perfect war wife to Lt. Joe Howard

BY RILLA PAGE PALMBORG





Keeping house today in seventh heaven in the middle of the desert are Pat and her bombardier instructor Howard. Exclusive is this Fink picture of him; for the inside story on it, see page 78

THE last rays of the desert sun slanted through the windows opening into the long living room in the white adobe bungalow where Priscilla Lane and Lieutenant Joe Howard were being married. Like a studio spotlight, the beams fell across the little wedding party grouped in front of the wide fireplace.

There was Bonnie, Pat's chum and "stand-in," who had driven down to El Rancho Vegas, the popular desert dude ranch, to act as maid of honor; there was Lieutenant Colonel George Hardman, director of training at Victorville in Joe's bombardier squadron, who had come over to be best man. Lieutenant Colonel Herbert Anderson and his wife, in whose bungalow the wedding was taking place, and Justice of the Peace Mahlon Brown completed the group who had gathered in the quiet afternoon to participate in this solemn union of two rapt young people.

Standing beside her soldier, trim and straight in his dress uniform, Pat in her simple powder blue wool dress and blue felt hat looked more like a high-school graduate than a movie star. Yet this fresh, clear-eyed girl had already known what it meant to have one marriage fail. In all honesty she could not deny that being radiantly in love didn't necessarily mean one would be a successful wife.

Nevertheless, Pat wouldn't have been human if, in that moment when Joe took her in his arms at the conclusion of the simple ceremony, she hadn't believed that here at last she had found her great love. That this time it was forever. Besides, wasn't that what the inscription inside their wedding rings said?

The sound of popping champagne corks and clinking glasses broke the desert stillness as Pat and Joe slipped out onto the porch. Skirting the deserted swimming pool, they ran down the path and jumped into the waiting car.

Before news of the wedding got around, the bride and bridegroom were well on their way to Victorville, headed for the modest five-room cottage Joe had rented for their first home.

Oddly enough it was on the set of "Silver Queen," Pat's latest picture, that she first heard about that home, scarcely ten days before she was to enter it as a bride. She had been most reluctant to discuss her romance with her stalwart young bombardier instructor. The scars of her secret and unhappy marriage to Oren Haglund, the (*Continued on page* 78)

ENLARGED

COLOR PORTRAIT SERIES

Ginger Rogers: Appearing in Paramount's "The Major And The Minor" . . . *page*

Betty Grable: Appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Footlight Serenade" . . . *page*

Carole Landis: Appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Orchestra Wives" *page*

Rita Hayworth: Appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Tale Of Manhattan" . . . *page*

Jinx Falkenburg: Appearing in Columbia's "Lucky Legs" . . . *page*

Joan Leslie: Appearing in Warners' "Yankee Doodle Dandy" *page*

Robert Taylor: Appearing in M-G-M's "Cargo Of Innocents" *page*

John Carroll: Appearing in Republic's "Flying Tigers" *page*

Ginger Rogers





The first name's Alan; his first smash, "This Gun For Hire." The first complete lowdown about him? This one right here

This Ladd For Hire

BY JOHN R. FRANCHEY

ONE type that the late (and very busy) Dr. Sigmund Freud, prober of the human mind, left strangely unexplored is the killer-Casanova. In a way, it is a pity. If only the good doctor had got around to the subject, there would be available right this minute scientific explanation for the phenomenon of Alan Ladd who burst with such lethal violence into the public ken via a blood-soaked melodrama called "This Gun For Hire."

The absence of a scientific explanation disturbs nobody but the scholars. Countless impressionable maidens in the Union take Ladd for the sleep-disturber that he is, gaze fondly at his photograph and deluge him with passionate fan mail.

"The guy is moider," according to the president of the Brooklyn-Alan-Ladd-For-Practically-Anything-He-Wants-Club.

"He incites a riot when he appears in Times Square," deposes a sergeant of New York's finest in charge of traffic, referring to Ladd's having unguardedly passed by the Paramount Theater his first day in town to gaze, rapt, at his name in lights, a faux pas which got him practically stripped by admirers.

Add to this popular acclaim the all-out cheering of the New York critics and you have a future which anyone can recognize as deep rose.

Anyone but Alan Ladd. He still doesn't believe it.

"It's a mirage," he says. "Tomorrow I'll be back at the old stand and no customers."

When the Ladd lad talks like that, he is a bit on the all-wet side, although he does have grounds for his skepticism. A couple of years ago you could have bought his services for peanuts—unshelled, at that. And no takers. At least not until a lady named Sue Carol came on the scene. But maybe we ought to go way back to the beginning.

WHAT makes the struggle of Alan Ladd different from almost every other struggle for success is the fact that he hadn't the remotest idea of becoming an actor; the idea was wished on him.

He was seven when his mother and stepfather quit his native Hot Springs, Arkansas, for California, first at Alhambra, then at North Hollywood. Ladd's father, who died when his scion was three, had been an auditor. His foster father, who left Arkansas for the milk and honey of California, was a house painter.

Golden California proved to be an illusion for the Ladds. Nobody much needed the services of the Arkansas traveler who (*Continued on page 70*)

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF—

WE QUIT!

Several issues ago, Photoplay-Movie Mirror made the innocent mistake of asking noted experts to pick the best figures—male and female—in Hollywood. Ever since Betty Grable and Errol Flynn were announced as the winners, we've wished we had been smart enough to mind our own business.

It seems many of you weren't inclined to agree with some of the candidates.

As far as you were concerned, our noted experts shouldn't have limited the field just to Betty and Errol. The stream of protests suggesting other star contenders for figure honors is still flooding our desks.

We open letters like these every day:

From Norton Buckley,
Minneapolis,
Minnesota

I was interested in your story the Best Figure in Hollywood but your judges sure went sour when they didn't even mention Carole Landis!...

Betty Grable is plenty okay with me, but when it
ies to the best figure you must have been blind when
didn't put Rita Hayworth at the top of the list...

From Alfred Comstock, Klamath Falls, Oregon

Where does Vic Mature come in on your list?
I should think he'd have beaten the field
and you didn't even mention him.

From Gwenn Findley, Atlanta, Georgia

From H. C., New Haven, Conn.

If John Payne doesn't have a better physique
several stars who placed, I'll eat my hat!..
not give readers a chance to vote on the feminine
with the best figure and the male star with the
build?

From Caroline Nohl, Chicago, Illinois

So you put Loretta Young in the top ten! Well,
me Jinx Falkenburg the personification of
outdoor American girl.

So We've Thrown Up the Sponge!

Now it's up to you to select the best figures in Hollywood. And just to make the job easier, we're publishing four eye-filling figures on the next two pages. (Also, to show that our experts weren't so far off the beam, we've included Betty Grable.)

Next month with the October issue as your reviewing stand you will find more contenders on exhibit. Remember, this is only the beginning. Keep on watching until you've had a complete lineup of potential winners. Then we'll give you the signal to send in your vote for the winners.

Good luck—and good looks!


Betty Grable


Carole Landis


Rita Hayworth


Jerry Falkenburg



Frances Dee got the lead in "Name, Age And Occupation," produced by Pare Lorentz (below). It was a plum; but should she have picked it?



How to

You can write your own

ARE you the "right person for the right job?" Or, if you haven't yet started to work but soon will, do you know in what job you will be most successful?

In times when every work hour means one step nearer victory, this is a vital problem. In fact, RKO is making a picture about it called "Name, Age And Occupation," featuring Frances Dee and produced by Pare Lorentz, the genius of such government films as "The River" and "The Fight For Life."

There is no greater loss to the employer, no greater tragedy to the individual than the wrong job. The scientific effort of large organizations—airplane factories, department stores, public utility companies—to place their employees in the right job by something more than guesswork proves this. By intelligence tests, aptitude tests and personality tests, they make sure that each job fits the right worker.

Are you game to try a personality job test yourself?

You'll have good company—Frances Dee herself tackled it with no more warning than you're getting now. And after you have finished the test, you will see the actual answers Frances gave which proved what the right job for her is.

The test won't guarantee a $50 a week job the minute you've scored your answers. But it will help to tell you whether you should be a stenographer, or a precision worker in an airplane factory, a receptionist or a laboratory assistant, a nurse, a secretary—yes, or even an actor.

You'll note that the test is divided into two quiz sections. This is because the questions in each section are carefully chosen to bring out certain personal characteristics.

Yours not to figure why; yours but to answer honestly—that is, if you want real help from the job analysis we give you after you finish the test.

Now then, get out that pencil and start writing your own career ticket!

get the job you want

Ticket to more money, new friends, if you're game to put your future to this test

BY DOROTHY HAAS

QUIZ I

1. Do you usually keep your feelings to yourself when things go wrong? _____

2. Do you have at least one real hobby? _____

3. Do you usually obey "Keep off the Grass" signs? _____

4. Do you give considerable thought to your professional future? _____

5. Have you read at least three *good* books in the last year? _____

6. Do you feel that people usually think well of you? _____

7. Do you usually do things that are good for you, even if you do not like them? _____

8. Do you believe old people deserve special help not given to others? _____

9. Is it easy for you to compliment people when they have done something well? _____

10. Are you especially friendly to new students in your class or new employees where you work?

11. Do you ever do anything to improve the appearance of your home surroundings? _____

12. If you were working, would you be eager to know the entire process of work of the organization, instead of just knowing your own particular little job?_____

13. If your boss were away from the office could you do good, useful work without direct supervision? _____

14. Are you willing to accept responsibility? _____

15. Do you enjoy big parties, picnics, etc.? _____

16. Do you usually finish things you begin? _____

17. If a person makes a promise to you, are you annoyed if he (or she) fails to keep it? _____

18. Do you make most of your decisions on the spur of the moment? _____

19. Are you doing any kind of First Aid, Red Cross, AWVS, USO or other voluntary "war work"? _____

20. Are you *eager* to forego privileges and material things to help win the war? _____

21. Do you really read the newspapers, not just the movie news, society page and funnies? _____

22. Does it make you happy to know your friends are getting along well? _____

23. Do you find it easy to accept well-meant and sound advice?_____

24. If you find an article, do you make an effort to return it to the person who lost it? _____

25. Do you like to entertain your friends in your own home? _____

QUIZ II

1. Is it hard for you to remember names of people you meet? _____

2. Have you found it difficult to make as many friends as you wish? _____

3. Do you find it hard to meet new people at social affairs? _____

4. Do you do favors only because you think you "have to"? _____

5. Do you offen feel lonely, even when you are with other people? _____

6. Do you feel inferior to other people very often? _____

7. Do you think that people do not appreciate your efforts—or you? _____

8. Are people often so unfair or unkind to you that you feel like crying or throwing things? _____

9. Is it difficult for you to introduce or to be introduced to people? _____

10. Do you usually wait for someone to tell you what to do before you begin something, in work or recreation? _____

11. Do you find it difficult to "warm up" to people you have just met? _____

12. If you need assistance, do you find it hard to ask other people for that help? _____

13. Do you lose your temper quickly and frequently? _____

14. Is it hard for you to go on with work if you do not get enough encouragement? _____

15. Is it hard for you to admit it when you are in the wrong? _____

16. Do you feel that people often treat you rather badly? _____

17. Do you sometimes avoid responsibility or work if you think you can get out of it? _____

18. Do you believe it is justifiable to be discourteous to disagreeable people? _____

19. Is it hard for you to lead in "pepping up" a dull party? _____

20. Do you let people know it when they irritate you? _____

21. Do you keep a diary? _____

22. If you do a favor for someone, do you expect a favor in return? _____

23. When you are reading does your mind wander so that you frequently have to reread? _____

24. Do you trip over your own tongue or stutter when you are angry or excited? _____

25. Do you find you have trouble going to sleep? _____

Scoring: Give yourself two points for each "Yes" answer in Quiz I and two points for each "No" in Quiz II. Add the two sums together. If the total is from 0 to 24, your rating is found in the A group below; from 26 to 50, in the B; from 52 to 74, in the C; from 76 to 100, in the D.

A.

Why do you draw so much within yourself? And why do you doubt the good intentions of other people and shy away from them? People, in general, are swell guys, if you'll meet them halfway!

Are you working as a receptionist, saleswoman, teacher, beautician? If you are, you're probably in the wrong job. You should do some type of work in which you need not deal constantly with other people. You can excel in other things, using any special talents you have, be they mental or manual. Meanwhile, develop faith in yourself and make an effort to be more friendly with other people.

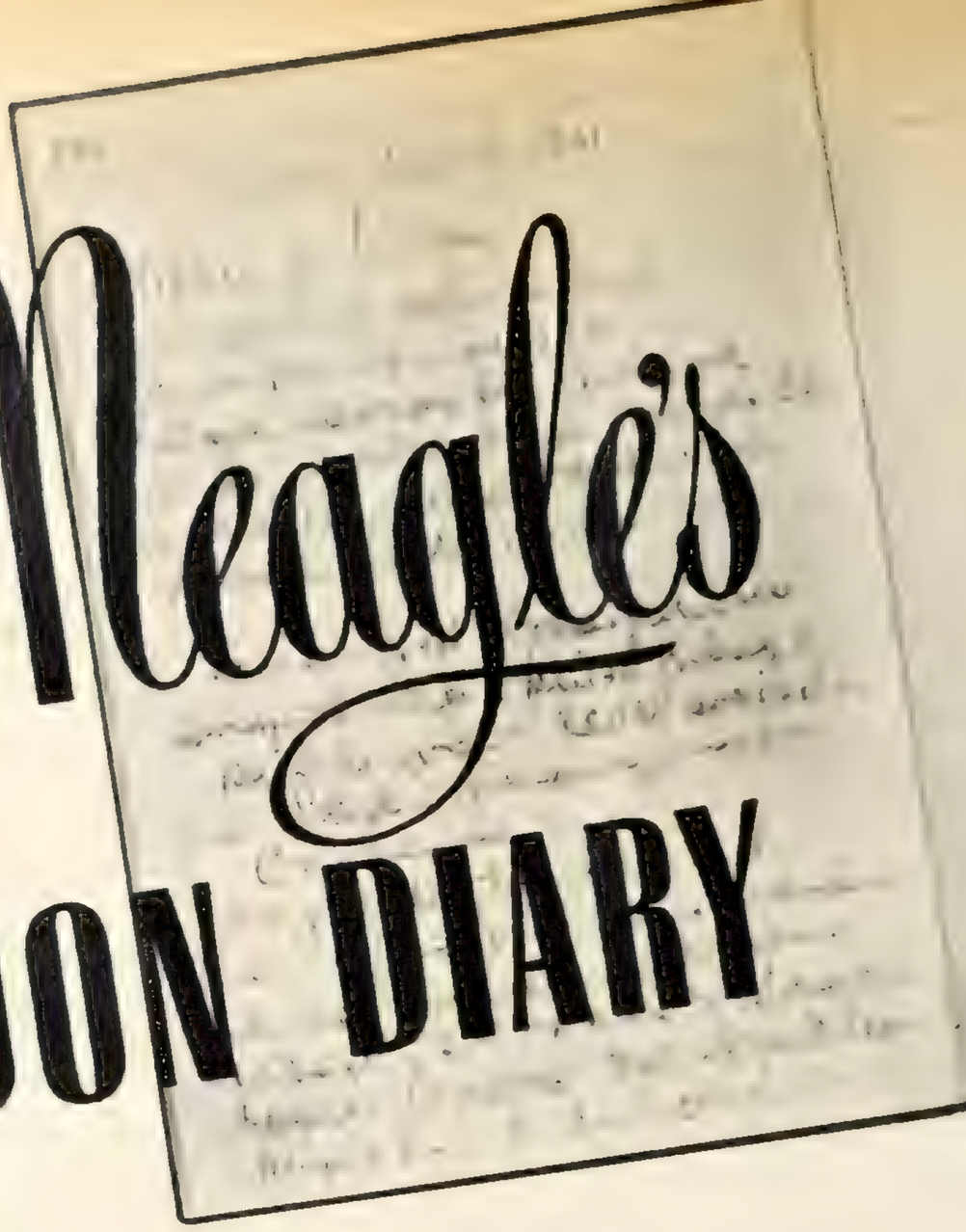
If you have manual dexterity—and you are a very valuable citizen if you have—use it! You can excel in defense plant (*Continued on page 76*)

Joan Leslie





Anna Neagle's LONDON DIARY

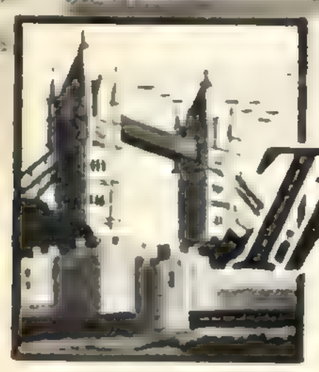

Memoranda

Send thank you note to George Schaefer for lemons



There is only one way to describe the living document this woman has agreed to reveal. It is magnificent

Edited by MARIAN RHEA



The following vivid, human document is comprised of excerpts from a personal diary kept by Anna Neagle during her recent sojourn in England for the filming of "They Flew Alone." Miss Neagle makes no pretense of being an author. Nor had she any thought during its writing that her diary might one day appear in print. However, at PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S *urgent request, she has consented to its publication in part in the belief that its contents may add their bit to the great and inspiring saga of the British people at war.*

—The Editors.

AUGUST 19, 1941 . . . Clipper for Lisbon. Just before we left New York, Mr. Schaefer (*George Schaefer, former president of RKO*) presented me with an attractively done up box labeled: "Orchids to wear in England." Box very heavy, though, and I found it contained *lemons!* I imagine I shall appreciate them more than their weight in orchids, since apparently England is getting no citrus fruits, nor fruits of any kind. Stopped at Bermuda—to witness our first signs of war. Blinds drawn. Men in uniform. All papers confiscated. My use of my real name, Marjorie Robertson, made customs man suspicious. He thought I was posing as May Robson!

August 20, 1941 . . . First Azores, then Lisbon. Met by the Portuguese press and was pleased to hear that "Victoria" was greatest success ever known in Portugal. Entered Estoril Palace with Shirer's "Berlin Diary" under my arm to the obvious disgust of equally obvious Nazis.

August 21, 1941 . . . Visited the air attaché here to see about passage for England. Cannot leave for a few days. Lisbon most colorful and fascinating. At dinner tonight, at the table next to ours, the Nazi minister was entertaining Italian and Japanese ministers . . . a rather significant and ominous group. At the table next to them sat a "spy woman." An artist I met had seen her in Prague and knew she carried an Austrian passport and yet she had recently come from Vienna to Lisbon with a *British passport!* She rather gave me the shivers. There seems to be terrible poverty here, behind the glitter and color of Lisbon's motley international throng, and the people are totally unprepared for invasion. Gracie Fields's Clippe is held up here and she is temporarily "broke" on account of the British law allowing only $50 to be taken out o England at one time, so I lent he $50—and she the highest paid actres in the world!

August 24, 1941 . . . Left at 5:3 this morning for England. Dutc (British now, of course), Portugues and German planes drawn up side b side at the airport. Flight towar England very beautiful and it wa difficult to realize we were approach ing a land in the throes of war—tha is, until the plane was completel blacked out and we were told we wer over the battle area. Arrived (*censored*) and were taken behind hig walls for customs inspection. Official extremely interested in America sentiment toward Britain. Later wen on a little tour of the city and saw for the first time with my own eye (*this was Miss Neagle's first trip t her homeland since Britain went t war*), the ruin wrought by the enemy It is an indescribable sensation to be hold the desecration of your nativ soil. I felt terrible sorrow and a ter rible anger. (*Continued on page 72*)



Richard Greene: "Handsome . . . looking so fit"

David Niven: "Handsome . . . an ideal Commando!"

Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, R.A.F. standbys

Anna Neagle in "They Flew Alone," portraying Britain's great flyer, Amy Mollison





FLYING TIGERS

"I'd take you—on any terms," he said. He didn't have to. She took him!

"You'll find her hard to handle at first," Jim said to Woody

Fiction version by WILL OURSLER

A Republic picture. Associate Producer, Edmund Grainger; Director, David Miller. Screen play by Kenneth Gamet and Barry Trivers from an original story by Kenneth Gamet

IN the musty Buddhist temple which served as squadron headquarters, Jim Gordon paced the floor with long angry strides, a troubled light in his gray eyes.

"My dear Mrs. Dale—" His voice had a hard, metallic sound. "It is with deepest sorrow I inform you that your brave son—"

He halted, glanced to Brooke Elliott, typing at the improvised desk across the room. Brooke brushed back a lock of blonde hair from her forehead. "What's wrong with that, Jim?"

"Hearts and flowers," he said harshly. "Sentimental twash—"

"But you can't be too cold," she said. "This goes to his mother."

He stood looking down at her, his lean face drawn and tired. "You write it, Brooke. Say—anything you like."

She nodded, cool blue eyes surveying the man before her. The hard lines of his face, the bitterness in the eyes, the callous manner. But she knew it was false—a shield he wore, here in Burma, with disaster his daily diet.

"All right, Jim. I'll do it."

Her fingers danced on the keys of the battered typewriter, spinning pat little phrases of sympathy. A boy named Dale, young, eager-eyed. His first time out. Now she must write his mother.

It was finished at last, sealed up. Jim held the letter in his hand. "Dale had no business in China," he muttered bitterly. "We need tough guys, Brooke. Fellows who know what they're doing. Like Hap or Tex."

"Or you," she added.

She knew. Flying into hell and back—that was his life. She'd watched him and the others so many months, these months she'd worked here in the China Red Cross, caring for the wounded and hungry, trying to do the job her father had wanted to do. Part of Asia's army of millions, giving their lives in this fight for freedom.

He seemed to guess her thoughts. "Brooke, it's been months since your father—checked out. Isn't it time you were over it?"

Their eyes met. Neither spoke for a moment. At last she said, "Jim, you're—you're in love with me, aren't you?"

"I guess it's been pretty obvious."

"I only wish—"

"I know. You wish you could love me. That's what you mean, isn't it?"

She stood by the window, staring out at the flying field. "I've a job to do. Somehow, nothing else seems to count, nothing else seems tied to reality."

"I don't think Doc Elliott ever intended his daughter should stay here."

She turned toward him. "Dad came to Asia because he believed in what China fought for. He died before he got a chance to help. I've got to try to—do his job. Can't you see how hard it is to get straight on love and things like that—"

His lips twisted in a rueful smile. "I'm straight about it."

She walked to him, looked up into his face. "Would you—would you take me, even knowing I didn't love you?"

After a moment he said, "I'd take you, Brooke, on any terms."

Brooke was about to give him his answer when someone pounded at the door. Jim's voice carried impatiently across the room. "All right,



Brooke was about to give Jim his answer when they were interrupted by a sudden pounding at the door

all right—come on in."

It was Hap Davis and Tex Norton. Hap, his face lined and weatherbeaten, was one of the oldest flyers there, a veteran of more sky battles than any of them. Tex—who had a drawl when he spoke, which was rarely—was called the best poker player in all Asia. Hap was grinning. "Better get started, Skipper, if you're going up to Rangoon today."

Brooke looked at Jim inquisitively. "Rangoon?"

"Have to see the Colonel—pick up some new replacements. So help me, if there's an amateur in the lot, I'll quit."

The others laughed. Jim was getting together his things. As he was leaving, he turned to Brooke with a question in his eyes.

"Maybe, Jim," she said. "When you get back—"

"You mean—"

"I don't know. I—"

She watched him climb into the car. Mike, the chubby Chinese mechanic who was especially proud of his Irish nickname, was stuffing the suitcase into the back compartment. There were times, as now, when Brooke wished there were quiet. Times when she wondered what it would be like to be a normal young woman again, safe in some snug existence. Except—this was where she belonged, here on the front lines.

The only full-sized bath in a hundred miles was located in Squadron Leader Jim Gordon's headquarters. It was here, two days later, that Brooke was bathing when she heard noises outside and knew Jim had returned from his mission. She called quickly, "Just finishing a bath, Jim. Be right out."

A FEW minutes later, dressed in her Red Cross uniform and combing her hair, Brooke came out into the main room. Most of the luxurious hair was over her eyes. "Heard the truck, Jim. Didn't mind my stealing a bath, did you? You almost caught me—"

"And am I sorry I was late!"

She started at the voice, shook the hair back from her eyes. Before her, tilting back on a chair, was a man she'd never seen before—long-legged and rakish, with an impudent, devil-may-care grin on his lips.

"Oh! I was expecting Jim—I mean—"

His eyebrows lifted with arch surprise. "Well—and do you always bathe in Squadron Leader's quarters?"

He arose and carefully placed the chair back against the wall. Brooke studied him a moment. "You're one of the new pilots—"

"Name's Jason," he answered quickly. "Woody Jason. Used to fly transports. The General's sent me out here to see what's holding up the war in these parts."

"I suppose you've found the answer already?"

"Sure. Pilots spend too much time in the hospital."

THE CAST

Jim Gordon.....John Wayne

Woody Jason.....John Carroll

Brooke Elliott.....Anna Lee

Hap Davis.....Paul Kelly

Alabama Smith.....Gordon Jones

Blackie Bales....Edmund MacDonald

She tried not to smile. "You'll have a good many other things to figure out, before you're done."

"Working on one right now," he agreed. "Which is—how do I find you when you're not in the bath tub?"

"You won't have to, Mr. Jason," Brooke told him. "I'll probably be finding you—with a stretcher."

Woody grinned. They could hear planes outside, roaring over the field. Woody, watching through the window, shook his head sadly. "Sloppy landing."

"I imagine," she said, "that Squadron Leader Gordon is waiting for you."

"Then we'd better go," he answered. Blandly, he took her by the arm and marched her out to the field.

She walked stiffly by his side. Woody said, "An awful thought just came to me. You're not married to any of these roughnecks, are you?"

"No, I—"

"That's a break for you. Because now I've come to bring sunlight into your bored life."

"Just what makes you think I'm bored, Mr. Jason?"

"How could you help it, with a crowd like this? Take Gordon, for instance. Swell fellow, great flyer. But when it comes to women—no imagination."

"Nothing wrong with your imagination, is there?"

"That's different. I get reactions. Like you. Right now, your spine's tingling, just being near me."

She gasped, found herself unable to speak. They reached the field at that moment and found Jim talking with Hap and Tex. Jim greeted her gaily. "See you and Woody have met. Great guy, Woody. Or maybe he's told you so already."

She nodded grimly. Jim presented Woody to the other pilots. Tex and Hap. A fellow named McCurdy from Brooklyn. A New Englander named Reardon. All shook hands with the newcomer. Jim turned to say a few words to one of the men about a new plane. Hap said, "Hear you've been in Rangoon, (*Continued on page 91*)



Bimbo and his "streamlined vamp," low-slung heroine of Bimbo's Arthurian story

Tamara Geva: She thought Jean was being polite until the phone call that evening

What Hollywood thinks of JEAN ARTHUR

—and why they think it! Some bitter-sweet remarks about one of the most puzzling women in Hollywood

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

HOLLYWOOD is certainly of two minds regarding Jean Arthur—that of those who just see or hear about her and that of those who really know her. For Jean is, without doubt, the most misunderstood woman in pictures.

The most interesting angle of getting the lowdown on a movie star is checking opinions and rumors with facts.

For example, an extra who would rather remain anonymous than have Central Casting put the black curse on her for talking out of turn, said: "I can't understand why Jean Arthur ignores us so completely. Doesn't she realize what a little friendliness and encouragement from a star, and maybe a suggestion or two, mean to us? It certainly wouldn't be any effort on her part to kid us along a little. Gosh knows we need all the moral support we can get. But I suppose she walks past without seeing us because we don't rate screen credit."

Let's look in the notebook for the answer to that one.

Bill Holden had an experience with Jean Arthur that ought to enlighten this extra.

"The first time I met Jean," recalled Bill, "I thought she must have heard terrible things about me. When they introduced us on the 'Arizona' location she just acknowledged it, looked at me for a few seconds and then walked away.

"That jarred me, and as she didn't talk to me during the rest of the day, I decided she was unhappy because I was on the picture.

"But I had guessed all wrong. The next day she chatted with me a little and from then on grew more friendly each day. I learned that Jean couldn't help being that way with strangers and that she had to know people and have confidence in them before she could be herself. It's hard to imagine a movie star being that way, but Jean Arthur is shy.

"So she's no hand at spreading the old personality among strangers. It's even hard for her to talk to extras, until after they've been around long enough to fit into the background. Then she does all right by them.

"Some people can do a two-bit favor with the grand air of handing you half the world. But not Jean Arthur. It embarrasses her to be thanked and she curls up at the very thought of attracting attention. But if she can do something for somebody without anybody finding it out, that's her dish. She's positively furtive when she's being generous.

"Just to give you an idea. One day on the ranch set a Mexican boy, a very fine guitarist and singer, was entertaining some of the people who had gathered (*Continued on page* 98)

Roy first saw daughter Cheryl Darline at a Texas orphanage benefit. Now the benefit's all his





Roy and Arlene's Valley ranch, famous for some mighty fancy planting

BY JIM TULLY

Keep Punchin'

There's one big trick to the cowboy trade. Roy Rogers learned it from a man who gave him a talking-to—and from a girl who gave him her heart

AS a mere lad Roy Rogers was an excellent boot maker. His father made cowboy boots in Cincinnati. When the cowboys came from the West to be fitted the young boy's heart returned to the far land with them. Vicariously he rode over the hills and valleys in search of stray cattle; there in the city by the Ohio River he learned the language of the plains.

As he grew older he learned to ride a real horse owned by a man who often had boots made by Roy's father. The name of Dr. Walter Thomson would not be important here except that unconsciously he held the stirrup that the future cowboy from Ohio might vault into the saddle of success. Seeing Roy's interest in horses, he invited him to his estate. Few at the house saw the boy, though the men at the stables and the horses saw him often. Roy's favorite was a sorrel mare named Queenie. She had a yellow mane and tail and eyes that had seen the level land of the West.

There were six in Roy's family and all were musically inclined. That is, they could play several contortions of the musical art—by ear. "I could pick a guitar and mandolin like nobody's business," Roy said. The entire family was in demand constantly for weddings and dances.

When times became difficult in Ohio, the family came to California in an ancient sedan. But Roy's father discovered that, so far as economic conditions were concerned, he had left a better land. In California the cowboy boot was made by machine and one who made boots at $35 a pair could hardly compete with a machine that turned them out at $7.50. When the only offer he could get was $17.50 a week in a boot factory, he gave up and decided to return to Ohio.

The sentimental youngster said to his father, "I came with you and I'll go back with you."

Unknowing, he left his heart in California. He loitered in Ohio for some months before an opportunity came to drive a car to California for his transportation. Bidding good-by to his family and Queenie, he was on his way and within ten days he was in Hollywood.

After trying his luck to no avail at different studios in the cinema city, he picked prunes in the San Fernando Valley. When his work was done his money was gone, as most of it had been sent to his family. So back to Hollywood he went and got a job hauling gravel for a golf course.

During the third week a truck ahead of him broke down. As a result there was a lull in labor. To break the monotony the young would-be cowboy sang a song of the West, while the world's greatest film cowboy, playing golf on the course, stopped to listen.

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

"That's a fine voice," the handsome film star cowboy said. "I wonder who it belongs to."

The film producer with him turned away. He (*Continued on page* 85)



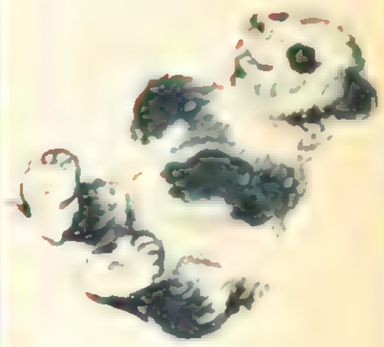
Paramount turns apple-polisher to offer Veronica their top roles. Right: At sixteen, she had her place in the Miami sun

Little Miss Dynamite

If you dared to lead a life like this girl's (take the way she went about her wedding!), you'd startle a lot of people, have much fun yourself—and be another Veronica Lake!







The bride wore moccasins, the bridegroom, John Detlie, a smile; and in the front seat sat . . .

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON

VERONICA took her father's hand. "They want me to test for 'I Wanted Wings,'" she told him. "Will you do everything the nurse says while I'm at the studio, Daddy, and wait quietly and patiently for me to come home?"

He nodded and smiled. "Good luck," he whispered.

That's the way it had always been in their family, Veronica reflected. Her mother and father backing her up at whatever she tried to do. They'd had a wonderful life together, too, the three of them, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Keane and their daughter Constance of Lake Placid, N. Y. They'd skied over Placid's slopes, spent winters lying in the sun at Miami, had come together now to Hollywood, where Daddy's health had improved so much.

"Good luck," her father had said to her before, when she'd decided to try to crack this movie business. It had been at his advice that she'd trained with the Bliss Hayden Players, thereby acquiring a polish that set her off from the millions of other extras in Hollywood, set her off so much, in fact, that the test that had been made of her caught Paramount's attention—and presto, there she was going off today to try out for the main role in "I Wanted Wings."

She thought of John Detlie and smiled at how surprised he'd be to learn she'd gotten this chance. Johnny was wonderful and if he asked her to give up her career for marriage, she'd do it. But then, Johnny was in the business himself, a young set designer, and he understood just how exciting and challenging this Hollywood could be.

The only hard thing was that Daddy, on this great day, was sick. Veronica had sat up with him all the night, had caught only a few hours' sleep before she had to get herself in shape for the critical camera. And everything depended on this test, everything. . . .

The nurse brought her out of her reverie. "This came by messenger," she said, handing Veronica a large package handsomely wrapped in cellophane.

Inside the bright wrappings was a toy panda. A note hung on his ear. "Good luck and all my love. Johnny," it read.

When Veronica reached the studio she found herself on a mad merry-go-round. They made her up. They set her hair. They fitted her with a sweater and skirt. They pinned and basted her into a dress covered with bugle beads. "You'll look all right," they told her, "as long as you don't turn around."

Everywhere she went the panda went too.

For her test she did the scene where she flirts with a couple of fellows. They filmed it over and over; while the panda and the good luck he symbolized waited on the sidelines in a camp chair.

A dozen times and more she said, "If you won't need me for a few minutes I'd like to telephone. . . ."

The stage crew couldn't understand her. "Maybe she's got a guy on her mind. Maybe that's why she keeps running to the telephone. Maybe he gave her the panda."

They were half right, anyway. All the calls Veronica made, save one, were to her house, to get word of her father, to talk to him while the nurse held the telephone. The other call was to Johnny. She must tell him what had happened after they had said good-night. (*Continued on page* 81)



Seeing red: Doris Dudley, who in a printed red silk skirt, is currently brightening up Loew-Lewin's "The Moon And Sixpence"



Sitting pretty: Henry Fonda, standing cinema date for American movie-goers, starring now in Fox's "The Magnificent Dope"

Highroad to Hollywood

What has happened so far:

IT IS Julia Burns of Gladstone, Ohio, who wins first place in the national radio contest to discover America's most beautiful and typical girl. The prize is a trip to Hollywood to play in a Warner Brothers picture. In a burst of glory, Julie says good-by to Gladstone and to her devoted admirer, sandy-haired Tod Jenkins, who all but proposes at the last moment, then, instead, merely asks her to send him Hollywood ideas for a house which he, as a rising young contractor, is about to build.

Arrived in Hollywood, Ohio's most beautiful daughter is made luxuriously comfortable in an apartment as the studio's guest. Here she awaits Miss Scott Hendricks, whom she met on the train and who quite frankly possesses but one hundred dollars with which to make good in pictures. The girls, having found much in common, have elected to unravel the mysteries of Hollywood together.

Julia Burns's first day at the studio is a round of glamorous events, beginning with the changing of her name to Julie Burnette and ending with an invitation to a world premiere in the famous Chinese Theater, her escort, the studio's ace portrait photographer, Mr. Curt Melbourne. Julie finds this young man decidedly attractive, and Curt obviously returns the feeling as weeks go by.

Julie's picture role completed with flying colors, she is asked to remain on the lot for special coaching with the possibility of a contract.

Meanwhile Scott, having pursued the prescribed routine, has succeeded in getting a Screen Actors Guild card, plus a Central Casting registration, and is hopefully waiting an extra call.

Tod writes to Julie faithfully, reporting on the progress of his house, for which she, true to her promise, has supplied the latest in Hollywood ideas. Feeling certain that she will soon be given a picture contract, she is wondering how she will break the news to Tod that she is not coming back to Gladstone, when she is plunged into despair by being told that her response to coaching has not warranted her engagement as a contract player and she is to be returned home.

The story continues:

MORE than once Julie thought back to that April afternoon when Curt Melbourne had asked her to marry him; that April day when she had faced the bitter disappointment of knowing she was not to be

A chance at stardom, a proposal from a famous man, a role with Errol Flynn—all for Julie Burns of Gladstone, Ohio. But could you bring yourself to do what Julie did?

Based on "Hollywood Starlet" by Dixie Willson, the latest in Dodd Mead & Company's popular Career Book series

BY DIXIE WILLSON

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL



Flynn and Julie found a quiet little corner on the set. "It's going to be a nice scene," he said

but under contract, whereupon Curt had promptly offered the substitute of making her Mrs. Melbourne.

In her almost desperately unhappy state at that moment, she didn't quite know how she had found the courage to say "No" instead of "Yes." She didn't quite know how she had managed to stiffen her upper lip and realize that quite likely, he might be sorry for her instead of in love with her. It was typical of Curt, that he would thus come to her rescue, which had at once been a challenge to her own sportsmanship. She hadn't admitted, even to herself, that as another consideration, she couldn't quite disregard the expectation she had long entertained of being Mrs. Tod Jenkins.

She did admit to herself, however, although not to Curt, that there was no doubt whatever about the thrill of having had the *chance* to say "Yes." And though she hadn't said she would marry him, she couldn't have borne the thought of losing him, so it had been a tremendous relief when he had declared that in spite of her answer he had no intention of giving her up.

Afterward she felt sure it was the assurance of his still standing by which had made it possible for her to go home to Scott, that day, with the will to begin all over again.

A few days later Scott had made a thrilling discovery, the discovery of a haven called The Studio Club where a double room with breakfast and dinner could be had for eight dollars per week. Not only that, but credit would be extended to girls in whom the club felt confidence. And so the last day in April found our would-be starlets in a sunny room at the Studio Club where they had resided for half a month.

This morning Scott was energetically attacking the mending basket.

"This stocking of yours won't hold out another day, Miss Burnette," she announced. "You'll simply have to afford a new pair."

Julie was busy washing out their slips and handkerchiefs.

"I'll take to socks," she declared briefly. . . . "What a day this would be for a picnic!"

"I'm always a push-over for that idea," Scott responded. "Do you think we dare let up on job hunting long enough to get our teeth into one?"

"I've been to every studio twice," Julie remarked. "They say three is a lucky



Julie

number, so maybe my third round will turn the trick."

"If I don't get extra work by May," offered Scott, "I'm going after a job of clerking or filing cards or something, although the deadly thought lurks in my mind that I'll find a stranded extra already in every job!"

"And that's no fairy tale," commented Julie. "Every theater where I've aspired to usher, has a waiting list a mile long of the beauties who didn't make screen history. . . . But, of course, I haven't tried *all* the theaters," she added cheerfully. "No doubt there are others positively crying for ushers!"

"Yes and there's bound to be a day," added Scott with spirit, "when the Central Casting operator will say something to me besides . . . 'No work . . . No work . . . No work.' "

Julie hung the last item of the wash over a towel rack.

"I'm going to get dressed and go to the studios right now," she decided, suddenly. "I've been putting it off because I couldn't bear the thought of being turned down again. But if that's how it's going to be, I may as well hear it now as some other day. . . . What shall I wear, my black dress or black suit?"

Scott considered.

"The suit," she decided, "and you better borrow my yellow shirt because everybody is in a springtime mood. If I go out, I'll wear your russet."

The idea lent a note of new interest to both wardrobes, and Miss Burnette, in Miss Hendricks's yellow blouse, was just about to take off . . . when the telephone rang!

"Hold your breath," she said, closing her eyes for one swift second of concentrated hope. "Maybe it's a studio!"

But it wasn't. On the other end of the line was merely the blithe voice of Curt Melbourne inquiring if Julie would be available for luncheon and suggesting that she might like driving to the beach to some quiet little place where they could watch the breakers roll in and laugh at the long-legged sandpipers scurrying along the shore.

"It would be wonderful," Julie said, promptly, in fact almost *too* promptly, since she didn't want Curt to know how much she depended upon hearing from him every once in a while. . . . She didn't want him to know what an important part of her days he had become. . . .

IT was easy for May and June to come and go, in California, without the girls' realizing that spring had become summer. It was not so easy for them to overlook the fact that, as weeks went by, opportunity did not materialize for either of them.

For Scott, things seemed disheartening indeed, though for Julie there was always one glory ahead; the premiere of "Proud Pageant," the picture in which she had played *Miss America.* She had no idea when the thrilling event would take place for Curt had explained that the lapse of time between the completion of a picture and its premiere, was governed entirely by when it seemed to fill a box-office need. Whereas one picture might be finished on Friday and previewed on Monday, another would be finished, canned, and kept in the studio safe for months. It was fairly certain, however, that the "Proud Pageant" premiere would be announced with late summer, an anticipation which provided a buoy for Julie's spirits when all else failed.

Also there were letters from Tod. She forever found them comforting, although she didn't quite know how to regard his devotion. Looking up from reading her latest home-town news, one July afternoon, she said to Scott: "I don't know what to make of Tod. I wonder if he realizes that he's never even asked me to be engaged to him. Listen to what Mother says:

" 'Tod looks positively wilted, when anybody talks about you. He hasn't even so much as glanced sideways at any other girl. He is working like a beaver on his house and it is certainly going to be the show place of Gladstone. Remnants of your swing are still in the elm tree. It seems to me that Tod works on the house with special consideration for how much you love that tree.

" 'Everyone is having lots of fun in town this summer. There are dances in the Pavilion and lovely garden parties. Since Hollywood is such an exciting place, I suppose you haven't time to be homesick, but Tod isn't the only one in Gladstone who misses you. Your father and I are constantly aware of how empty the days have been without our Julie.' "

Abruptly she stopped reading, swallowed a couple of times and put the letter in her pocket. Scott was hastily endeavoring to think of just the right thing to say when there came a knock at the door and the gay "Hello" of Carmen, that successful little extra who owned a car and often gathered up the girls for a ride into Laurel Canyon to Moe Chateau, a homey little restaurant for picture people whose proprietor was Miss Henrietta Moe, a one-time character actress.

SUPPER at the Chateau was the object of Carmen's call today, and soon Carmen, Julie and Scott were on their way to the hills, happily deserting glaring boulevards for banks of green ivy and wild blue lupine.

Carmen inquired as to what luck, if any, the girls had had with Central Casting and the studios.

"*No* luck, if any," Scott replied bluntly. "Hollywood's certainly the toughest nut *I* ever tried to crack."

"I know," Carmen commented. "I often wonder why it fascinates so many people."

"You should certainly know," said Julie. "You've probably worked more actual days than anyone in the picture business. It fascinates *you,* doesn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Carmen truthfully. "But there are days and days when I come home at night so tired I can hardly see. You were talking about summer garden parties, Julie, where girls wear organdy and picture hats. Well, I spend my July afternoons on sound stages. For instance, all (*Continued on page 86*)

Curt



ON THE DATE FRONT

To make a girl dance divinely, look the same and set a man dreaming of castles in Spain—this black souffle dinner dress designed by Edith Head, worn by Anne Shirley in Paramount's "Lady Bodyguard." Sheer black lace makes shoulder insets; the full skirt is split in front; black lace bands trim the front panels. A kerchief with a lace border is fashioned at the shoulder to make a disarming mantilla, shadowy setting for a last-minute close-up at midnight





● Say suede, then say it again, because it's the byword of autumn, 1942. The Shirley setup is an Edith Head apricot short-styled coat with large saddle pockets. The bottom of the coat has an edge on advance fashion with rows of hand-stitching. Tiny beanie, purse and gloves are of matching apricot suede.



● Linger longer over luncheon in this bright navy-wool Edith Head suit that has a mark of approval from the collar-and-tie contingent. The skirt is slimly high-waisted; the short bolero jacket is a return triumph. Anne wears a chamois-colored silk sport blouse, chamois-colored gloves and a hat of navy blue wool that will go down pronto in any man's memory book

You can look as *Smart as a Star*

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S READER GUIDE TO FASHIONS



Hollywood stars say suits and more suits for fall—but the right kind of suit. Dotty wears that kind here—a 100 percent wool Hound's Tooth Tweed in a smart brown or green combination. The skirt has a box pleat to give dash—and easy action; the smooth little jacket does wonders for hips and shoulders. So you think you can't wear a suit? Well, try this one and you'll start standing before mirrors!

Skirt, $6.98; jacket, $12.95, matching slacks, $7.98. Pure-wool sweater in pastels, black or brown, $3.50. At McCreery's in New York

Here's your chance to dress like a star in clothes that suit your purse—and suit you! Each month Photoplay-Movie Mirror takes one of its readers, dresses her in the clothes you yourself can buy in the smartest places, at the smartest prices, turns her into a girl who'll make people stop, look and listen. The girl of the September month is Dotty Rock. She works as a receptionist in a New York City book publishing house. These are the clothes she should wear—these are the clothes you'll want to wear, too!



Cast your eyes down below and see what Anne Shirley's sporting—a jumper dress designed by Edith Head for "Lady Bodyguard." That means the jumper's in; on the campus, in the classroom, in the office, everywhere under the autumn sky. And now for the month's surprise . . .



. . . Look over at the left and then clap your hands with joy because here's an exclusive New York adaptation of the jumper. It's in fine wale corduroy and it's the best buy you've had in a long time. Its nipped-in little waistline will give you a figure à la Shirley; its flared skirt will flatter you right into the front date ranks; the white tailored blouse will make you pretty as a picture. It comes in luscious red, green, beige, blue or brown. You don't have to go to Hollywood for styles—Photoplay-Movie Mirror's bringing Hollywood styles to you!

Jumper, $5.98; tailored shirt, in white, maize, powder blue, pink, $3.98. Classic felt, $5.00; Pouch bag, $2.98; Pigskin gloves, $3.98; at McCreery's

You can buy these "Smart As A Star" fashions shown on these pages at McCreery's in New York. Simply write, phone or go there!

Bogie

Some fast double-talk on Humphrey Bogart. We give love and kisses to a tough guy; he finishes things off by throwing some scallions at himself

Things We Like About Bogie

BY SARA HAMILTON

HIS lips. His howling sense of humor. The way he fools around the posies in his garden. His love of boats at bay. Or anchor. Or whatever they call it when boats don't go anywhere. His normal adjustment of actor to man and man to actor. The way he laughs at himself. The first-class arguments staged by him and his wife Mayo on all and any occasions. His comical analysis of each battle, the whys and wherefores of it.

These we like about Humphrey Bogart. *Like*, shucks, why understate? We're crazy about Bogie and his foibles.

The way he greets everyone, high and low, press or visitor with "What can I do for you, kiddie?" and the look of complete innocence that goes with it has panicked many a notable. It's a howl to see and hear.

His thorough disgust with phony society and the strivings of would-be socialites is a riot. "When I get around to giving a party," he'll say, "it will put all these amateurish attempts at highfalutin party-giving in the shade. None of my guests will be required to cross the street and contaminate their booties. Me, I'll dig a tunnel under the street for their exclusive use. Then I'll line the tent (got to have a tent in the back garden, you know) with orchids. No lousy gardenias, see, but orchids. Of course, the tent will be made of silver cloth. Oh, I tell ya, kiddie, it will be swell. Mayo and I can wreck the joint afterwards—and maybe you think we wouldn't!"

His philosophical attitude toward his work is endearing in a land of frustrated artists. "All I ever ask," Humphrey says, "is that George Raft and Paul Muni be given all the good roles here. In that way I get to do them eventually."

He's right. Raft walked out on "The Maltese Falcon" and left it wide open for Bogie. Muni did the same thing on "High Sierra," Bogie's big hit. He should complain about taking someone else's leavings. Not that boy!

He's got a straight seven-year contract at Warners with no options and not much choice of roles; and he's happy about it. Nuts to the worries and the boys who must pick and choose every role, Bogie feels. And if you lived in Hollywood you'd appreciate what a heavenly relief it is, to find someone contented with his lot. Brother, we love him for it.

Because everyone everywhere calls him "Bogie," in print or out, pleases us in the man. Because he calls Mayo "Sluggy" for the simple reason sh occasionally threatens to let him hav a good one in an argument, kills us It kills Mayo, too. She loves it.

That he can be happier on his thirty foot sloop, named "Sluggy" for Mayo than J. P. Morgan on a yacht the siz of New York City is comforting. Th boat doesn't have to go anywhere either, to please him. He and May will spend as high as three and fou weeks at a time keeping house, cook ing, fishing, sleeping on the boa anchored at one spot. When the wa prevented its leaving port, Humphre launched it on a small lagoon and ha as much fun as if he'd been goin somewhere.

He appreciates the value of go publicity and goes for it like a go fellow. Need we express the extent o our appreciation for this gladson failing, if such it be?

He'll invent stories if he can't thi up anything original. For the benefi of a goggle-eyed writer from the Ea (we're on to him out here) he'll g into elaborate details of the imaginar worm farm he's purchased to suppl bait for fishermen. The writer depart happy, his copy fresh and new eve if it is a bit wormy. Bogie is just a pleased at (*Continued on page* 8

On The Spot

Things I Don't Like About Myself

BY HUMPHREY BOGART

(As told to Sara Hamilton)

HAVEN'T the guts to stop smoking. To even try. I don't like it. It shows lack of stamina. Got a igaret on you, kiddie?

Maybe I should have ambition. laybe it's better to be one of those up nd raring guys. But I figure my osses know what they're doing. They ıust be making money on the pictures ıey put me into or I wouldn't be ere. Still, maybe I should fuss more. ut me down as not liking the fact I aven't too much ambition.

Take my clothes, now. Maybe I ıould dress up more. Mayo says she asn't been able to get shoes on my et since we've been married. She's ght. I have two pairs of shoes I've ad for ten years, bought them in New ork and never wear 'em unless I go ck there. I wear these soft sandals l the time.

Maybe I should be more formal in y dress, but look, I figure this is a opical climate, isn't it? Okay, why t done up like Park Avenue to prowl rough the mulberry bushes to get to meone's house? Why not dress to it the place? Or am I wrong? Put e down as saying I should dress up ore. But don't say I don't like it in yself, kiddie. I love it.

Gastronomically I like steak or chops r dinner and that's it. My own wife fuses, at times, to have any part of e at meal times. Says she can't look other steak or chop in the face. So ıen she gets fed up she threatens to t alone in some other part of the use. I like my food plain and none this business of hiding it under avy or sauce. I want to see what at. And none of this dessert busi-ss, either. Jello draped up like the mpire State (*Continued on page* 88)



What's sauce for the big bad goose is sauce for the pretty gander in the Bogart household. Bogie teaches wife Mayo how to put up with him; she comes right back and needles him

Here Comes the Marine

He answers to all the romantic te
in adventure novels—daredevil,
dier of fortune, brave mousqueta
He answers, too, to the title of
actor of genius—Brian Donlevy,
came to stardom wearing a che
ered vest in "The Great McGint
He was born romantically in Cou
Armagh, Ireland, educated in do
to-earth American fashion in Sheb
gan Falls, Wisconsin. A turn
Pershing in Mexico, a sojourn at
napolis, a part in the first big fi
in France — and then Hollywo
where he came to fame and fou
his love. Her name is Marjorie,
he writes her verses, a schoolboy
ent that he balances nicely with
straight left upon necessity. He
gray-green eyes, straight brown h
and a great, generous heart.
name is legion now as a leatherne
major on the impressive cast
"Wake Island," Paramount's stir
tribute to the United States Mari

Mr. & Mrs. John Hertz Jr.



Wedding-bell setup: Myrna's green silk coat, print dress, the little straw hat

The bride, Myrna Loy; the bridegroom, John Hertz Jr. The story: All those intimate details you want to know. How they met, what kind of man he is, when they fell in love

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

THESE are days of sudden marriages. The uncertainty of war veils even tomorrow. Men and women take their happiness when and where they find it.

A handful of days after Myrna Loy established her freedom at Reno, she and John D. Hertz Jr. were married, on June sixth, to be exact, at his sister's house in New York City. Their closest friends were incredulous.

"That Myrna!" said the Hollywood girls, one to another. "Imagine getting married without all the columnists' knowing about it beforehand! It proves we can have a private life if we won't go around screaming we want to be left alone, if we'll just give up our dark glasses!"

John's friends were wide-eyed. "We were sure he was a confirmed bachelor!" they admitted. "When a man of John's position and income, charm and background remains single at thirty-five years of age you doubt he'll ever marry!"

The columnists who, for once, didn't tell the world, consoled one another. "How could we know? Nobody even saw them together at a theater or a night club!" they protested. "Where did they go and what did they do, anyway?"

Thousands of citizens reading in the newspapers that John had married the screen's perfect wife queried, "Who is John Hertz Jr.?"

It's time all these questions were answered.

John Hertz Jr. is no stranger to social and professional circles. He has squired many debutantes and movie stars to the theaters and exclusive night spots around New York. In his earlier Chicago days he played an outstanding game of polo. For the last several years he has lived in a beautiful duplex apartment high over Manhattan. He's executive vice-president and one of the owners of Buchanan and Company, a large advertising agency. It's the motion-picture accounts they handle that introduced John to Hollywood.

After John was graduated from Culver Military Academy and Cornell he made his way to Buchanan and Company where he's known as an indefatigable worker. He has as much enthusiasm for his job as he has for



Myrna and her husband, Arthur Hornblow, gave a party in Hollywood. Hedy Lamarr was there—and so was a young businessman . . .

the numerous and varied books he reads, the music he loves well, the sculpture which is his hobby. In fact it is his great energy and enthusiasm that have always made him the colorful figure he is in work and play alike.

It was in Hollywood that John and Myrna first met, at one of Myrna's popular supper parties. If she and John fell in love with each other then, without realizing it—the way men and women sometimes do—it would be understandable.

Myrna was one of the loveliest of Hollywood's lovely hostesses. She flavored her parties with little ceremonies; soft candlelight at dinner, lamb served on skewers, crêpes suzettes cooked in a chafing dish on the sideboard. And her guests never were an ill-assorted, uncongenial group, but men and women chosen to bring out the best in one another.

Myrna's come a long way since she was Myrna Williams of Helena, Montana. But as Gary Cooper's mother, an old Montana neighbor, says, "She's the same sweet child, with the same winning way."

Myrna's a rare combination. And John Hertz Jr. is a sensitive enough young man of the world, Manhattan particularly, to appreciate just how rare, just how desirable.

As a guest John, in turn, is the answer to a hostess's prayer. He never sits back and waits to be amused. He has the all too-rare faculty of being interested in what people happen to be talking about. He's adept at getting them to talk, too. Dancing's no passion with John, but he dances easily, and well. Better still, he's eloquent in his appreciation. His warm enthusiasm is the most characteristic thing about him. He's appreciative of the subtle graces of good living—the delicate flavoring of herbs in a fine salad, the skill in mixing a martini just right, how to match an orchid to the color of a lady's eyes.

THIS explains many things. This explains why they naturally had gravitated towards each other. This explains all the unforgettably good times they had had just sitting and talking; whether they talked about sculpture (Myrna has long worked in clay as a hobby, too), sunrise over the Arizona desert as seen from a plane, or the latest Disney film.

After their first meeting John and Myrna encountered each other often. It was, of course, the warmth and excitement that flowed between them, even while they were unaware of it, that made the least word they exchanged shine and glow and sparkle.

However, it wasn't until Myrna quit trying to save her marriage to Arthur Hornblow, not too happy or too solid during the past several years, that she or John admitted, even to themselves, how it was with them.

When Myrna arrived in New York for a holiday before returning to Hollywood to work with Bill Powell on "The Thin Man Returns" (And more "Thin Man" movies with Bill as *Nick* and Myrna as *Nora* are what this sad world needs!) it was inevitable that she and John should meet again. Quickly they decided to be married. It would be three months before Myrna possibly could be in New York again. John couldn't tell if or when he would make another trip to Hollywood. And who knows in times as uncertain as these what will happen between spring and midsummer?

John and Myrna went no place where they might be seen. They dined with friends at home and in Myrna's apartment at the Drake, a quiet, exclusive hotel on upper Park Avenue.

They were married on Saturday, June sixth. Early Friday morning, June fifth, John telephoned his sister who has a house in Manhattan's fashionable East Seventies.

"I HAVE a surprise for you," he told her. "I'm going to be married!"

She put her coffee cup down quickly. "What did you say, John?"

"I'm going to be married! Tomorrow! To Myrna Loy!"

"John Hertz," she said, "talk sense."

"I never talked more sense in my life," he assured her. "This is the most wonderful. . . ."

"If you think it's wonderful, I do too," she said. "And if there's *anything* I can do—*anything at all. . . .*"

John's a man of action. "There is!" he said. "If you would offer us your beautiful drawing room in which to be married and give us a buffet supper



Only close friends knew in advance of Myrna's marriage. But she and John themselves gave out the details afterwards, the romantic story you read here

in your garden it would be perfect. I"

"Leave everything to me," she said. "Hang up. I must call the caterer about a wedding cake. I'm going to be a busy woman, and I'll love it!"

He telephoned his other sister. He telephoned his mother and father. He telephoned half a dozen friends.

Myrna also was busy on the telephone. She called her mother in Montana; the Bill Powells, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Schenck, Lt. and Mrs. Raymond Ramsey, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rubin, Leland Hayward and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Gang. To all she said simply, "Say nothing about it to anyone, please. We want to be married quietly, John and I!"

Myrna shopped for her wedding dress, carefully avoiding all publicity. Her favorite shop, remembering her red hair and her green-as-the-sea eyes, sent to her hotel apartment, among others, the pink and green silk print, the bright green silk coat and the straw bonnet with pink roses which Myrna selected and wore so devastatingly.

Six o'clock on Saturday afternoon Myrna, John, their families and their friends gathered in his sister's drawing room. Justice Pecora was there to perform the ceremony.

Finally, he called to them softly from the end of the room that was banked with flowers and lighted by the tiny flames of tall white candles. . . .

"Are you ready? John? Myrna?"

They arose from where they were talking with friends and walked toward him.

He used no book. His questions, which followed the civil ceremony, were simple. John's ring circled Myrna's finger. And he was the first to congratulate them, as he meant to be.

"Myrna," he said, "I've known you for years. God bless you! I'm glad to start you and John on your way together. With John I know you'll find the happiness that should be every gentle, loving woman's portion."

He spoke to Myrna and also to the guests who were gathered round them. He wanted all to know John had chosen wisely.

John's mother, grown fond of Myrna even in the short time she had known her, came forward and kissed her. And soon the silence which had been a little solemn gave way to congratulations and good wishes and bright laughter.

Myrna and John had wanted the days preceding their wedding for themselves. They had wanted the ceremony to be private. This they managed, amazingly well. But Myrna didn't forget the press who have been her friends always.

At a late hour that afternoon John's secretary had telephoned all the newspapers and all the news services. No reporter, no photographer was forgotten. No reporter, no photographer, was given an opportunity to scoop the others.

After the ceremony Myrna and John led their guests to the charming garden. Birds who somehow find their way across the city to little hidden gardens sang to them. A long table, laid with lace and crystal and china, was garlanded with flowers. Toasts were drunk. Myrna cut their three-tiered wedding cake.

"Are you going to continue making films, Mrs. Hertz?" someone asked.

"I have loved picture-making," Myrna said, "and would love to make more. But my husband's wishes will determine my plans for the future."

AT this point John spoke up—"We're off on our honeymoon. One big decision at a time!"

Lights appeared all around in skyscrapers obliterated by the darkness. But they were dim lights, dimmed because of war. And a maid put shades on the candles that burned on the supper table.

John looked at his luminous watch. He said, "We'll have to be leaving, Myrna."

There were au revoirs. There were tears. No wedding is happy without them. And Myrna and John were on their way to Florida where they drove along the blue coast, swam off warm beaches and dined under a soft moon and a starry sky.

Now they're back in New York. And, from the stars in their eyes when they look at each other, the romance is only beginning.

THE END

(*Continued from page* 36) wielded a sprightly brush and was eager for work.

Young Ladd, reading the signs, pitched right in and turned partial support of his family, selling newspapers. He never stopped working from then on . . . picking apricots, jerking sodas, working as a lifeguard, selling adding machines.

North Hollywood High is the place where he set up some interscholastic swimming and high-diving records. North Hollywood High is also the place where he was sold down the river by life.

Came senior year and he was cast as *Ko-Ko*, the Lord High Executioner in "The Mikado." He got nine curtain calls.

He was taking off his prop beard when someone knocked on the dressing-room door. Who was knocking on the door? It was Life, Hortense, Life. And about to sell Ladd down the river in the person of an important-looking man who said: "Nice going, Mr. Ladd, and may I present you with my card?"

The man's name seemed blurred. All Ladd could see, writ in red, so to speak, were the two words Universal Pictures.

"What's the angle?" (Cautiously.)

"I'm about to explain." (Businesslike.)

The angle was this: Universal Pictures was rounding up the best amateur talent available, same to be groomed for work in motion pictures.

"You mean I'm picture material?" (Dubiously.)

"Definitely." (With emphasis.)

Which is how Alan Ladd was detoured from a rather vague ambition of becoming a journalist and became an apprentice actor.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES, you might as well know, soon rued the day it launched the academy for amateur actors. The material recruited was awful. One half of the white hopes were casualties at the end of the first month; one half of the remainder fell by the wayside at the end of the second month; a handsome young juvenile named Tyrone Power was sacked at the end of the third; and the four suvivors, among whom was Alan Ladd, were dropped—along with the whole project—at the end of the fourth.

A trifle reluctantly, he recalled his former ambition to be a journalist, interviewed every managing editor in Southern California and came up with a job on the San Fernando Valley *Sun-Record*. He did surprisingly well. He was advertising manager at the end of a year and headed for big things when he realized it was no use; he still wanted to act. So he threw up his job one afternoon and caught the last train out for Hollywood.

He managed to get signed up as a "grip" and for two years he worked on sound stages. At the end of that time he quit his job, drew his small savings from the bank and enrolled at the Bard Dramatic School.

He had money enough only for a single term, so he made every minute count. He was a brilliant student, turned in such a rousing performance the last play of the season that scouts from RKO and M-G-M offered him screen tests, promised him contracts. By one of those incredible quirks of fate, both sponsors were given the heave-ho by their studios before they got around to signing Ladd up.

Disheartened and disillusioned, he decided to concentrate on radio and wangled himself a spot on KFWB.

Then, after two years of radio emoting, it happened.

He had just finished playing "The Far-Off Hills," and was walking out of the studio when the receptionist yelled after him:

"Oh, Laddie, Sue Carol, an agent, caught the program and wants you to come by tomorrow morning at nine."

THE next morning Alan Ladd and Sue Carol met. They took to each other like orange blossoms take to June.

"I think you're a great actor—with a great future," Miss Carol said, after a mere ten minutes, "and I think I can prove it to you."

"I think you're a great agent, and you don't have to prove it to me," the one-man radio station said.

Sue Carol spared neither time nor energy to prove it to both of them. Two weeks of concentrating on Ladd and she got her first nibble. Director Frank Lloyd offered her client a small part in "Rulers Of The Sea," the role of a young voyager who gets sick aboard ship. It wasn't exactly a flashy bit, but at the hands of Alan Ladd, hungry to act, it was a miniature masterpiece.

By degrees, producers were educated to the fact that Ladd could turn out magnificent bit jobs. The drawback was that they came to associate his name with brilliant bit parts and nothing else.

For two years it went on that way, two scenes in "Captain Cautious," the juvenile lead in "The Black Cat," which never hit first-run theatres, ditto in "Her First Romance" and "Paper Bullets" which nobody ever heard of. At which point Sue Carol suddenly got wind of a script called "Joan Of Paris," in which one of the five RAF fliers who have bailed out over occupied France dies in the Paris sewers a matter of minutes before his deliverance from the Nazis. Whereupon she went out and bagged it for Ladd.

Perhaps you will remember how big he made that part if you will hark back to the scene where Ladd is delivering his glowing apostrophe to England, which he will never see again, while Thomas Mitchell is chanting, "The Lord is My Shepherd, I shall not want. . . ."

On the very day Ladd finished the picture, Sue Carol received an interesting telephone call from Mr. William Meiklejohn, Supervisor of Talent and Casting at Paramount. Mr. Meiklejohn had a problem and a proposition as follows: The thriller-chiller, "This Gun For Hire," due to begin in a day or two, had no killer and how would Alan Ladd like to test for the part?

Why try to keep you on edge? You know that his test was so terrific that they never even bothered to finish it. You know that he got the part. And that he gave an unforgettable performance.

Alan Ladd was in.

IT is certainly a pleasure to fasten the happy ending onto a story which you have recognized as the Cinderella story, male model, a dozen paragraphs back.

Of course, he married the girl. He would have been a dope not to have. As a matter of fact, he first proposed during the shooting of "Joan Of Paris." Sue said: "Maybe—later." Actually there was no maybe about it. Sue loved the guy and she knew it. But what kind of an agent would she be to let her heart run away with her when the flight might imperil her client's career?

The night of the sneak preview of "This Gun" settled it in Sue's mind. Laddie got a tremendous ovation from the crowd. And the cards were veritable mash notes. With a reception like that, Sue felt, audiences everywhere were sure to love him, bachelor or benedict.

On March 15, they drove to Mexico in Laddie's roadster and got married. Laddie filled the rumble seat with orchids, tied tin cans to the car and tossed rice at the bride—all by himself.

"This one will be it, Sue," Laddie said.

Perhaps he was thinking of their previous marriages, both of them unsuccessful, and of the children resulting from the marriages—for Laddie, Alan Ladd Jr., and for Sue, Carol Lee Wilson.

Late summer, this year of grace 1942, and they are living happily ever after, although, naturally, things do get a bit complicated, mostly for Sue. Every now and then she finds herself telling an attentive producer: "I've got the best husband—I mean actor—in the world and he belongs in your next picture."

It is purely a reflex and a wasted one, at that. Ladd's services belong exclusively to Paramount which shudders at the very mention of lend-lease.

This Ladd is distinctly no longer for hire.

The End.



Clubbily Stork-Clubbing in New York; Alan Ladd and agent-wife Sue Carroll

She's ENGAGED

A Virginian's exquisite bride-to-be, Marilyn Bauer of Washington, D. C. Her engagement to Courtland Davis, Jr., of the prominent Alexandria family was announced in June



WEEK END REUNION at the University of Virginia. Courtland, Marilyn and Navy friends on the promenade of the Jefferson Library. He is a second-year medical student, '44, and hopes to go directly into the U. S. Medical Corps.



THE CLASSIC GRACE of the library's Rotunda Balcony is a perfect setting for Marilyn's loveliness—her fair hair, blue eyes, porcelain-smooth skin. Every Virginian loves this beautiful building on the University of Virginia "grounds."

She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



ER ENGAGEMENT
amond is a sparkling,
ue-white solitaire.
ie handsome stone is
t with fine simplicity
a plain gold band.

Very much of a live-wire American girl, Marilyn is up to her ears in war work on call for Canteen Duty, and busy with the Motor Corps. She's hardly time even to dream about her wedding in September.

"When there's such a lot to do, your face can't help looking tired sometimes," she told us. "I surely am thankful we are not asked to give up Pond's Cold Cream. Nothing seems to give my skin such a clean, soft feeling."

She pats Pond's Cold Cream carefully, with gentle little pats, over her face and throat. This helps soften and release dirt and make-up. She tissues off well. She "rinses" with more Pond's. Tissues off again.

Use Pond's every night—and for daytime clean-ups. You'll see why war-busy society leaders like Mrs. John Jacob Astor are Pond's users, too. And why more women and girls all over America use Pond's than any other face cream. Buy a jar at your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely *big* jars.



Anna Neagle's London Diary

(*Continued from page* 44) And then, as I realized that amidst this devastation people were taking their usual Sunday afternoon strolls, I felt a great pride and confidence.

At the (*censored*) Hotel we were greeted by the commissioner whom I had not seen since "Victoria The Great" was premiered in this seaport city and it was as though I had never been away! People do not look strained or tired although, of course, three out of four of the men, young and old, are in uniform. Had, too, my first sight of girls in uniform and they looked simply marvelous!

Arrived in town (*London*) in complete blackout—worse than blackest fog. You haven't any idea where you are and everything is so silent!

Curtains of this hotel are drawn tightly; edges of windows blackened, but there is no sign of war in the demeanor of attendants or guests. Everyone laughs when you tell them Americans think them brave and regale you with humorous stories about putting out incendiaries and staggering up ladders with sand buckets or, ignoring entirely the cataclysmic things that have happened to them, ask you for news of Britishers in Hollywood. To me, this spirit is fantastic. Or perhaps sublime would be a better word!

AUGUST 26, 1941 . . . Down to Windy Ridge (*Miss Neagle's home in the village of Shenley, near London*). All are fine and quite amazing. They had obviously pooled their food coupons so I should have a grand dinner and this with rations cut to two ounces of meat a week per person, two oranges a month for children only, three eggs a month, no fruit at all, no green vegetables except Brussels sprouts! Such unselfishness made me weep a little. A neighbor came in and brought me a present—two *enormous onions!* This was the most valuable gift she could contrive, onions being well-nigh priceless here!

August 27, 1941 . . . Went to Caxton Hall (*the city hall in Westminster*) for gas mask, going up to town by bus.

My own mask fitted, I looked at myself in the mirror. Such a grotesque, Martian spectacle I presented! I hadn't thought the attendant recognized me, but suddenly he remarked, "You don't look like Queen Victoria now!"

August 30, 1941 . . . In London again. To Bank of America this morning. Terribly shocked to see the area around St. Paul's. Whole squares are nothing but ruins. H. W. (*Herbert Wilcox, producer of Anna's pictures*) says it is as bad as Ypres in the first World War. It is perfectly true that all churches are burned out or destroyed. Exteriors look normal in some cases but there is nothing left inside. The beautiful spire of the cathedral in Portland Place is cut clean off at the top, a pitiful, terrible sight, yet what was left seemed to rise to the sky in a sublime challenge to the desecrater. Standing there before the edifice, I thought of the record of the Christian faith through 2,000 years and I knew that this church and what it symbolizes will be here when Hitler and all like him are dust and forgotten.

The manager of the bank was sitting in his office a few yards away from a demolition bomb which had failed to explode. There were no panes in the windows but a dignified commissaire was on duty at each door!

September 5, 1941 . . . I've been sent a series of magazines with speeches of Amy Johnson (*later Amy Johnson Mollison; the great British woman flyer whom Anna portrays in "They Flew Alone"*) and articles about her. Seems she was the first woman engineer as well as an outstanding flyer. Met Harold Balfour, Undersecretary of State for Air, who I am sure will be of great help when we get under way with the picture.

September 9, 1941 . . . (*Windy Ridge again.*) Taxi-ing down from town (*no private cars are allowed in use*), was conscious of more preparations. Many soldiers about and on guard. Maybe the invasion really *is* imminent.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1941 . . . Spent morning in *Daily Mail* library reading about Amy Johnson. What a fine woman Amy was! Seems she was the first woman engineer as well as an outstanding flyer. Beautiful letter from Mrs. Johnson (Amy's mother) asking me to visit them and saying how glad they are that I am the one to portray their "dear daughter." Heard my first alert. So astonished I could not believe it! A most peculiar sensation!

September 17, 1941 . . . An alert and a few planes and gunfire. Like everyone else, my greatest impulse was to watch what might happen, not to hide. Really couldn't see much, though.

! ! ! ! !

FLYNN IS FOUND OUT!

His good points

his bad points

all discovered in this penetrating analysis of Errol Flynn

A story that will cause talk!

Watch for it

in

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

! ! ! ! !

September 19, 1941 . . . Rehearsed for a soldier's benefit show at Streatham. Eerie feeling driving down in blackout. No excitement or people outside. Then, in the hall, about 3,000 dancing in the brilliant lights. Many girls as well as boys in uniform.

September 20, 1941 . . . Portsmouth for opening of fete in aid of Tank Week. Lunched at the Army Mess—first woman ever allowed across the threshold! Forty thousand people turned out for a great show. Portsmouth is devastated and I heard many terrible tales of tragedy. It is interesting and yet pathetic to see women shopping amidst wreckage. After all, raids happen here almost every day. Shopkeepers have put up signs amidst ruins, "Removed to———"

September 21, 1941 . . . This has been the saddest day of my life. I visited one of our hospitals for plastic surgery. Only patients so disfigured they have been given up elsewhere as hopeless are taken there. Never have I seen any sight so heartbreaking. And yet these patients were so cheerful, with their poor twisted and burned faces and expressionless eyes. Some were bomb victims, children among them. Others were R.A.F. boys of various nationalities, some of those glorious "few" to whom "so many owe so much" But who will never fly again. . . .

I was one of a troupe of entertainers sent to bring a bit of diversion to their sad existence. I sang "Alice Blue Gown" and "Tea For Two." I don't know how I ever kept down the lump in my throat, yet I knew that this was the least I could do—to honor their courage with the best that I had to give.

One of the Royal Air Force boys was a famous ace who flew at Dunkirk and was shot down, and terribly burned. He had been in this hospital ever since and must stay there, he told us, for another three years. The doctor in charge is quite literally making him a new face. Already there have been several operations and many more are to come. Yet he was the most cheerful of all!

"I shall be quite all right in the end," he told me. "Of course, the face I shall have eventually won't be the one I had before, but that is all right."

Five years of torture and suffering. A face not his own . . . And we complain about such things as a monotonous diet and high taxes!

SEPTEMBER 24, 1941 . . . Spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson in Hull. They were magnificent. Mrs. Johnson wants to lend me Amy's clothes and the ring she wore on all of her flights—but the last one. As I left, she kissed me and said, "My dear, you will make a lovely Amy."

October 2, 1941 . . . Broadcast a short-wave program, a tribute to Edith Cavell. Down to Denham Studios later and saw Richard Greene. (*"They Flew Alone" was filmed at Denham Studios, twenty miles out of London, headquarters of RKO-Radio British Productions, Ltd.*) He is making a picture there, on leave from the Army. He is looking so fit and seemed so contented with his lot, different though it may be from the career he was enjoying in Hollywood. Richard's leave to make a picture is in accordance with a custom well-established by now with regard to British actors of combat Army age. They fight for a while; then, because they are able to give pleasure to thousands, they are called to appear in a picture. Laurence Olivier, Rex Harrison, Robert Newton, Leslie Fenton, David Niven—many others have done the same thing. I heard recently, though, that Larry Olivier has refused to leave the service any more; that he prefers to fight without interruption for the "duration."

October 5, 1941 . . . Blackpool. Rehearsal this morning for an entertainment some of us are to give for the benefit of the Royal Air Force stationed here, then presented the show this afternoon. Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier among the entertainers. Vivien looked so lovely, though she insisted her frock was quite old and, of course, her stockings were cotton. She is a magnificent hit in the provinces in the play, "The Doctor's Dilemma," and later will open in London. I did "Alice Blue Gown" again and the last scene from "Victoria." Our show raised 50,000 pounds, I am sure an all-time record!

October 22, 1941 . . . Started work on "They Flew Alone" today.

November 1, 1941 . . . After working, went up to town (*London*) for a run-


Keep 'em pretty
Let Dura-Gloss have the job! While your hands are busy with war-work and extra tasks of all kinds, let Dura-Gloss keep your nails bright and shining. It'll stay right on the job—no polish wears longer (there's a special ingredient* in Dura-Gloss to make it *stay on*). So keep your nails pretty—protect them. You'll find lovely colors of Dura-Gloss nail polish at 10¢ counters, each at the pleasant price of 10¢. Get 'em today!
*The special ingredient is Chrystallyne, a pure and perfect resin.
POSTAL SAVINGS PLAN
for the Purchase of
UNITED STATES
SAVINGS BONDS
DURA-GLOSS
DURA-GLOSS
NAIL POLISH
CUTICLE LOTION • POLISH REMOVER • DURA-COAT
3 new colors - Blackberry Wineberry Mulberry
10¢ PLUS TAX
So little means so much



Anna Neagle and Robert Newton as Amy and Jim Mollison in "They Flew Alone," the picture that took Miss Neagle to England, thereby giving Photoplay-Movie Mirror the stirring story presented on page 44

through of tomorrow's broadcast (*a BBC program*). Biggest raid I've experienced —and it was nothing. Apparently a few bombs were dropped and six planes brought down. Robert Newton, straight from Russia where he has been in his minesweeper (*he is an able-bodied seaman*) came to see us. We hope he'll play Jim Mollison.

To return to the raid . . . I must confess when it came I rather hesitated during the rehearsal expecting, I guess, everyone to run for a bomb shelter. But since no one paid the least bit of attention to it, I tried to follow suit . . . blushing a bit at my original qualms.

November 5, 1941 . . . Newton is to play Mollison and I am so glad! Saw David Niven at the studios today. He is a major in the Commandos, and was so handsome and cheerful! An ideal Commando, I think. Told us such amusing stories about himself and his men—always the laugh on himself. He was waiting on the cliffs of Dover to go over to France the day France fell. He is working in a picture concerning the Spitfire (*England's famous fighter plane*).

NOVEMBER *11, 1941* . . . Work as usual, but I couldn't keep from thinking that on this day, twenty-three years ago, the world thought it was forever "safe for democracy." But I know, too, that everyone in Britain who has worked, fought and suffered in this, another war for the same ideal, believes that *this time*, when the guns cease firing and the bombs stop dropping, this goal will have been achieved. How wonderful are faith and hope!

DECEMBER *7, 1941*. . . . Pearl Harbor bombed by the Japanese! What enormous new vistas thus open up! The United States are now at war and will fight side by side with us. I thank God, that since this had to be, the atmosphere was clarified and that they have not been drawn into the fray because of Europe, but for their own protection.

December 11, 1941 . . . Hitler and some of his satellites also have declared war on the United States! Somehow, I marveled at this news. They are a great people, my American friends, and I wonder if Hitler and Hirohito can realize what they have done in arousing them. As one of the grips at the studio remarked, "Those Germans and Japs will wish they had never been born!" And so, this becomes a "total war," indeed.

December 25, 1941 . . . Spent the day at home, quietly. This is scarcely a year for celebrating. Also, of course, there isn't much with which to celebrate.

January 3, 1942 . . . Finished "They Flew Alone" today and was overwhelmingly glad and relieved. I hope it is worthy of the girl whose courage and vision it describes. Received lovely Christmas parcel containing cheese, lemons and dried apricots. Made latter into jam, unknown here these days.

January 28, 1942 . . . We had down a couple of A.T.S. and W.A.A.F. girls to make an added scene for the picture. They were magnificent—so pretty, and gay and confident. Seeing them and talking to them, learning how capable they are in their jobs, I wondered how British women will ever go back to the restricted lives they lived before the war.

February 1, 1942 . . . Well, I saw the completed film of "They Flew Alone" today. To me, it seemed good. Yet perhaps I am "prejudiced!" Cinema-goers will have to be the final judges. . . . Also, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson must see and approve it. That will be a dramatic and a portentous hour, since, if they do not like it, H.W. has given his word not to release it.

MARCH 18, 1942 . . . One of the most moving incidents of my life took place today, when H.W. and I showed "They Flew Alone" to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. The four of us saw it together. No others were present. When it was over and the lights flashed on in the little projection room, no one spoke. I was trembling, desperately anxious to know their verdict.

Finally, Mr. Johnson turned to his wife. "Perhaps we had better return to our hotel," he said. So we all got into a taxi and made the brief drive almost in silence. Once at our destination, Mr. Johnson said, "May I speak privately to my wife?"

We agreed, of course, but the following interval was an age long. Apparently, they hadn't liked the picture! At last, however, they returned and Mr. Johnson came directly to me and shook my hand.

"Thank you for giving us Amy back again," he said. . . . Then Mrs. Johnson put her arms around me and Mr. Johnson and Mr. Wilcox shook hands and I guess we all cried a bit. And now, I know that I have made two friends for life. . . .

March 21, 1942 . . . A thrilling experience today. As H.W. and I were leaving the studio after conference, at a near-by crossroads we came upon a battalion of soldiers. They were lost, apparently, and small wonder, since there are now no signposts or road directions throughout all England—this because of the possible invasion. A group of officers was worriedly perusing a map and the men were drawn up in the background, looking worried, too.

Our cab driver stopped our car and we gave them directions as best we could. I don't suppose they knew who we were and that doesn't matter. We knew who they were, and I wanted to salute them; to say I was proud and grateful to have them here!

You see, they were American soldiers!

March 31, 1942 . . . Trade show of "They Flew Alone." It went over terrifically. Jacqueline Cochran (who is with the Women's Air Transport Auxiliary Service in Britain) sat next to me and found it the first aviation film about which she had no criticism to offer.

April 8, 1942 . . . Boarded ship today for America. This is a Polish troopship headed for—we don't know what American or Canadian port.

April 9, 1942 . . . Sailed tonight after spending all day on board. Ship completely darkened, a ghost ship literally feeling its way through the blackness. I cannot tell how many are in our convoy, but one ship, I am told, is carrying 1,000 prisoners of war to Canada.

April 10, 1942 . . . Lifeboat drill today in the bitter cold—too realistic for comfort. We must wear our preservers continuously and must not undress at night. Blackout every night, of course, and the sea looks pretty grim! . . . Oh, my! Just as I wrote, came a dull, ominous roar. I rushed into the passageway . . . to learn depth charges had been dropped! Which must mean submarine is near. There is a strange fascination at contemplation of the fact that death might come at any moment. I find myself inclined to view my own reactions with a curious detachment. To wonder if I shall scream and prove cowardly if catastrophe does come. I hope I shall not. I must confess, though, that death in the freezing waters of the North Atlantic seems much more horrible than decently in bed. . . .

APRIL *13, 1942* . . . A ship's concert for the officers today, in which I took part. A most appreciative audience. As the days go by, I find myself becoming accustomed to the presence of danger.

April 18, 1942 . . . Arrived in (*censored*). I can scarcely believe this voyage is over and we are safely here! Yet now, as I look back, it has been something I wouldn't have missed for a great deal—this, if for no other reason than because it has made me understand and appreciate the simple courage of those United Nations seamen to whom voyages like ours—and worse—are daily fare. . . .

April 19, 1942 . . . Left Canada by train tonight for New York, dining shortly after we pulled out. The food is revolting —there is so much!

And so ends my English diary. I wish it contained more of my impressions and adventures. As it is, however, it will serve always to remind me of the strangest and yet the most satisfactory period in my life to date. I suppose it is one of "silver linings" to the cloud of war, that it strips life of superficialities and teaches appreciation of fundamentals.

The End.

"Girls with sweet fragrant skin win out"

RITA HAYWORTH

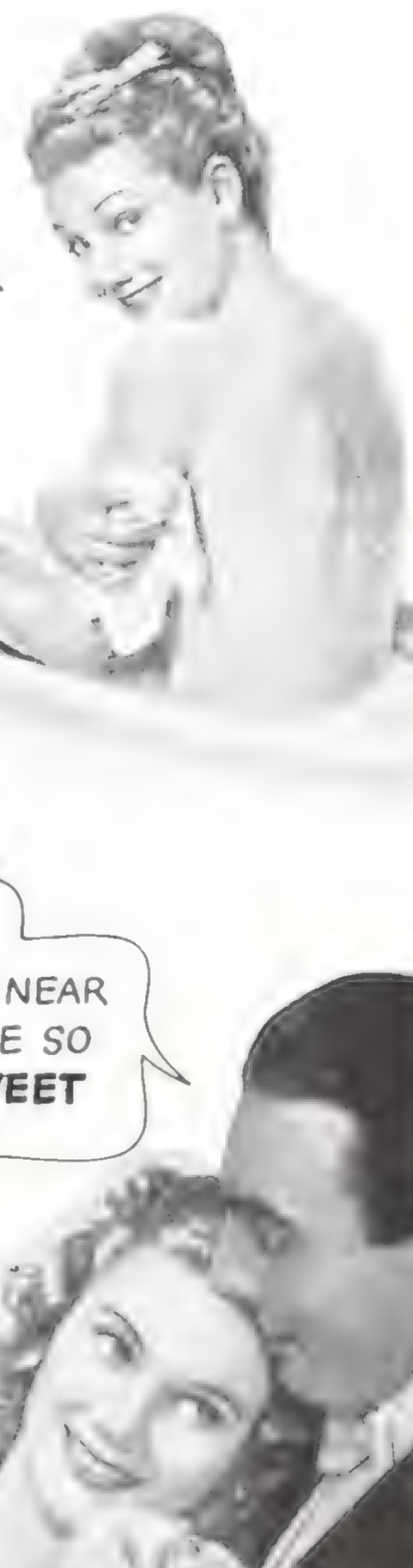


STAR OF COLUMBIA PICTURES' "DANCING ON AIR"

"Here's an easy way to make SURE"

"I always use my complexion soap—gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap, for my daily beauty bath, too," says this charming star. "A delightful way to protect daintiness!" You will find Lux Toilet Soap's creamy ACTIVE lather gently carries away every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin really fresh. You'll love the way it caresses your skin, leaves it fragrant with a delicate perfume that *clings*.

RITA HAYWORTH IS RIGHT! A DAILY **LUX SOAP** BEAUTY BATH PROTECTS DAINTINESS, LEAVES SKIN DELICATELY PERFUMED, TOO!



GOSH, SUE I LIKE TO BE NEAR YOU—YOU'RE SO **SWEET**



It's the soap that leaves skin ***SWEET***—

9 out of **10 Screen Stars** use **Lux Toilet Soap**

(*Continued from page* 41) work, with precision tools, power machines, in any of the jobs which a complete extrovert would find monotonous. And remember, you can make excellent salaries in this work now! Dressmaking, power machine sewing and cooking might be fields for you, too.

If you are the "mental" type, follow your aptitudes or interests, but remember that you should work at something in which you are largely independent of others. (We don't mean that you are unco-operative. Rather, that you work best by yourself, on your own particular tasks.) What about filing, bookkeeping, map reading and topography; business machine work on calculators, comptometers, billing and duplicating machines, or typing; PBX operator; research work?

B.

Are you trying to be a nurse, social service worker, actress, confidential secretary, saleswoman or teacher? If you are, you have not chosen the vocation for which you are best suited. You could do better at work in which you are independent of other people, not dealing *entirely* with the public at large, but you do get along more easily with people than those in Group A.

There are many vocations in which you may excel. First, decide whether your skill is manual or mental, and what your particular talents are. You can do any of the jobs mentioned above in "A." Or are you interested in commercial art, music, photography, library work, the exact sciences, stenography, home economics, accounting? Or would you like to be a beautician, waitress or cashier?

You can do very well indeed in your work, but remember that you'll do your best in something not dependent on others. Develop your talents and, if you are at all mechanical and have physical endurance, you'd be a whiz in defense production work!

C.

People like you and they should! Your personality is well-balanced and you get along well with other people. You are generally in harmony with your surroundings and you can succeed in any work for which you have a special aptitude or interest, but be honest with yourself and select it carefully. Don't just *imagine* you'd like some particular field. Analyze your particular capabilities.

Your personality permits your choosing a job in which you work with other people, or one in which you can work independently. It's up to you to decide.

You might prefer doing the work mentioned in "A" or "B" above, but you can also be successful as a nurse, saleswoman, private secretary, receptionist or hostess, teacher, physical education instructor, governess. You might prefer banking, languages, costume design.

Don't overlook any manual, mathematical or scientific skill you may have. War industries need people like you who can work with others and also be efficient!

D.

Are you a filing clerk, business machine operator, typist? If you are, you could choose a more suitable profession! Repetitious, routine work probably irks you and you waste your talents in it. You get along so well with people that you should definitely work at something which affords contact with other people. You demand variety and contact with the public affords that.

You have wide interests, are friendly and resourceful, so that you *can* do any of the jobs mentioned in "A," "B" or "C" if you really want to. On the other hand, you would be happier in work which is not monotonous.

Depending on your special aptitudes, you could be an excellent saleswoman, nurse, airplane stewardess, receptionist, hostess or personal secretary. Or, you might do well in social service work, newspaper reporting, advertising, all types of office work, teaching, law, personnel work, commercial photography, modeling, public speaking, radio—well, mostly anything. If you are manually dextrous or have mechanical ability, you should certainly do well in a war production plant; you might eventually direct the work of others because of your

Margie Hart, who steps out glamorously for a first-time Hollywood appearance in "Lure Of The Islands"

ability to get along with people.

You, in this group, might be actresses, if you have the talent. *Unless you are in this group,* you'd better give up the idea, because an actress *must* have this type of personality. (Don't point an accusing finger and say "What about Garbo?" She is one in a million, and that's another story.) An actress should be intensely interested in people, able to understand them and the possessor of a personality which appeals to others. She must be able to get along with writers, directors, other actors, stagehands, prop men, make-up artists, interviewers, cameramen and the public. It isn't so easy!

A word of caution to you in group "D." Your type is often so interested in so *many* things that it is difficult for you to settle down to one; you keep flitting from one thing to another because of your intense love of change. So before you decide on your career (and yours can be a career—not just a job) think well! Study your special talents, choose the work in which you can be most *useful* and then stick to it!

NOW for Frances Dee's scoring on our test and what it indicates. First, let us repeat she took the test *cold,* with no indication of what it was for, what the results would prove or what our scoring system was. Her score was 96!

Frances was selected for the lead in "Name, Age And Occupation" after many unknowns were tested for the role and just as many well-known Hollywood actresses had been considered. Lorentz decided that she, in real life the wife of Joel McCrea and mother of two young sons, was ideal to portray the girl in the picture.

Her answers to our test prove that she is just as ideal, emotionally, as an actress. In addition to her ability, her personality proves that acting is the perfect profession for her.

Her test answers, on many of which she gave us interesting comment, prove that Frances is friendly, considerate of other people, well-balanced in her interests. She is charming and gracious, but serious about her work; keenly interested in what's going on in the world, she reads widely, but also enjoys fun. She is, in the main, an extrovert, but confesses she is not the Life-of-the-Party type.

In Quiz I her only "no" answer was on question 18. She said, "I'm not sufficiently impulsive to make decisions on the spur of the moment."

Frances says she keeps her feelings to herself when things go wrong and adds wisely, "Troubles only bore other people." She tries to extend kindness to new actors, remembering how much it meant to her when she was beginning her career. She will accept responsibilities gladly and follow through to the limit of her capabilities. She loves picnics and parties, but prefers smaller parties to the "huge" variety sometimes given in Hollywood.

SHE keeps her own promises, so justifiably is annoyed if other people fail to keep theirs. She is active in First Aid classes and other Red Cross work. She listens to all well-meant advice and does her best to follow any she considers sound. She likes to entertain in her own home, meets people easily and has no trouble remembering names because she has schooled herself on that important point. She admits she has some moody moments but "can't remember having any of serious proportions" and has never suffered from the delusion of a "conspiracy of unkindness."

Miss Dee's only "yes" answer in Quiz II was on question 19, in which she said, "I'm not the life of the party." But she is a gracious hostess and her own parties never bog down. She said emphatically on question 18, "Discourtesy is never justifiable whatever the provocation," on which the psychologists agree with her; and on number 13 she amended her "no" by saying, "Of course I lose my temper sometimes, but not quickly and frequently," which was what we asked.

No single question in our test is all-important, but the answers to the sum total indicate emotional types and personality. And remember—it is just an indication.

You have the stuff; choose your work wisely, do your best and you can't help but be a success!

THE END



FACE THE NEW WORLD GAYLY WITH NAILS IN THE NEW CUTEX *Young Red*

THE HAND that drives a truck, carries a textbook, rolls a bandage, rocks the cradle! Let's keep it gay, let's keep it feminine in the new Cutex YOUNG RED! A red badge of courage for every finger tip . . . a touch of cheery, chin-up color with neutral suits and dresses. Get a bottle today and meet your new world with new charm—and the old femininity! Only 10¢ (plus tax).

Northam Warren, New York

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NAIL POLISH

(*Continued from page 34*) assistant movie director, and the widespread publicity given her divorce had left their mark. So also had her long and much-discussed engagement to John Barry, young Victorville editor. This, too, had ended in a break-up. No wonder she shied away from speaking of the new and biggest romance of her life. Instead, she hid behind generalities.

"It isn't that I'm bitter or disillusioned about love," she said earnestly. "I want love and a happy marriage more than anything else in the world. Some girls say they love their careers. I say I like mine. I've worked hard for it, fought to get where I am. But with me acting is only a business. A career would mean little to me without love. Real love.

"But it's easy to be mistaken about love. Only when that big love comes along and hits you a tremendous wallop over the head do you realize what a counterfeit the other so-called love really was.

"And when that big love does come along, do the sensible thing. Get married! You're missing the whole meaning of life if you don't. . . ."

Pat's earnest face suddenly broke into a grin. "And I said I wasn't going to talk about love! We can't get away from it, can we?"

At this moment a call came through. It was Lieutenant Joe Howard, and how could he storm the Paramount gates to see his lady fair? Instantly Pat's carefully constructed defenses were thrown to the winds. She was just a girl, terribly happy, terribly thrilled over the unexpected arrival of her beau.

"Joe and I have fun together," she chattered. "He's young. Only a couple of years older than I am. He's Irish, too. He comes from a large family like I do. He has six brothers and sisters. Like me, he has a passion for good music. Loves to listen to symphony records by the hour. He doesn't care a hoot about night clubs. We both love the outdoors.

"Like all other young men, Joe changed his plans when war threatened. He'd had two years in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology when he joined the Army."

There was a knock at the door. Lieutenant Howard came into the room.

In spite of his uniform, the lieutenant looked young and boyish. He stood, military fashion, with his cap on his bent arm, held close to his side. His curly hair and desert tan were almost as brown as his leather belt.

Their casual "hello" belied the quick warmth in their glances.

It was obvious what Pat had meant when she said, "Joe is quiet and reserved." As we walked over to the set, he paid little attention to the scene being enacted before him. Instead of watching the dance hall girls, miners and gamblers, closing in on the fight between George Brent and Bruce Cabot, he kept his eyes on Pat.

For Joe had come on something far more important than watching a fight scene. He had found a honeymoon cottage and had driven in to tell Pat that they would not have to rent a bungalow at Yucca Loma. Much as both of them loved this desert resort where they first met and where Pat for the past three years had spent her vacations, it was natural that they wanted a house to themselves.

With the completion of "Silver Queen" Pat hurried home to the comfortably rambling Lane house to pack. "I don't want any fuss made over my marriage," she told her mother when Mrs. Lane reminded her of her promise that if she ever married again the ceremony would be performed there. "I'm going to Nevada only because in that state there is no three-day wait after the license is issued. I can't go through all the publicity and interviews that an actress is faced with during that time."

HASTILY she packed the bright silk shirts, khaki skirts, high boots and sombreros that she always wore on the desert; the slacks, gay little pinafores and few afternoon dresses which comprised her simple wardrobe. Her only purchases were the powder blue dress and hat in which she was married.

Then followed her books, radio and a few cherished possessions. "I'm not even taking Muffett," she said to her mother. "Joe and I want a dog, instead of a cat, on the desert."

As she gave her mother a farewell embrace, she said, "I have no idea when I'll be coming back to Hollywood. We hope that Joe's work as bombardier instructor will keep him in California. But if he's ordered to another flying field, I'll go with him."

This from the girl who a few short months ago so stoutly maintained that she'd never marry a man who was going off to war! "Separations are no good," she had said at that time. "With the husband away in the Army or Navy, especially if he weren't in pictures, the marriage wouldn't have a chance. . . ."

But perhaps the little Lane is even better than her word. With Joe's special work, it is doubtful that he will be ordered into a combat zone. But if her man is sent away to war, she proposes to go with him—at least as far as the authorities will permit. And if picture commitments call her back to Hollywood, she'll leave only long enough to fulfill them, and then return to him.

Meantime Joe and his bride are keeping house in seventh heaven on the edge of the desert. While he is over at the flying field, Pat is puttering around the house, washing her hair and drying it in the sun, driving into the village to do her marketing. The long evenings are best of all. Walking or driving in the desert moonlight. Planning for the time when the war will be over.

Theirs is the luxury of a green lawn in front of their little home, a flower garden in back and all around the golden desert melting into the blue haze of the distant mountains. There are hardwood floors spread with bright Indian rugs, comfortable Monterey furniture, a gay little kitchen where, wrote Pat to her mother, "Joe burned the spaghetti and I burned the toast. So we figure we are over our burning stage."

But there's another stage they won't be over for a long time—the stage of each other.

THE END

Scoops!



The picture you see at the left is the only one taken of Pat Lane's new husband, Lt. Joe Howard. Photoplay-Movie Mirror's cameraman, Hymie Fink, invaded their honeymoon house in the middle of the desert, asked for a picture, was shyly turned down by Lt. Howard. After an hour's fast talking, the bridegroom broke down and consented to pose—providing Hymie stand across the road and he be allowed to wear his cap and dark glasses! So here's the exclusive result taken on the steps of the cottage Pat and Howard rented for their honeymoon, a cute little house surrounded by nothing but desert.

Pat's trousseau: khaki breeches, silk shirts, cowboy boots



Their home: Bright chintzes, Indian rugs, wicker furniture—and Photoplay-Movie Mirror!

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 6) Jimmy Cagney's . . click of the heels of the King's Guards.

Madeleine Carroll's . . . a kitten playing on a white velvet rug.

Mickey Rooney's . . . a quick zoom off a springboard into the ol' swimmin' hole.

MABEL ALLEN STONER,
Muncie, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE
"Sit Up And Take Notice"

"KINGS ROW" was an excellent motion picture. Strangely though, many people who saw it were keenly disappointed. I believe the reason for this is simple and the big Hollywood producers who give us this type of pictures should sit up and take notice.

Pictures with such powerful themes as "Kings Row" are just too morose and depressing to the average movie-goer of the present time. Beset with their own personal sorrow in a world gone mad with war and bloodshed they have no place in their troubled hearts for more scenes of misery and heartbreak.

We go to the movies primarily for entertainment. Most of us want to laugh and forget our woes for a little while. Can't the producers give us more of this light comedy type of film and leave out the more sombre sort like "Kings Row" until the war is won?

Stanley Monroe,
Weatherford, Okla.

$1.00 PRIZE
Well, Hollywood?

A NEWCOMER has loomed invitingly from the distant horizon; a silent and sober but engaging personality by the name of Richard Whorf. This big, strong, rugged combination of Weiss-muller and Mature (with a bit of the Duke Ellington genius at the piano thrown in) literally captivated the feminine hearts with his *Jigger* in "Blues In The Night."

According to the files he's a married man with three children—but yet Hollywood and his fans will want him to be their puppet. What say we leave this guy alone, huh? None of the fake romance business and phony stories.

But now that he's made his debut, don't forget him, Hollywood. Give him a few more roles to sink his teeth into and I'll bet you'll be back for more. But above all, let him live his own life as he sees it.

Dolores Passero,
Rochester, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Lord Cregar

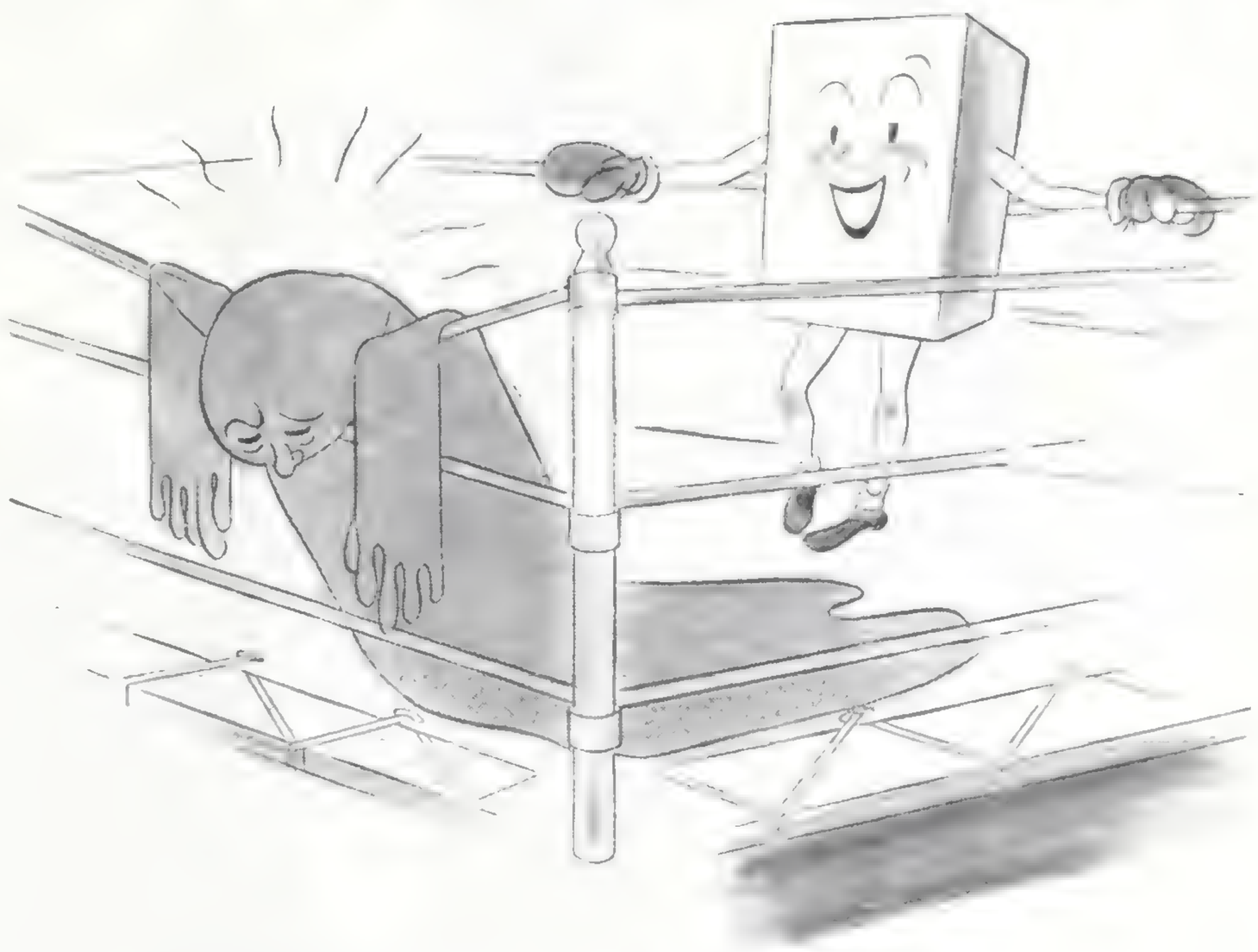
EVERY so often we fans are treated to a brand-new personality in a grand performance. This time the "something-new-has-been-added" comes in the enormous form of Laird Cregar, who pulled a "steal" play in "Rings On Her Fingers."

This combination giant, Frank Morgan and Charles Laughton rolled into one is certainly headed for bigger things. How about a starring role for the big show? With the right picture and cast selection we are sure that Laird will not disappoint his many new box-office stand-in-liners."

Yours for a greater screen cast!

Ralph J. Satterlee,
New York, N. Y.

All Washed Up!



Sorry, you just missed it! . . . A championship washing contest . . . "Tattle-Tale" Gray versus Fels-Naptha Soap . . . "Tattle-Tale" was tough but the Fels-Naptha Treatment softened him up . . . now he's on the ropes . . . washed up!

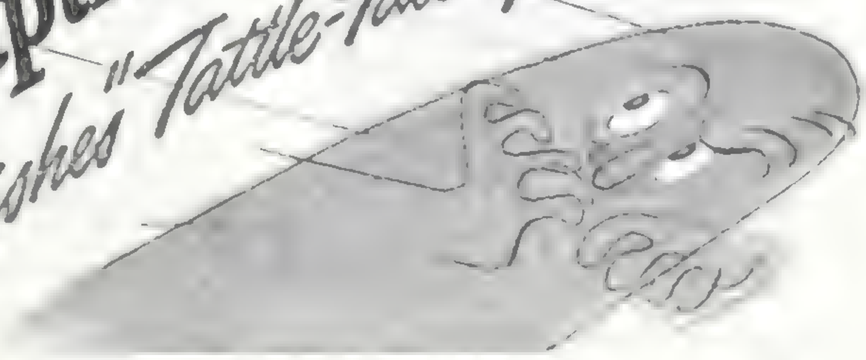
How about a private exhibition, right in your own home? Fels-Naptha Soap will be glad to oblige—any week—and for a few cents you can have a tub-side seat to see the champion perform.

It's a sight you won't forget. To watch Fels-Naptha in a rough-and-tumble with grimy work clothes. To see how skillful it is with delicate things. To compare Fels-Naptha's washing speed with ordinary laundry soaps.



P. S.—Make your arrangements through your grocer. Better ask him about Fels-Naptha Soap now.

Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

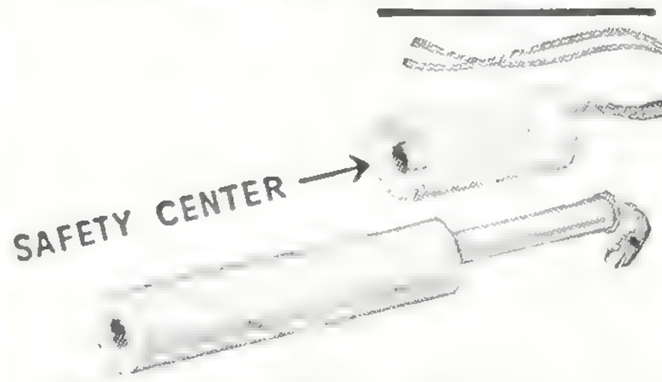


Before you choose your tampon—



Of course, you've been hearing about internal protection. And, being modern, you've made up your mind that you, too, will enjoy this new freedom and comfort. But, when you choose *your* tampon, make certain you choose the most modern, improved tampon! Do this . . .

...consider Protection!



For *real* protection, absorption must be *quick, sure!* Meds, with their exclusive "safety center" feature, absorb *faster!* Meds, made of finest, pure cotton, hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

...make sure of Comfort!

Comfort means *correct* fit! Meds were scientifically designed by a woman's doctor! No bulges, pins, odor, chafing! And—each Meds comes in an individual applicator—quick and easy to use.

...check on Value!

Meds cost less than any other tampons in individual applicators! For protection, comfort, value—choose MEDS!

BOX OF 10 — 25¢ • BOX OF 50 — 98¢



The Modess Tampon

Romance for the Lonely

(*Continued from page* 33) once spoke of this impossible situation as it exists for stars in Hollywood. The loneliness of success—not all experience it, but those who do know the deep pain of it. Friends say Bette, realizing the depth of the love she and Arthur Farnsworth felt for each other and knowing how often a man outside the profession will hesitate to declare his love to a top-notch star, made the path easy for Arthur to ask her to marry him. So far it's been a grand marriage, but, of course, Bette and Arthur are nearer an age.

At the moment, Hollywood is actually holding its breath over the outcome of the Greer Garson-Richard Ney romance. Young Ney has never stopped asking Greer to marry him from the day he first met her. In fact, there are those who say they are already married.

"Wouldn't you think," someone remarked to me recently, "a woman as beautiful and charming and fascinating as Greer Garson would have innumerable suitors swooning at her feet?"

What suitors? To begin with, how many handsome eligibles in their thirties do you know with the charm, bearing, and position befitting that of a famous star? So where and to whom will such a star as Greer Garson turn for the love every woman needs, if not to the man at hand who loves her?

ROSALIND RUSSELL waited quite a few years for that mythical husband we had all visioned for her. Tall, handsome, late thirty-ish, successful, even famous in his profession. And where was he? The man Rosalind married was the agent she'd had for a long time, a younger man successfully started on a promising career. And why? Because Rosalind Russell had become so famous a star the ordinary businessman could no more move in her sphere of life than fly. But Fred Brisson, who worked within the aura of movies, understood the problems of a great star and was ready and waiting.

The exciting friendship of Ann Sothern and Robert Sterling is another case in point. The truth is, Ann is older. That is, if you go by years. But Ann's heart is young. There isn't a better sport anywhere than Ann, who loves to fish, to play games, to laugh with friends. Certainly marriage with Roger Pryor, a man her own age, proved a failure. A marriage with young Robert Sterling, who lives and works in, and possesses the understanding of, the profession, might well prove more successful.

No more beautiful woman exists than Madeleine Carroll and yet the man she married was tousled-haired Stirling Hayden, years her junior.

Despite all the handsome and successful men in the world, it took a young Viking to climb the starry pedestal, declare his love and have it welcomed eagerly.

Here's another instance with a different ending. She, our Miss X, was married and a star when she met him, a man younger, charming, witty, ambitious. He gave her all the fire and color that her conventional home lacked. Because their interests were mutual, she let herself fall madly in love.

Unable to endure it any longer, she went to her husband and told him she wanted a divorce. He was shocked, desperately hurt but game. Promptly he moved out of the house to give her a free hand with the divorce. Blindly she went ahead with her plans. But the beautiful home which had been the center for artistic gatherings became almost deserted. Friends drifted away. So did her career.

She was too enamored to care much. Besides, the star of the man on whom she had pinned her heart was climbing fast; he was being hailed on all sides as a coming sensation. She was counting on him to carry her along.

And then gradually it happened. The aura that had surrounded her, all the magic that enchants and sets apart, wrapped itself about him, shutting her out—a woman no longer touched by the allure of stardom.

It's over now. She's alone, looking and feeling a woman whose life is without meaning.

Sometimes stars would rather endure the loneliness of the moment than risk disaster later on. Take Joan Crawford, for example, for whose affections Glenn Ford campaigned so ardently.

Joan met Glenn when a writer friend brought him to her house. Ford sat there in the richly appointed living room carried away by the magnetism of this woman who, to him, had always been a vision of glamour that existed only on a silver screen. On her side, Joan was charmed by his slow ingratiating voice, the almost naïve admiration in the eyes of the Santa Monica lad who, despite the fact that he was brought up just a stone's throw from Hollywood, was as untouched by it as if he had been born and bred at River's End.

On the following Sunday it was Glenn who was invited to one of her famed Sunday soirees. It was Glenn who drove her down to the beach where they watched the sea, or carried her off to a concert or a tavern in the hills.

THEY had much in common. Both were deeply interested in the artisan side of their profession. In the private projection room of Joan's home three of them—Glenn and Joan and Christina, her three-year-old adopted daughter who adores Glenn—would watch while Ford's pictures were run off. Afterwards Joan would give him the benefit of her shrewd, constructive criticism.

Then they would run off Joan's pictures. No comment from Glenn, who considered himself not qualified to speak. But Christina—that beguiling little imp—though personally flanked by Hollywood's top talent, would call loud and unabashed for her favorite movie star, Mickey Mouse!

Despite these gay times, Joan, who is a woman of rare perception, looked the situation squarely in the face and realized that the rocks in the waters ahead would be hard and sharp. Notwithstanding his fine intelligence and rare freshness Ford could not as yet match the maturity, either emotional or mental, of a woman of her experience. Then why go on until one of them was hurt—badly? Quietly, gently, she found a way of sidestepping his next eager invitation. Presently he was not being included on her Sunday night lists. She was grooming him to walk without her. It would be so much easier later.

Will Joan Crawford, the fans' idea of what a movie star should really be like, have to go empty-hearted, as far as a man's lasting love is concerned?

Where is the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker for these lonely but terrifically successful Hollywood women way up there on their pedestals?

THE END

Little Miss Dynamite

(*Continued from page* 53) She must thank him for the panda. She must reassure herself that he loved her; by what he said and the way he said it.

The next morning Paramount called early. She had the part. She was to start work immediately.

That night Veronica and Johnny went again to the little hofbrau house and danced to the Beer Barrel Polka and drove home over hills soft in the starlight. "I only hope, Baby," Johnny said, 'that this won't take you from me."

She made herself comfortable in the curve of his arm. "I appreciate this opportunity," she said in the strong low voice he loved so well. "But I don't intend to pay too much for it, Johnny. I'm going to marry you, since you were nice enough to ask me. If I can work in pictures on the side—swell! If not . . ." she raised her small hand in a quick, eloquent gesture ". . . to the studios and a career!"

SECRETLY Veronica and Johnny filed their intention to marry on the twenty-sixth of September.

"I've always loathed the idea of a formal wedding and I was determined not to have one," she says vehemently "I wouldn't want those who love me weeping while I was married. I wouldn't want others speculating about my gown and other things. When you're getting married I think you want to think about getting married; not feel you're on parade!"

Unexpectedly on the twenty-fifth of September the "I Wanted Wings" company left for a location trip to Riverside Veronica called Johnny. "I won't be seeing you tonight," she told him. "But our date for tomorrow holds. I'll meet you there. Same place, same time."

Same place, same time. They had chosen a little church at Santa Ana for their wedding and set eight o'clock for their hour.

The next day, working on location, Veronica grew tense waiting and planning. The dress she had hoped to wear hadn't come home from the cleaners. So she had packed her flaming red dress and turban. She would, she decided, soften the effect with long black gloves and a black bag.

Unfortunately she would have to wear white moccasins and limp down the aisle. She had torn ligaments in her leg running for the camera and shoes were impossible.

She returned to the hotel late that afternoon to find her mother and father and a friend waiting on the veranda. "Daddy's so much stronger today we thought we'd come for dinner to surprise you," her mother said.

It isn't likely Veronica ever will do a finer piece of acting than she did then as she concealed her frenzied disappointment. Dinner seemed interminable.

"Are you working very hard?" asked her father

"Hard—and long!" she said dramatically. "Tomorrow, for instance, I have to be up at five o'clock and I have pages—simply pages—of dialogue to learn tonight."

Even as she spoke they gathered their wraps. "You go directly to bed," they told her.

"Good-by . . ." She waved them down the hotel steps and flew upstairs to get her panda and call a cab.

"Make time," she told her driver. "I'll pay for any tickets. And stop at the first drugstore we pass I have to

Are you *sure* of your present deodorant? Test it! Put it under this arm.

Put FRESH #2, the new double-duty cream, under this arm. See which stops perspiration—prevents odor—better!



Use Fresh #2 and stay fresher!



PUT FRESH #2, under one arm—put your present deodorant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which stops perspiration better. We feel sure that FRESH #2 will!
2. See which prevents perspiration odor better. We're sure you'll feel complete underarm security with FRESH #2.
3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how delightful to use! Never greasy, gritty, or sticky, FRESH #2 spreads easily—smoothly!
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FRESH #2 THE NEW DOUBLE-DUTY CREAM THAT REALLY STOPS PERSPIRATION—PREVENTS ODOR



A DAB A DAY

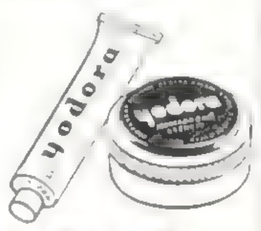
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New cream positively stops
**underarm Perspiration Odor*
as proved in amazing

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1. Not stiff, not messy—Yodora spreads just like vanishing cream! Dab it on—odor gone!
2. Actually soothing—Yodora can be used right after shaving.
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Yet hot climate tests—made by nurses—prove this *daintier* deodorant keeps underarms immaculately sweet—under the most severe conditions. Try Yodora! In tubes or jars—10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Connecticut.



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make a telephone call."

When she got the Santa Ana rectory on the wire her wrist watch showed quarter to eight. "This is Veronica Lake," she said. "Remember me? I'm marrying John Detlie tonight. Tell him to wait, please! I've been held up but I'm on my way!"

She rushed into the little rectory parlor, forty-five minutes late. Johnny wasn't there. "Has he gone?" she cried.

The minister's wife patted her shoulder. "He'll be back in a minute," she explained. "He went out for something to eat."

SITTING on the sofa's edge, clutching her panda, Veronica disciplined herself to be quiet and to speak calmly. But she could feel her heart pounding.

When Johnny came and grinned at her over a big bouquet of baby gardenias with long white streamers it stopped pounding and began to whir with happiness.

The panda sat on the bride's side of the church in the front pew.

The minister's wife played the little organ.

The candle flames fluttered in the soft breeze.

Outside an open window a mockingbird called.

Smiling, Veronica limped down the aisle, bearing her flowers proudly.

Smiling, Johnny waited at the altar.

They turned to the minister who stood with his book open in his hand.

"Dearly Beloved," he began, and they lifted reverent young faces to him.

"With this ring I thee wed " said Johnny.

The ring was a black enamel and silver panda, designed by Johnny, on a strong but delicate silver chain. What is engraved on the inside of that panda is their secret.

"I thought," Johnny said, when it was over and they were in his car, "that we'd rather have our wedding wine here or under some tree than go to a cafe. But if you'd prefer a cafe, Baby. . . ."

She drew closer. "Oh no, Johnny," she said. "It was wonderful of you to think of this. A cafe would be bright and noisy and sacrilegious."

"You think of everything," Veronica told Johnny as, beaming, he produced two beautiful crystal goblets. He took her in his arms. He was, at once, strong and tender.

"Here's to the day you'll come home, Mrs. Detlie!" he said softly.

"To Saturday!" She raised her glass, too. "However late we get back I'll come straight to you. Then, Sunday morning, we can get your family and my family together and break the news! Mother can't complain about what we've done, certainly. She threw me at you, you might say. Or she threw you at me!"

They drank their wine and crashed their glasses against a tree and put the pieces in the pocket of the car so they could save them forever. "Remember about them, Johnny. Don't cut yourself. Remember . . . remember," she said.

STUDIOS don't relish embryo stars' becoming matrons before they've had a proper chance to publicize them as glamour girls. It dismayed the Paramount powers to learn of Veronica's elopement.

"We can try to keep it quiet, at least for a little while," suggested someone who had never had any dealings with Veronica.

"No, no," he was told, "we don't want any trouble with her!"

Veronica and Johnny took a little apartment outside of town and accented the living room in chintz in blue-gray and yellow. They hung Johnny's paintings on the walls. They built shelves in the bedroom for all the toy pandas he had given her every Thursday because that's a special anniversary and every time she went away on location and every time he discovered another reason why he loved her and why he was the luckiest man on earth. There were literally dozens of pandas.

"I'll quit pictures if you want me to," Veronica told Johnny.

He looked thoughtful. "I'm not afraid you'll lose your head and put your career before everything else," he told her. "And I don't want any regrets later. I don't want you to remember the chance you have right now and feel you threw it away."

"I never would, Johnny," she said.

He shook his head. "You might not think so now, Baby. But I can't risk your ever resenting the part I play in your life."

"Johnny!" She threw herself in his arms. "Don't even say such a thing!"

"I WANTED WINGS" was a success. Critics, the country over, admitted Veronica's effectiveness but sometimes expressed doubts about her versatility. This was her challenge.

"I won't quit this business," she said fiercely, "until I'm known as an actress who can play anything from Baby Dumpling to Old Lady Grundy. I won't be an overnight sensation. I'll be a woman with a profession I can depend upon—*or know why!*"

Nevertheless, she proceeded, as before, on her own terms.

Then Preston Sturges began testing girls, Veronica among them, for "Sullivan's Travels." Veronica was chosen.

"There's something you should know," she told Sturges and the company executives who were present. "I won't be able to work indefinitely. I'm going to have a baby!"

One executive groaned. "Here we are publicizing you as a glamour girl and right away you must have a baby!"

Another executive cupped his weary, bewildered head in his hands.

"It's no use taking it so hard," Veronica told them. "You might as well get used to the idea. I'm going to have lots of babies—well, three at least!"

Preston Sturges grinned. It was a scene he wished he had directed.

"You've given us fair warning," he told Veronica. "We'll proceed with your deadline—your lifeline, rather—in mind."

"Sullivan's Travels" increased Veronica's fame. Her income, too. She was given a handsome bonus when it was completed.

Elaine Keane Detlie, born August 27, 1941, just six weeks after "Sullivan's Travels" was completed, increased her happiness. John's too.

When Veronica returned to the studios two months after Elaine's arrival they were glad to see her and cast her immediately in "This Gun For Hire." After which the most doubting critics agreed she was more than a personality, that she was an actress and a darn good one. After which Paramount themselves brought up the subject of a new contract, nodding understanding approval when Veronica announced her temporary home between future pictures would be Seattle where husband John, now a liaison officer in the camouflage department, is stationed.

She's doing all right with her career and her life and her love, this little Miss Dynamite.

THE END



Droll
Soul
Disney,
Isney?

Terse Verse

By Jay Keys



Bob Montgomery,
Adept at mummery,
Makes a gala
U. S. sailor.



The reason why women exist at all
Is one of life's perplexities,
But easily known when you recall
Miss D. Lamour's convexities.



I'd live in a tower,
A cave or a bower,
Even a barrel,
With Madeleine Carroll.

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★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★

ONE-MINUTE STORY

BY Claudette Colbert



I'M proud that Miss Waller calls me a friend, and this is why. She's about forty, brown-haired, and small—and blind. Luckily she has a tiny income which enables her to live frugally and simply—and I don't mean what you think an actress means by simple.

On December 7 she was one of the first to hear the news. You see, the radio is a big part of her life. Miss Waller was like all of us. She wanted to do something.

She couldn't drive an ambulance. She couldn't be of value even if she knew First Aid. She couldn't even afford to buy War Bonds. Discouraged, hopeless, spiritless, Miss Waller was conscious of her blindness for the first time in years.

I had to leave town, and when I called on her upon my return I found her waiting on her porch. And her face had lost that hopeless, useless look and was abeam with happiness. Just then a car pulled up filled with men going to work. She was in a hurry to meet them, and this is what I learned. She's working in a defense plant now, one of the most valuable workers they have. You see, her fingers are so sensitive from Braille reading that they catch slight roughnesses in important machine parts that others might miss. And she's still living on her meager income. All her salary goes into War Bonds.

"I know I'm blind," she said, "but I can still see pretty clearly what all of us have to do."

Keep Punchin'

(*Continued from page* 51) was not a talent scout.

"Let's listen," the cowboy said.

The producer paused.

The words came, soft as dawn in Ireland.

"Oh I love the wild flowers in this
dear land of ours
The curlew I love to hear scream
I love the white rocks and the an-
telope flocks
That graze on the mountaintops
green."

The world-famed cowboy went toward the voice.

"Who was just singing?" he asked, glancing at Roy Rogers.

"I was," the bashful young truck driver admitted.

The man extended his hand. "I'm Tom Mix," he said. "And you belong," he looked around, "somewhere besides where you are. Try a band and keep punchin', kid. Your chance is bound to come."

THE first chance for Roy was a spot in an amateur show; from this beginning he organized a cowboy band, The Rocky Mountaineers and then another troupe, The International Cowboys.

"We didn't do very well through New Mexico, Arizona and Texas. We went broke fast and had to hock our belongings to buy gas on the road," Roy remembers sadly.

In the New Mexico town of Roswell the troupe began to joke in earnest about how hungry they were for any kind of food. To make it local they called it home cooking.

A young girl believed them. Requesting a song of Roy, she brought him a lemon pie. She said her name was Arlene Williams. Roy looked into the clear young face with the admiring eyes and decided that was for him. Things are simple in the great sweeping vistas of the Southwest.

Simple, but not always immediately possible. At the moment all he could do was sell the automobile that had carried the International Cowboys to fame and misfortune and give each member of the wandering group a few dollars. With nothing else to do each yodeler of Western songs decided to thumb his way to California.

STILL not forgetting Tom Mix, nor yet the golden goal that awaited him in a New Mexico town, the one-time hauler of gravel organized another radio band.

The doleful months passed, and with them Roy's troupe. Then something happened.

"Here's a song to sing," a fellow radio worker said to him. Roy scanned it quickly. His own heart stirred with the haunting theme of the cowboy who has come to the end of the trail. "I'm headin' for the last roundup—"

All was still as he stepped from the microphone. . . .

Soon a telegram came from Hollywood. 'You're learning how to punch around the heart," it read. "Congratulations. Tom Mix."

Destiny soon dealt another ace. He was given a regular job on a radio staff in Hollywood. With this first contract under his belt, Roy hopped into his car and sped across Arizona to the heart of mesa land. There in the simple ceremony of the country he joined his life with Arlene Williams and as man and wife they turned their faces westward to the gloriously unpredictable future.

But there was still another ace in the deck for Roy. He was having a cowboy hat cleaned in a little shop when he heard a man's voice saying, "Gene Autry's having trouble with his studio and they want someone to take his place. They don't want much—just a guy who can sing like an angel and ride like the devil and all the time look like Clark Gable on a white horse!"

Roy remembers now, "I went right over to the studio in my jalopy. I couldn't get in, so I just sat there and waited for a chance to sneak in and tell anyone about myself who'd listen."

When after several hours he collared the producer, that gentleman asked, "Can you sing and play a guitar?"

Roy rushed outside and returned with his guitar. He said, "I know two songs that Tom Mix liked."

"Okay—if they were good enough for Mix, maybe they'll go here," said the producer halfheartedly. Listening to young hopefuls was part of the day's work.

Roy thumbed his guitar.

"Where seldom is heard, a discourag-
ing word
And the skies are not cloudy all day."

"You'll do," the producer said, and pressed a button.

WITH no more camera experience to his credit than singing with his troupe in two Autry films, Roy was thrown into the starring lead of "Under Western Stars." This was not so much foresight on the part of the studio as necessity. Gene was off the lot during his controversy and the studio was committed to deliver its quota of Western pictures—but fast.

After Republic mended its fences with Autry there was a moment when Roy's career hung by a thread, although the exhibitors were now asking for more of the star they had seen in "Under Western Stars." But the deciding factor was Singing Cowboy Number One himself. Be it said to Gene Autry's everlasting credit that, when a word from him would have closed the studio doors on Roy, he chose to extend a helping hand to his rival.

Even so, it is only now with "Tumbling Tumblewoods" that the studio is handing Roy their top-budget pictures.

Life has been good to the Cowboy from Ohio. He and Arlene live happily on their attractive California hacienda ranch in San Fernando Valley. Near them is the home Roy has given his mother and father. There's a pool on the grounds of the Rogers's hacienda and more fancy planting than a cowboy can shake a stick at.

But the prize of El Rancho Rogers is baby Cheryl Darline. Roy saw her when he was doing a benefit at a Texas orphanage. The benefit was all his when Cheryl rolled her baby eyes at him. Without saying a word to anyone he went home to get Arlene. But Arlene needed no persuasion. They've been Hollywood's happiest triangle ever since.

Roy has made about two dozen films. Reliable polls already rate him third in his field at the box office. It is quite evident that the charming lad from Ohio will someday be first.

"Keep punchin', kid," he can hear Tom Mix saying from the clouds.

THE END



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Highroad To Hollywood

(*Continued from page 58*) day yesterday I was a fisherman's daughter in an uncomfortable wool skirt and thick stockings. Working in pictures earns a lot of money, but if you'll notice," she said as she rounded a ledge which brought them into full view of the valley and Hollywood below, "in stories about movie stars, the heroine always goes home in the end."

Dusk was just coming down, lights coming on in the valley. Arriving at the Chateau, Carmen parking the car, they saw Miss Moe's pretty little waitress, Mary Logan, busy with supper customers.

"Why don't we eat barbecued hamburgers outside?" Scott suggested. "I'll get them . . . I have to go in anyway, to telephone. I haven't checked with Central Casting for two hours. . . ."

But in considerably less than two minutes, she returned.

"Girls," she said, with an air of strained calmness, "don't fall over the cliff, but I have a job at Universal; I'm to report for a costume fitting in the morning."

THUS the tide turned for Scott, for there was a second call and a third. To double her luck, in August she was offered the position of waitress at Moe Chateau, for after three years of earnest endeavor to make good as a bit player, Mary Logan had been given a part which the unpredictable public had applauded. Overnight she was a "discovery," under contract at $500 per week!

Great luck for Mary, but great luck also, for Scott, who gratefully took over Mary's place as waitress, moving all her worldly goods up the canyon to the room which went with the job, a room which she gladly shared with Julie.

As for Julie August found her still alternately discouraged or confident.

Curt usually put in an appearance on Saturday afternoon. Some Saturdays they would walk to Lookout Mountain, now and again they would drive to the beach, or perhaps they would seek adventure by hunting a new place to dance and dine.

One Saturday they were alone at the Chateau, Scott, Louie and Miss Moe having gone to market. "Look here, Missy," Curt said suddenly, "I want to know how that fancy house is getting along, back in Gladstone? Has your friend Jenkins got it finished?"

"Almost," Julie replied. "All but doorknobs and keyholes and things like that. His last letter says it's just about time for me to be showing up to break a bottle of champagne over the gatepost."

"You don't say," commented Curt. "Well, how's this for an idea? When he finishes it, I'll buy it. A small town is the kind of a place where portraits can be made that *are* portraits; the kind that hang in galleries.

"Naturally you'll be wanting to go back to Gladstone some of these days, so what's Tod's price on the place?"

Julie, feeling decidedly confused by the mixture in values and emotions which Curt's idea suggested, was about to say, a little doubtfully, that she'd write home and find out, when they were interrupted by the telephone.

THE voice Julie expected to hear at the other end of the line, was Louie's or Scott's. The voice she *did* hear was that of Casting Director Steve Trilling asking if she would be interested in doing a scene, in Errol Flynn's new picture; a Park Avenue debby visiting a Western farm, one page of easy dialogue which they thought she could handle nicely. She could consider herself engaged . . . *if* she had riding clothes and could take a barrier on horseback.

Julie scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry as she assured Mr. Trilling that she did indeed have riding clothes and could take a barrier on horseback with her eyes shut.

"Well here it comes, Missy," Curt said, offering a solemn handshake. "Good luck and a happy ending. I've never changed *my* mind about your name belonging on the marquees."

It seemed an eternity that Julie awaited the return of the station wagon so that she could relay the news.

She called off dinner-and-dancing with Curt so she would be at home to receive the script.

"It's marvelous, darling," Scott exclaimed when finally she arrived and heard all about it. "But *do* you own a riding outfit?"

"Well, not just exactly," Julie replied, "but Carmen's fits me so perfectly that you'd *think* I owned it. She's sending it right up."

At nine o'clock the riding clothes arrived. By eight minutes *after* nine, Julie was arrayed in jodphurs, shirt, leather vest and boots.

"In that outfit, you're worth the salary," Scott declared, "whether you can act or not!"

"Thanks, Sunshine," Julie replied, "but I *can* act. I'm not afraid of the lines but here's something else that does worry me a little bit. I don't intend to tell anybody in the world but when I said I could ride a horse, I didn't explain that the only horse I ever rode was a wooden one on the Trumbull County merry-go-round."

MONDAY came. Dressed in Carmen's riding clothes, Julie was nothing if not fetching when she reported to Stage 19, where Michael Curtiz was directing "King Of Main Street."

The set was a barnyard, a gently rolling pasture, and a gate. But the "detail" which interested her most, was the occupant of the barn, a horse answering to the name of Gentleman Jim.

Julie regarded the gate.

"Is that what we jump over?" she inquired.

"That's it," the property man told her. "Gentleman can skim it as pretty as if no gate wasn't there at all."

Business on the set was already under way, arcs, floods and spotlights being moved about and Mr. Flynn arriving in "dude ranch clothes."

Introducing himself to Julie, he suggested that they find a quiet corner and run over the lines. This they did. Julie soon put at ease by Mr. Flynn's friendly manner and such reassurances as: "I like the way you read the part. It's going to be a nice little scene."

The nice little scene was accomplished after two hours of rehearsal, takes and retakes; no errors, and Julie wasn't the least bit nervous about the rest of it.

Gentleman Jim was dozing in his stall when Props roused him to be saddled for *his* turn at acting, Julie watching interestedly from the sidelines, when Curt arrived along with a tallish chap in white whom he presented as Dr. Ardon of the Studio Hospital.

"Since he's reporting entirely on your account," Curt explained, "he thinks he's entitled to meet you."

On the young man's pocket was a red cross beneath which red letters spelled "Warner Brothers Studio. First Aid."

"Reporting on *my* account?" repeated Julie, "What's the reason?"

"Aren't you the young lady who's doing the barrier jump?" inquired the doctor. "Not that we expect any accidents, but there has to be a standby from First Aid on any scene of this kind."

"You make me feel terribly important," Julie laughed, "but I hope you won't be annoyed if I don't end in a spill."

"I'll be mighty annoyed if you *do*," the young man assured her. "I did four hours of bowling last night and I'm in no mood to be lifting young ladies around."

FIFTEEN minutes later, Props led forth the sorrel. The shot, so Mr. Curtiz explained, was a simple one; Julie riding down the road straight into the camera and over the gate.

"That's all there is to it," he said. "We won't rehearse it. This horse gets temperamental when we put him through the same routine twice."

The make-up girl and the hairdresser came forward to give Julie a bit of last-minute attention. Morry helped her to mount. Quite blasé about the whole thing, she followed Louie's carefully rehearsed instructions, resting the toe of her boot in Morry's hand and swinging into the saddle. . . . Just as she had anticipated, riding a horse was no trick at all. Gentleman Jim smelled the grass, nibbled a little of it, then, with a word from Julie and a little easy guiding, he trotted across the pasture to a point from which, coming back, there would be a straightway one hundred feet into the jump.

But first, as per Louie's instruction (a little maneuver of which Julie was secretly quite proud) she turned the Gentleman about and in a highly professional manner, walked him back to the barrier to give him a look at it. Lights were concealed at all angles, behind the trees, along the road and on the catwalks above. Riding back across the pasture, Julie awaited the director's signal, cooler than the proverbial cucumber and probably looking lovelier than ever in her life, her dark hair loose about her shoulders, her riding outfit the last word in careless smartness.

In the dark void outside the blaze of lights, she could see but one detail; the white shadow of Dr. Ardon standing by. Finally came the signal, the Director's whistle; lights and mike ready, cameras turning. Julie started the Gentleman at a trot down the road . . . then, leaning forward, glueing her knees to his ribs, she touched his flank with her quirt and urged him into a run. Hair flying, eyes closed, she gave him his head, though not forgetting to laugh as if it were all just a fine bit of sport!

Thus did Julie and her steed come streaking down the road, the Gentleman taking the gate quite as smoothly as Morry had prophesied, quite as though no gate were there at all . . . But behind him, *beside* the gate, he left Julie Burnette, an unconscious little cinnamon bundle of jodhpurs and boots, upon the ground!

A momentary tragedy for Julie, but in the long run it turns out to be quite the best thing that could happen to her. For the exciting aftermath of the accident watch for your October issue.

(In "Highroad to Hollywood," any motion pictures mentioned as in production, are purely fictitious.)

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Bogie on the Spot

(Things I Don't Like about Myself)

(*Continued from page* 65) Building or cup custards a la mode may be all right but not for me.

Yes, sir, I'm a difficult man when it comes to food. Can't take a mouthful of coffee in the morning without heaving. Here I am ready to murder off a half-dozen guys on the set in another hour and what do I do? I drink tea for breakfast. Isn't that a laugh?

And look at this lunch. Cast your eyes over it. Bacon and eggs and toast. And every day, mind you, I make up my mind in the morning I'm going to have something different for lunch, see. All morning while I'm strangling some actor to death I think to myself shall I have a salad or lamb chops?

What do I end up with—eggs and bacon. The waiter doesn't even take my order any more. He sees me coming and that's it.

I hate myself for choosing a profession that gets me up at dawn. I hate myself all the way to the studio and into the make-up room, "Boys Town," I call it. There we sit, the glamour boys waiting to be made beautiful and feeling like a snail's grandmother.

Frankly, I don't like this work too much, so put me down on the wrong side of the ledger on that one. This awful morning rising business kills me. Mayo has to prop me up or I'd curl up after my tea and go to sleep. Come to think of it, that's what I do. I should like my work more. So put that down as my own black mark against me.

I hate actors that are temperamental. But let me shoot a lousy game of golf or do a bad scene and I get temperamental as all get-out. Mayo knows it the minute I open the gate at night, too. Something about the way I walk, I guess. Gives me away. I hate that in myself. Even hate telling it. Look at Tobruk and Pearl Harbor and then figure out why anyone should get mad over a golf game. Or a bad scene.

I loathe women in uniform unless they're on a field of battle or employed in a hospital or Red Cross work. But these women that fuss around in uniforms in wartime—I hate. I don't like myself for caring that much.

I HATE myself because I don't want to be a major. With so many people grabbing off commissions, why don't I want to? I want to be a private. But I suppose I should want to be a major. Is that dumb?

I like to take what contribution to our defense I can give in my Coast Guard work seriously. I get mad when someone else doesn't. For instance, I was ferrying supplies back and forth between ship the other night when I noticed one gun sight kept following me everywhere. Naturally, I got nervous after an hour of this and finally steered my boat over.

"Hey, what's the idea?" I asked and, brother, I was nervous.

"I hoped you'd come over, Mr. Bogart," the voice from the ship said. "I'd sure like your autograph."

Maybe I should hate myself for not making a lot of friends, eh? What do you think? Friendship to me isn't just meeting and knowing a lot of people. It goes deeper than that. So I skip the mob. Louis Bromfield is one of my best friends. A friend on every occasion. So is Chester Morris.

If I'm wrong in hating actors with messages, put down another black mark, for it's one thing I can't stand, these actors with messages who take themselves and their messages seriously. They know where they can take them as far as I'm concerned.

I don't like the idea of not behaving like an actor. Where's my station wagon, for instance? Or my beret? Or my pipe clutched in my teeth as I sit before the fire with my dog? I'm a dud of an actor. I let people down because I have no gun. No color. No boyish bob that curls up over my ears. How my memoirs will smell!

Believe it or not, I haven't even a rub-down table in my home. Or a rock bath built into a gymnasium. I don't go for this body beautiful stuff or 110 ways to have a slim waistline. Actors that make a fetish of fancy exercising bore me.

I hate being the guy around the studio that hates the most going to the still gallery to have pictures taken. Taking a picture of me is like pulling my tooth. I want none of it.

I DON'T like myself for keeping to small, compact rooms. Take our living room, for instance. It's a large beautiful room, but Mayo and I are never in it. Just lately we go in and just sit there for a few minutes to get used to it, but we always end up in the den as usual.

If I were building a house I'd build the rooms like drawing rooms on the train, where you could sit and reach everything.

I loathe formal dinners as well as formal drawing rooms. I like to eat when I eat and talk afterwards in peace and comfort; chitchat bores me almost as much as regimented conversation. Give me good talk every time. I disappoint people anyway. Everyone expects an actor to talk. I like to listen. So I'm either branded dumb or moody.

I don't like myself for not being able to control my temper. And why do I get into these arguments that I care nothing about? Trying to be nice, to argue politely with people I care nothing about, and what happens—I'm in a temper—and why should I be?

If I lose my temper I want it to be with someone swell like Mayo, where we can have a lot of fun fighting it out. But what's even worse—I can't stay mad at anybody even when I'm right. Now where's the character in that?

My values are wrong. A thief attempted to steal my car the other night and I refused to get hot and bothered because I was fully covered by insurance. Like a nitwit I was almost happy about it, never realizing insurance could not get me a new set of tires. That's just an example.

Little things can become an obsession with me. Like sugar bowls. I can't even sit at a table that holds a sugar bowl, simply because the sound of sugar grating drives me wild. Fine thing for a tough guy, isn't it?

The latest dance steps mean nothing to me. All I can do with the conga or rhumba is hang on and drag 'em around. Another thing, I don't like myself for being the kind of guy that reads murder mysteries to cure insomnia. Give me three good gory murders and I'm off to sleep while the corpses are still warm.

I don't like actors who insist on whitewashed publicity.

I'd hate myself if I did. So put me down as not liking myself for not liking myself purified.

Got a cigarette, kiddie?

THE END

Bogie on the Spot
(Things We Like about Bogie)

(*Continued from page* 64) having helped. His mind is elastic. He's aware that he is news and doesn't shrink in coy modesty or mock outraged dignity from writers and reporters.

Do, oh do we love him for it?

The clothes he wears, or doesn't wear, the stories he tells, the fact he eats lunch with his wife every day, bicycling over to near-by Lakeside Golf Club to lunch on the terrace are swell. The way he greets everyone for tables and tables around shows his popularity. Once a soldier or two, wandering around the beautiful grounds, caught Bogie's eye. In a minute the soldiers were bowing to Mary Astor, with Bogie in tow, to Dick Arlen, to Bing Crosby and every important luncher at the Club. And, what's more, they ended up lunching with Bogie and Mayo and then touring Warner Brothers.

WE like him because he's so generously offered himself and his boat to the Coast Guard Auxiliary and has lately been on active duty night after night patrolling the coast. We feel safer somehow with Bogie on guard. Yes, we salute him for his work from seven at night to seven of a morning patrolling our shores as a volunteer Coast Guarder. And the little he says of it or allows to be said.

His patience with annoying fans is something to see.

One night at dinner in an exclusive cafe a strange woman approached him and Mayo.

"I heard you on the radio tonight, Mr. Bogart," she said. "I don't care for you on the air."

"I'm sorry," Bogie said.

"I just didn't care for you on the air," she persisted. "I like you on the screen. But I don't care for you on the radio."

After five solid minutes of this, with Bogie's dinner getting cold and his smile of apology freezing on his face, Mayo came to his rescue.

"All right, you don't like him on the air," she said. "He's sorry. Now what else can we do about it?"

Bogie said nothing but he thanked Mayo with his eyes. The "outraged" woman departed.

ANOTHER woman approached him in New York. "Why do you say 'becuz' instead of 'because' on the screen?" she demanded. "I hate people who say 'becuz.'"

"It's the kind of person I play," Humphrey explained. "The rough boys say 'becuz.'"

"Well, I don't like the word 'becuz'," she persisted, and continued to do so for ten more minutes.

For a quick-tempered hothead, Humphrey kept his patience. And calmly walked out on his nagger.

We like him because he plays one of the best games of golf in captivity. We like him because he comes onto the set knowing his lines, ready for work. Never mind about the overnight headache.

We like him because he actually plays the bull fiddle and darned well. You should hear him on "My Mama Done Tole Me."

We like him because he was born December 25 and proved to be one of the best Christmas presents we ever received.

We like him—well, just "becuz."

THE END

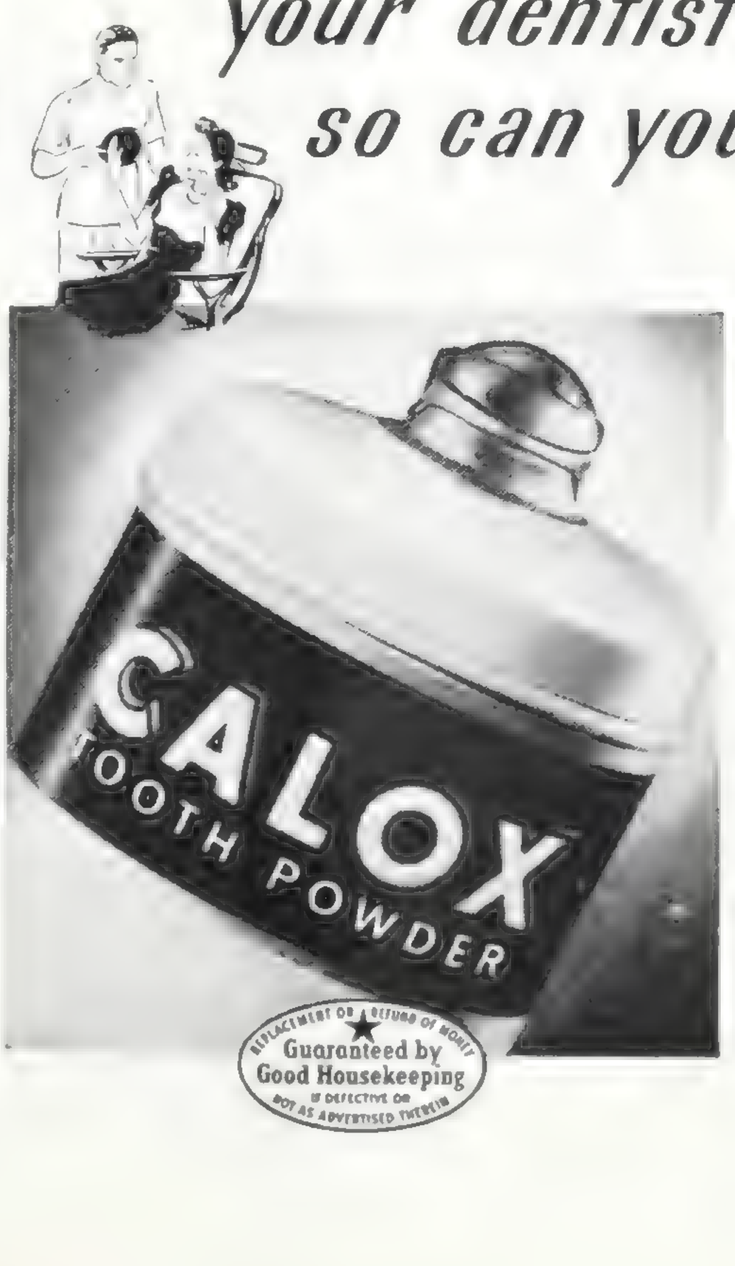
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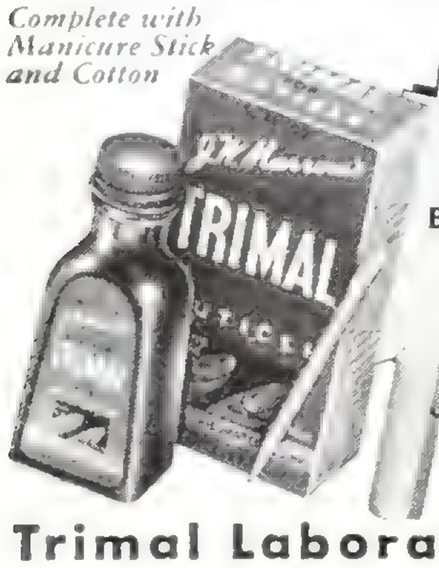
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MENTHOLATUM

If I Were Queen of Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 31) find him such a bore when critics insist he is really a great comedian . . . I'd call in Cecil B. DeMille when I wanted advice on building a stairway to the stars . . . I'd insist on more stimulating shorts of the "Passing Parade" variety and I'd never let a commentator wind up a travelogue by moaning, "And so we leave the beautiful Isle of Scravis" . . . I'd let Walter Pidgeon sing, because he's got a very pleasant voice along with all the rest . . . I wouldn't permit movie nurses to look like chorines, as they almost invariably do . . . I'd let the glamour boys who are slightly bald—Bing, Boyer and Astaire—go without their toupees in one picture a year, so the slightly hairless males of America would get a swift lift in morale.

I'd tell Judy Garland to hurry and get more grown-up looking and then I'd star her in a picture based on the life and songs of the unforgettable Nora Bayes . . . I'd make Merle Oberon my chief Lady-in-Waiting, because she's not only pretty but fun to have around . . . I'd ban "jive talk" in the films, because (with the exception of "Ball Of Fire," in which slang was well-handled) it always sounds terribly corny when a character gets too hep . . . I'd find out who makes those lace-feather-and-sequin getups that Marlene Dietrich always wears and then I'd have a few run up for myself . . . Just for variety, I'd do a technicolor picture in which Natalie Kalmus was NOT technical adviser . . . and I'd append a brief foreword to M-G-M pictures explaining just who the heck Van Nest Polglase *is*.

I'D be very polite about it, but I would certainly make it a point to ask Claudette Colbert if she ever intends to stop shrugging her shoulders, fluttering her hands and emitting a helpless little combination of laugh and gasp in those moments of bewildered joyousness that crop up at least twice in every Colbert picture . . . I'd make Paul Henreid Captain of the Queen's Regiment, because I imagine he'd look pretty snazzy in a Graustarkian uniform. . . . I'd wag my regal finger at the directors who waste the talents of Milton Berle and Ray Bolger . . . I'd exile producers who have singing stars burst into operatic arias in jungles and deserts to the accompaniment of unexplained but symphonic music—and I'd try slow torture on those who produce film musicals and allow mad miracles to happen, presumably on the stage of a Broadway theater, that could take place only in a film studio with unlimited space, mechanical devices and time.

I'D forbid Errol Flynn to go to night clubs, on the grounds that it looks silly for a hero who can out-duel twenty cinema enemies to get the worst end of it in a cafe society bout at El Morocco . . . I'd expect command perfomances from Gary Cooper and Vivien Leigh . . . Now that she's on her second husband, I'd suggest that caption-writers cease referring to Myrna Loy as "the perfect wife" . . . I'd never allow Greta Garbo to be photographed in a bathing suit . . . I'd ask Hedy Lamarr to bleach her hair and wear it like Veronica Lake and request Veronica to dye hers black and wear it à la Hedy, just for laughs . . . I'd rule that swing band leaders, swing musicians and band vocalists should be heard but *never* seen . . . I'd institute a Hollywood Hall of Fame for those who were great—Will Rogers, Carole Lombard, Marie Dressler and John Barrymore to head the list.

I'd encourage Deanna Durbin to make more pictures, because hers always have a freshness and gaiety that make you feel happier for a couple of hours . . . I wouldn't attempt to film the life of Helen Morgan until I discovered an actress with the same strange wistful dark beauty and the same heartbreaking small voice—and I don't mean Rita Hayworth . . . I'd have Maxie Rosenbloom wander around the palace, just for laughs . . . I'd make life imprisonment the penalty for scenario writers who let their dialogue include: "Why, you fool, I just let her go so she'll lead us to the others," or "What, go up in that old crate—that's suicide!" or "This moment is ours—nobody can ever take it away from us." Those are literary felonies where I come from, dear subjects.

If I were Queen of Hollywood, I'd probably be beheaded in a week—but I certainly would have fun while it lasted!

THE END



Stored-up beauty: Livvie de Havilland decorates a corner in I. Magnin's, Los Angeles's big department store, makes a hit as the best saleslady for the best buy—United States War Bonds

Flying Tigers

(*Continued from page* 48) Jason. How'd you like it?"

Woody looked at Brooke. "I'm going to like it better here."

Jim was still talking with the flyer. "You'll find her hard to handle at the start, but once you get her under control she's a dream—"

"Very interesting," Woody said.

Brooke, blushing furiously, started away. "See you tonight, Jim."

"Sure, honey." Jim waved to her.

As the flyers started back to the barracks, Hap drew Woody to one side. "She's the skipper's girl, son."

Woody looked surprised. "Jim's?" Then he smiled. "So what? He's got a sense of humor, hasn't he?"

WHEN Jim saw Brooke at Headquarters that night, he was enthusiastic about having Woody with them. "Lucky I was able to cajole him into joining up. One of the best flyers I ever saw, Tommy!"

"What did you use to bait him?" she asked.

"Bonus money. Moment he heard he got five hundred bucks for every Jap he knocked down—wild horses couldn't have kept him away."

It was bonus money that landed Woody in his first trouble. The other men didn't like his mercenary attitude. "You may be fighting for ideals," he told them. "I'm fighting for cash on the line."

A fellow named Blackie Bales, one of the new replacements, told Woody he was wrong—that money wasn't the end of the fight. Blackie'd been in trouble in the States, after an airplane accident. Now he was married and out here to try for a fresh start. "Sure, you should talk," Woody growled, "after that accident you—"

Blackie made a dive for him. The others pulled the two men apart. Then the group somehow drifted away and Woody found himself alone.

Jap planes that next morning spotted the field. Tommy was at Headquarters with them when they swooped over to drop their cargo of "eggs." Everyone ducked for shelter. The moment they'd gone past, Jim ran out to the field.

"Tails up, fellows!" It was the order to take off.

Woody, running across the field, reached Jim as he was getting into his plane. "Which one do I take?"

Jim whirled. "You crazy, Woody? You need combat training before—"

Woody looked astounded. "Training?"

"I'm running this show," Jim said tightly. "Get back."

Woody watched the take-off. As the ships lifted, his eyes turned toward the hangars. "That plane there, Alabama. Help me roll it out."

Brooke saw what he was trying to do and started to run toward him. By the time she reached them, the plane was rolling over the field, lifting off the ground.

Mike, the mechanic, shook his head dolefully. "Smar' fella takes plane—no bullets."

Brooke's face paled. "No ammunition?"

"No gottee ta-ta-ta-ta." Mike tried to imitate the sound of a machine gun. "And him no takee earphones."

Brooke got on the radio and contacted Jim, told him of Woody's flight. Jim, turning, could see Woody's plane behind him—minus ammunition or radio earphones. There was no way to warn him.

Brooke from the ground watched Woody's ship dive into a formation of



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three Japs, roaring into them with headlong abandon.

Only, at that split second when his guns should have blazed, nothing happened. He had pressed the trigger button—then he realized.

So did the Japs. They swung up quickly, pouring hot lead into the ship. The plane spun crazily, zigzagging down the sky and crashed into the jungle.

WHEN they found him, some minutes later, he was standing by the wrecked ship, unscathed and grinning. He greeted them cheerily. "Well, I walked away from that one."

Tex and Jim and the others who had returned and joined the search regarded him with unsmiling faces. "Yeah," Tex snapped. "One more landing like that and you'll be a Jap ace."

Back at Headquarters, Woody tried to explain to Jim. "If I'd had ammunition, I'd have blasted those Japs to bits."

"Sure." Jim seemed to look through him. "You saw a five-hundred-buck price tag on their tails. I can't afford to lose men *or* ships—understand?"

Hap was standing at the door, watching. Woody said, "I made a mistake. From now on I'll study my lesson like a good boy. How's that, pappy?"

Jim was dubious. But he said, "All right, Woody. I'll give you another chance. That's all."

Hap watched Woody go out. "'Fraid you're in for trouble with that ball of fire, Skipper."

"He's all right underneath. Gets off the beam at times. He'll wind up being the best flyer on the squadron."

The truth of that became clearer as the weeks passed. Woody finished his training course, took his place with the others and overnight jumped to the front ranks. Enemy after enemy went down under his guns. And Woody—when he wasn't fighting—was boasting about the bonuses he was piling up.

THE day came when Blackie was killed. He'd bailed out, opened his chute, after his ship was hit. Woody, flying above him, was supposed to cover so the Japs couldn't machine-gun the flyer on his way down. But the Japs got there too soon. Blackie's body was found later—riddled with bullets.

Back in the barracks, the pilots stared at Woody with contempt. "Hear about Jason?" one asked sarcastically. "He got another ship today—and a pilot."

"Too bad they don't pay off for dead pilots."

Woody stood in the middle of the room. "I thought—I didn't believe he'd open his chute so soon."

But no one answered.

That night it was Brooke who explained to Jim. "You told the men not to open their chutes until the last second—so the Japs couldn't machine-gun them. Well, Blackie didn't wait long enough. When Woody saw what had happened, he did dive down and try to cover. It was too late. He—"

"He told you, Brooke?"

She nodded. Jim said, "He wouldn't lie—not on anything like that."

"Know where he is now?"

Jim shook his head. Brooke said, "Alabama told me. Blackie's wife is living in Rangoon. Woody flew there. He's paying all his bonus money—to her."

Warmth was in her eyes as she spoke. Jim asked slowly, "You like him, don't you?"

After a pause she said, "It doesn't matter."

"Sometimes," he told her, "I almost wish we were back in the States. Back where there's no war, no death. . . ."

"I know what you mean. Things would seem saner. People—"

There was a tension between them neither of them understood. At last he said, "You've—you've helped to keep me sane, out here, Brooke. . . ."

JIM was alone at his desk the next day when Woody came in, greeted him with a flip, "Hi ya, pappy. How's tricks?"

"Hello, Woody. Just checking your records. Seems both the enemy and the squadron complain about you."

"I'm misunderstood. Fact is, I came to ask you to come down to town and have dinner with me tonight."

"Sorry. I've got a date already. With Brooke."

"Oh. Where're you going?"

"Place called Yee Sooks. No reason you shouldn't—"

"Come along with you?" Woody hesitated. "No, thanks. You go ahead."

That afternoon, when Brooke Elliott reached the orphanage, she was startled to find most of the children outside. The matron, somewhat ruffled, tried to explain. "There in the courtyard. Go see for yourself."

Woody. Woody giving the children a magic show. The matron, watching him perform his parlor tricks, beamed. "Isn't he remarkable?"

Brooke, paying no attention, told the matron to have the children come in. But the youngsters insisted on more magic. Woody said, "You see—I'm irresistible. You better get your work done, though. You don't want to miss that date tonight with Jim and me."

"And *you?*"

"I forgot to tell you. Jim sent me to pick you up."

Brooke said, "You're the freshest person I ever met."

Woody looked hurt. "After all I've done for the kiddies?"

"I am surprised at that, Woody. But if you plan to cling around me this afternoon—you'll have to work."

She kept him there the rest of the day, working with her.

YEE SOOK'S was crowded when they arrived that evening. Britishers and Eurasians and Chinese. Brooke had been there before with Jim. Tonight it seemed curiously more exciting. There was a juke box in the corner and Woody put in a coin and they danced.

She glanced over her shoulder toward the door. "I wish I knew what's keeping Jim."

"You know how he is. Busy man. Probably forgot."

"He'd send word."

They returned to their table. A waiter came with a message for Brooke. A note from Jim. New orders had just come through—he couldn't make it for dinner. She stared at the closing words, "See you tomorrow—and please forgive me. Love—Jim."

Woody read it over her shoulder. "Not walking out on me, are you, Brooke?"

"My date was with Jim."

"Have a heart on a guy. I'm used to my social life. Out here I—I might as well be locked in the cellar."

She regarded him thoughtfully. "Guess the going has been rough on you. I've heard things—"

"I can take it. But how about it, Brooke? We've both got to eat some place. Why not have dinner together?"

Brooke smiled. "All right, I'll stay."

A strange kind of party—one she wouldn't forget. Death and suffering, the savage struggle of their lives, were for one moment forgotten. It was all foolish-

ness and laughter. So much like the life she had known, years before, back in the States—

They were almost ready to leave. She found herself regretting it was over. Then she saw Woody for the first time was serious. "You like that lug, don't you?" he asked.

"Jim's been wonderful. Since my father died I've—I've needed someone."

"Going to marry him?"

"I don't know."

"Bet you won't. Not since I came into your life."

Her eyes were mocking. "Oh, yes. I'd forgotten."

"What's the matter with me?"

"Shall I tell you?" A hint of anger in her voice. "You're selfish, egotistical, unscrupulous and—and—"

"And I brought you back to life. Look at yourself, Brooke. You're human again. You've taken time out from being Florence Nightingale to laugh at a bum gag. To dance. You're—you're breathing."

A curious pain in her breast—and at the same moment a kind of exhilaration she couldn't understand.

They drove back to the air field later in the station wagon. Jouncing over the ancient, twisting road. A nearly full moon splashed silver on the jagged, darkened hills before them.

Deliberately he pulled back the brake, brought the car to a stop. They sat in silence. After a moment he said, pointing skyward, "I like to watch it better here—than up there."

Brooke said, "Marco Polo came through this route—hundreds of years ago."

"Must have been a long hop between gas stations." He held out a package. "Cigarette?"

He held the match for her, studied her face in its flickering light. "I'll let you in on something, Brooke. Jim doesn't know I'm with you tonight."

Brooke drew back. "Doesn't know?"

"I thought it'd be a good gag to have him show up at the restaurant and find me with his best girl."

"You should have told me."

"Then you would have walked out. Sore?"

"I should be. Only—I did enjoy it."

"Swell!" But his smile was gone. "Funny. You steal a moment out of time. A moment to laugh. Except that—the only time in my life I ever really fell—it happens to be my best friend's girl. What does that make me?"

"You shouldn't talk like that. You're—kidding."

But she could hear her own heart pounding. Woody said, "I'm not." He looked at her an instant. He reached out, drew her to him, his lips pressing against hers. Quickly, she pulled away. "Woody—"

He sat motionless a moment. Then he said, "Sorry, Brooke. Sorry. I—just kidding." Abruptly he turned on the ignition, his foot pressing against the starter.

HAP DAVIS was called to Jim's office the following afternoon. Jim's face was grim. "Bad news, Hap. Those medicos who gave you the once over. Your eyesight's gone, Hap. No use beating around the bush. You're—grounded."

Hap took it with a wry grin. "Okay, Skipper—if that's the way it is. Only I'd—kind of like to go out up there."

Jim didn't answer. Hap turned to leave. Then, at the door, he stopped. "Say, Jim, I don't like to carry tales. But your pal Woody—he's been boasting for some time about how crazy Brooke is about him. He took her out last night."

Jim's lips tightened. "It—it may be true. If that's the way it is—after all, it's her life, her happiness—"

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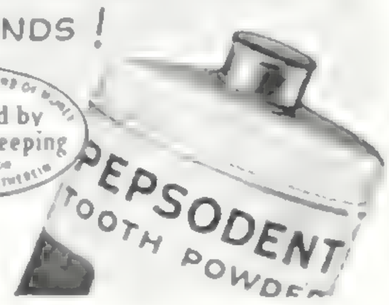
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Woody heard later that Hap had told Jim. Woody stopped Hap as he was leaving the barracks. "You mean—you told him I said she was crazy about me? Don't you realize I was only—kidding?"

Hap's eyes were icy. "Being the guy he is, all he cared about was her being happy. Even if it's a louse like—"

Woody said, "I've got to see Brooke."

ORDERS had come through the night before—they were on day and night patrol and all leaves were cancelled. The men were to stay at the field. But it didn't count. He had to see Brooke.

He found her at the orphanage. She was startled when she saw him. He didn't give her a chance to ask questions. "Brooke—I have to know something. The other night I didn't—you didn't—"

"Take you seriously, Woody?"

He nodded. She said. "I was flattered. It was—it was a moment out of time. A wonderful moment, maybe. But—"

"But you didn't fall for anything I said? Because it was just my way—just a line, Brooke. You're not—you're not going to hurt Jim, are you? See, Brooke, I was talking big—saying you fell for me. Saying I—but you understand. I didn't mean it—I wasn't—serious."

Only she knew he was lying. Knew it in the way he spoke, the warmth in his eyes as he looked at her. "I understand, Woody."

He smiled. He had to hurry. She watched him jump back into the car. But he was too late—when he reached the field. The night patrol had already left. Alabama regarded him mournfully. "They were sure sore you weren't here. Hap—he's been grounded on account of his eyes. He sneaked out to the plane you were supposed to take. Took it up. Jim thought you were in it."

Woody paled. "Hap—with his eyes—flying at night—"

Woody was waiting at the field when the ships came back. Only one was missing.

Hap's—

The pilots hurried to the barracks without even noticing Woody. Only Jim stopped, asked coldly, "Where were you?"

"I—I had something to do in town."

"Something to do in town. You left against orders. Hap took your place and was killed. And you had something to do in town! You're through, Woody. Cashiered. There's an army lorry out for Lashio in a few days. I'll see you're on it."

Woody swallowed. "I don't want to quit, Jim. I want to square it with the fellows—with Hap—you—"

Jim turned away, walked back to headquarters. Lost in his own thoughts, he stared down at his desk with unseeing eyes. Hardly noticing the open calendar with its date—December 7, 1941.

The United States at war with the Axis!

COLONEL LINDSEY, head of the A.V.G., arrived by transport plane the next morning. In Squadron Headquarters he went over the map of the terrain with Jim. "It's our fight now, Jim. We're in it all the way. And this first job is a beaut!"

An enemy ammunition train and a bridge it was to pass over had to be destroyed, to delay the Japs long enough to allow Chinese troops to take positions. "If a squadron attacked the train, enemy anti-aircraft would wipe them out. But one plane—one plane going around the back way, through the hills, might get through."

A smile lighted Jim's face. "Only one guy in all China can do that one. Me. I'll take the transport."

Chinese mechanic Mike let out a terrified yelp when he saw Jim putting the nitro into the transport plane. Jim soothed him. "It'll be all right, Mike. Keep your shirtee on."

Colonel Lindsey stood on the field as Jim climbed into the plane. He witnessed an astounding thing. As soon as Jim was inside, the door slammed shut, the motors of the plane started to roar and the ship began to move forward.

"Cut those engines," Jim yelled. "Who the devil—"

HE ran forward to the pilot's compartment. The plane was gathering speed. As he opened the door he drew back with a shock. Woody was sitting placidly at the controls.

"Sit down, pappy. Which way do we go?"

"How the blazes did you get here?"

"Gave the sentry double talk. He thought I was the general."

"Get this plane back on the field and get out."

"No soap, Jim. Besides, what do you know about flying a transport? That's my business. You point the way—I'll drive."

"You've even lost the brains you were born with. You know what's riding back there?"

"Ought to. Nearly broke my neck falling over it."

Jim growled. "Okay, wise guy. We'll hit for the hills."

They rode in silence. Dodging behind

the unpeopled hills to the north, flying so low at times they skimmed the tree tops. After a while Woody asked, "Talked with Brooke lately?"

"It's all right, Woody. Whatever she does—I want her to be happy. She's had it tough."

"She's going to be happy. Because you're in love with her—and she loves you."

"Loves me?" In spite of himself, there was excitement in Jim's voice. "How do you know? I thought—"

"I know. You heard what Hap said. He heard me boasting about—my conquest. That's a joke. You know what I am—talk big, never mean any of it. She thinks I'm amusing. But truth is—she wants somebody real. And—Lord knows why—she thinks you're it."

"She—told you that?"

"Sure she told me. Listen pal, I know dames, see—and you don't. A dame—she has to have her heart explained to her, half the time. It was going out with me, seeing what I was like, that showed her what a real guy you are."

They looked at each other and a smile spread over Jim's face. "Woody—okay!"

"Right. And while we're about it—let's give this Tokyo chu-chu a going over."

They came out of the hills. Jim was peering through the window. The bridge was supposed to be beneath them—but it wasn't in sight. "We've overshot it," he said. "It must be behind us—"

"But we didn't miss the chu-chu!" Woody pointed to a long line of trains—so small they looked like toys—creeping along the track below them.

At the same instant, the anti-aircraft guns spotted the plane and started to blast at them. A shell struck one of the wings, flinging Jim across the plane. Woody fought at the controls. Another shell broke near by. The port motor burst into flames.

Jim said tersely, "It's a dead pigeon, Woody. Set the controls and bail out."

"Don't want to give up after we've come this far. If I could reach that train—"

Woody was trying to get the starboard motor started. Jim cried out angrily, "Hit the silk, I tell you."

A burst of flame in the cockpit drove Woody back toward Jim. As Woody staggered back he tightened his lip—Jim mustn't know. Mustn't know that part of the shell had struck him, that—

He grit his teeth. "You—you go first!"

"Do as I say," Jim ordered. "Jump."

JIM was standing by the door—ready to go. Woody deliberately flung his body against Jim, catching him off guard. He saw Jim pitch through the door, twisting crazily. He watched then, watched as the parachute fluttered open. Jim would be all right. Jim would be safe—

There were only seconds. He could feel the hot blood from the wound. His eyes glazed—his hand wiped across them. Only seconds. . . .

He put the ship into a glide. He could see the train clearly now. Heading straight for it, flames pouring out of the ship's engines, wings shattering as the anti-aircraft continued to blast away.

Now it was closer. "Hold your nose, baby," he muttered. Six tons of T.N.T. Six tons of hell—

Jim saw. Saw the ship in that graceful, terrifying glide. Saw what Woody was doing—heading the ship straight into the train. Jim twisted and turned as the parachute drifted earthward.

"Woody—Woody!"

In the distance, a detonation, rising with deafening roar over the countryside, echoing and reverberating. And then silence.

At squadron headquarters, Jim Gordon found a letter from Woody. A mist came over Jim's eyes as he read it. Woody had known—with that sixth sense of flyers—that it would be his last trip upstairs. He'd explained about how he and Brooke weren't serious, how it hadn't meant anything really. Explained why he hadn't been at the field when Hap went up.

Brooke was standing across the room as he read it and he looked up and tried to smile. "Woody—telling me he—you weren't—"

But Brooke had come toward him and she put her arms around him now and her lips against his.

"Woody—Woody was right, Jim."

THEY brought in a new recruit a few days later. A young man he was, with sandy hair and a boyish grin. He hadn't flown much. He seemed a little scared.

Jim shook hands with him and they talked about flying and then Jim reached in his desk drawer and brought out a faded scarf with Chinese letters—letters identifying the wearer as a member of the Flying Tigers.

"You'll wear this one," Jim said quietly. "I hope—you'll always be worthy of the man who wore it before you."

The young man seemed impressed. "He was—he was a good flyer?"

Jim said, "Sure. Tops. Only better than that. Sort of—sort of a hero. That's all. There's work to be done."

The young man started for the field. Jim turned to his desk. Minutes later, he could hear the droning roar of the engines as the fighters lifted into the sky.

THE END

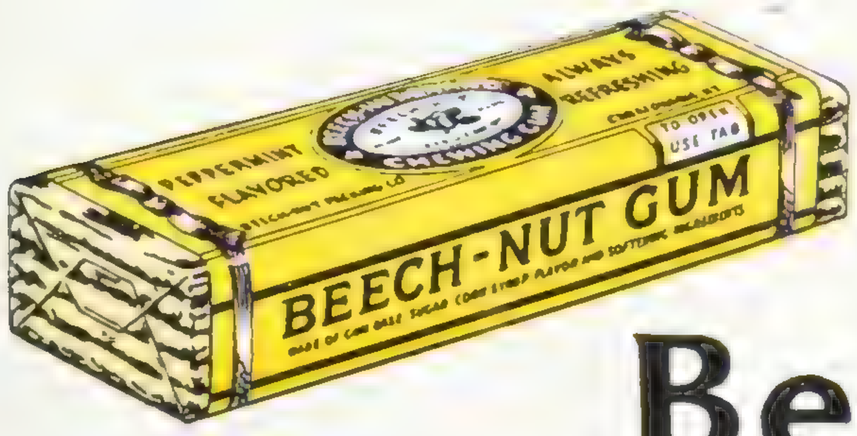
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Paulette Goddard—Woman of Daring

(*Continued from page* 29) twenty-one. She had been married at the ripe old age of sixteen or seventeen to the son of a wealthy lumber family in North Carolina. But Paulette never talked about her four years there with the "horsey" set. Nor did she speak of the preceding era when as a youngster of fourteen she went to work to support herself and her mother, despite the presence of a father somewhere in the scene; a father who most dramatically announced his presence to the world not so long ago when he attempted to haul his famous daughter into court for insufficient support.

Somewhere along in there she had managed a brief brush with the theater, notably the "Follies," enough anyway so that she could sell Hal Roach on the idea of putting her under contract. In those days she had startling platinum hair and Hal was definitely allergic to platinum, having just passed Jean Harlow magnanimously over to Metro and to his everlasting sorrow. Goddard didn't get far in the Roach studio but she did all right outside garnering a reputation for herself as the chorus girl who came to work in an imported car. Though her roles were the smallest, her clothes were of the finest.

Charlie spotted her on the set of Eddie Cantor's picture, "The Kid From Spain," and straightway determined to make her his next leading lady. They were seen everywhere together.

THEN came the famous trip around the world in Charlie's yacht. Rumors as thick as a California fog surrounded them. They were married, they weren't married, they were going to be married—well, if they weren't, they should be. Accounts came back of their adventures in the China seas.

Everybody knew they visited Canton. But not until years later was anyone to know the significance of that Chinese city in the lives of Goddard and Chaplin, not until newspaper reports from a Mexican town just over the California border stated that Paulette had obtained her freedom from Charlie.

Meantime, Charlie, true to his word, was indefatigably grooming his find for stardom. There were voice lessons, diction lessons, foreign language lessons, coaches, coaches, coaches. "Modern Times" made its appearance and, with it, Chaplin's new leading woman. She was good. But after that brief emergence she seemed to disappear from the scene. So had the other women who had been Chaplin's leading ladies.

If that were Chaplin's intentions, to give this frank and witty companion a brief glimpse of stardom and then drop the curtain again, he underestimated the temper of the blade he had chosen to fence with. For Paulette had daring—and an insatiable desire to win.

OTHER romances came and went, other stars fell in love and were married and divorced, but the Goddard-Chaplin romance continued to hold the center of the stage and since we seldom saw Chaplin and often saw Miss Goddard, we fixed our attention upon her. She missed the coveted role of *Scarlett O'Hara* by a few minutes and we talked of that. She was seen here and there with groups—often with several admiring gentlemen—but there is always safety in numbers and Miss Goddard was probably well aware of that. If there was scandal both in the fact that we didn't know whether she was Chaplin's wife or merely his "best friend" and in her rather unconventional freedom with other men, she carried it with a high head and a high hand.

Now it is perfectly certain that when two people *are* married and do not take the world into their confidence, their relationship *must* suggest the scandalous. The love and intimacy which their marriage gives them legal right to enjoy cannot but be commented upon scandalously if the world thinks they are not married. Pretty Paulette Goddard was the lady of Hollywood's school for scandal all right, because we were sure that she was either his wife or his constant companion—and if she was his wife, why not say so?

Thus she gained the benefit of constant public attention, of a sort of glamour and excitement that always had surrounded ladies of the theater who were also heroines of a great love affair since the days of Nell Gwynne and before.

And the clever Miss Goddard could take it and smile behind her hand because all the time she knew that she was a thoroughly respectable married woman, all the time she knew of that legal ceremony in Canton that made her a wife.

Oh, it was a dangerous game, for nobody ever knows just how the public may react to being fooled, being mystified; but Miss Goddard is the type to enjoy danger and her ace in the hole—her marriage—was unbeatable.

THEN came a night when Miss Goddard somehow or other went a little too far. It nearly always happens. And it is also true that when scandal hovers over a girl, no matter how false or unjust, she will get severely blamed for things that a quieter and more conservative young lady can get away with. We still believe that where there is so much smoke there must be a little fire.

Upon this night there seems to be agreement that Miss Goddard indulged in a few pranks at a popular night club. All of it may have been just high spirits and wild fun, but it was enough to stun the spectators who maybe were not themselves having such a good time. It was the proverbial straw and Miss Goddard suffered for the scandalous tales about her and Chaplin. Everybody was instantly sure that she wasn't married to him and never had been, and this would be the end, and even if they were married surely Chaplin would now get a divorce.

Far from otherwise. Mr. Chaplin not only didn't get a divorce. He took Miss Goddard to New York and for the first time upon a public stage, with a lovely gesture of chivalry and protection, introduced her to a goggle-eyed first-night New York audience as "My wife." With one superb dramatic scene he rescued her from threatened disaster, he dragged her up to the pinnacle of respectable fame, he flung about her the cloak of marriage and of affection and even more—for his very air said that she had kept the secret at his behest. He made of her a heroine who had sacrificed her own good name momentarily to follow the desire of her husband for secrecy.

Now you would think that this brought down the curtain upon a happy romance—the pretty young wife sheltered in the arms of her lawful protector.

Instead, after a year, we get news that Mrs. Chaplin has filed suit for divorce.

You see, the point is that Chaplin has never really wanted to be married, he

is no more suited to matrimony than most other geniuses. He might endure it when it was secret and mysterious and scandalously exciting, but once it becomes an open and prosaic fact and he is expected to behave like an everyday husband—he's gone.

YEARS ago, Charlie and I found ourselves with the last of a brilliant party in the studio of a famous painter.

It was a moment for good talk, for confidential tales. I will never forget the little story Charlie told me then of his first love, the little blonde girl of the London music halls who won his heart when he was just an unknown and not very successful funny man in vaudeville. He came to America and became the greatest of all movie stars and when he went back to the land of his birth, back to London in such triumph as few have ever known, he couldn't ever find her, though he tried.

With this exception, I do not think Charlie has ever failed to win any woman he cared about, and that is more than can be said of many a great lover.

I remember interviewing Mildred Harris shortly after she married Chaplin. Oh, she was lovely enough and a nice girl, but as I sat talking to her that morning when she was a bride, in the mansion Charlie had bought for her, I was stunned. It seemed to me impossible that this could last.

Their baby didn't live—and afterwards they got a divorce and Mildred just faded out of the picture and out of pictures, too.

HIS second wife was as young and as beautiful. California Spanish, with liquid black eyes and olive-rose skin, and her name was Lita Grey. They had two sons and Charlie didn't make a star of her, either.

My most vivid picture of that marriage is at a costume ball given by Marion Davies in the magnificent ballroom of the Ambassador Hotel and of Charlie and Lita Grey as Napoleon and his Creole Empress Josephine. It had always been Charlie's ambition to play Napoleon and he gave a performance that night none of us will forget.

Their marriage was as ill-fated as that of the couple they so vividly portrayed. Lita got a divorce and for a time she did well enough on the stage and now she has two grown Chaplin boys and she is well cared for and always speaks well of her former husband.

And next came Paulette Goddard. The clever and gamin little Goddard who played her cards so magnificently, who made herself a great name and who, when ultimately she got an opportunity to display her very real talents, proved beyond question her right to the stardom she had fought so daringly to win.

I don't think there is anything personal in their divorce.

Chaplin has always been a dreamer seeking what doesn't exist. He wants the companionship and excitement and brain power of an older, wiser woman. He has never in his life been satisfied with anything—his work, his pictures, his life, his marriages.

Paulette wanted his wisdom, his fame, his unmatchable moods of personality.

Some Hollywood marriages succeed. His strangely secret marriage had no chance to last. But the woman who dared to live this strangely secret marriage has not only a chance, she is almost certain of attaining the goal of stardom of which she has always dreamed.

THE END.



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What Hollywood Thinks of Jean Arthur

(*Continued from page* 49) around. Jean was getting quite a kick out of it until she noticed that the crew out in the field holding the reflectors and at other jobs couldn't hear the singing. So she sneaked off in search of the head of the sound department. Twenty minutes later a P. A. system was rigged up so that everybody shared in the entertainment. And Jean was happy because nobody had caught her at it!"

Discovering people in Hollywood who don't approve of Jean Arthur is no job at all. Just find someone who has come into casual contact with her and the chances are you have your man—or woman.

Grace Huntly, a former studio wardrobe worker who is now a successful dress designer on her own, says, "I don't know how Jean Arthur is out on a set, but in a fitting room she's a female Simon Legree. She cracks the whip and drives you unmercifully. She wants everything done *right now*, is impatient in fittings and exacting in her requirements. She knows exactly what she wants, expects you to know, too, and is intolerant of mistakes. Arthur expects to be dressed as fast as a fireman and get results like Dietrich's.

"And if she doesn't she can be awfully frank in criticizing."

BUT at least two of the workers most likely to feel the lash of Jean's impatience and intolerance protest that these complaints are not justified.

Make-up man Freddie Phillips has worked on most of the outstanding stars in his fourteen years in pictures. He worked with Jean on her present hit, "The Talk Of The Town." He says.

"I have never worked with a nicer or more considerate person than Jean Arthur. It is true that she demands efficiency and that she doesn't want anybody around her who isn't alert.

"If you're not a fast worker you get in her way," explains Freddie. "What most stars take two hours to do she does in one half-hour. She is able to make herself up perfectly and uses me only because I can save her a few minutes. You certainly can't expect a woman who is geared to that speed to let slow, uncertain workers get under her feet.

"But it isn't true about her being intolerant of mistakes. If you're doing your best she'll not only ignore mistakes, but will actually take the rap for them.

"Vitality drives Jean," continued Freddie Phillips. "She has so much nervous energy that she does a dozen different things to keep down the pressure. Besides her work and an amazing amount of reading, she takes care of her home and gardens. She raises practically all the flowers she has around the house and operates her own hothouse.

"She has an amazing range of interests and understands things no one would expect to interest a girl, such as mechanics, the calibers and types of guns and the like."

We carried our search for the low-down on Arthur into Columbia's many-mirrored hairdressing department, presided over by Helen Hunt.

"Jean is the frankest person in the world," began Helen. "If she likes a thing she tells you and if she doesn't she tells you.

"Jean likes to have her own way—but she believes other people are entitled to their way, too. That's why Jean and her husband Frank Ross get along

"ARE HUSBANDS NECESSARY?"

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...as long as they're other women's husbands!"... says Myra (*Patricia Morison*), Mr. Cugat's (*Ray Milland*) old flame. "After all, life's too long to live it all with one man!"

"Are Husbands Necessary?"

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Directed by NORMAN TAUROG
Screen Play by Tess Slesinger and Frank Davis

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

so beautifully. They don't try to make each other share their different tastes. Jean doesn't like partying, but she encourages Mr. Ross to go out and then asks him all about it when he gets home. That system has been working perfectly for about ten years—so it can't be wrong.

"Jean isn't a mixer and it's not easy for her to make friends. But once they're made she keeps them. She is fanatically loyal."

THE habit of forming opinions of how other people do their jobs and interfering with them is one of Hollywood's complaints about Jean.

"Jean Arthur," explained one studio worker, when we promised not to use his name, "snoops into everything. She likes to run the whole show. You never know when she's going to decide you aren't doing your job the way it should be done and insist that somebody else take your place.

"Extras and bit players complain that Jean Arthur doesn't pay enough attention to them. But we'd love it if she'd forget to notice us, too."

Charles Bimbo, "Bimbo the Clown" of vaudeville fame, is a familiar figure to millions of Americans.

While Bimbo was doing his handy-man chores on the "Arizona" set a little female dog adopted him. "I don't know what kind she was," explained Bimbo, "but she was low-slung like a dachshund and hairy like a Scottie."

That dog followed Bimbo, and four or five other dogs followed her. Pretty soon few of the dogs would pay any attention to anybody but Bimbo.

"It goes on like that," said Bimbo, "until one day a lady comes up and starts talking dogs to me. She wanted to know where a certain dog was that was going to have pups. 'If you find her,' she says, 'bring her to my trailer and I'll have my maid take care of her.'

"I figured she was just some picture dame trying to put on airs. So I asked somebody who the blonde was.

"'Don't you know?' they asked like they thought I was crazy. 'That's Jean Arthur, the star.'

"Oh, I thought, in that case I can find the dog. So I took the dog over to her.

"Next day she wanted to feed some dogs and found they were out of dog food and there wouldn't be any until evening. That made her mad, and she sent for me.

"'Bimbo,' she said, 'from now on I want you to see that there is always plenty of feed for the animals. If there isn't, come to me.'

"From then on she met me each morning about fifteen minutes after she got on the set and we'd look over the animals together.

"Just before we finished at the location Jean told everybody in the company to pick the dog they wanted to take home. The company had got about fifty dogs from the Tucson pound and Jean didn't intend they should go back. I picked the little low-slung female that had been following me and she gave me $25 to buy food for it."

TAMARA GEVA, the famous dancer, first met Jean Arthur at a party in New York, when Tamara was in the play, "Three's A Crowd."

Regarding Jean, Tamara says: "I've never found Jean hard to get along with. She isn't good at small talk—shy people never are. But give her something interesting to talk about and you'll find she has plenty to say.

"She is very sincere and impulsive. About two years ago we met at a mutual



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(from a letter by G. L. K., Phoenix, Ariz.)

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(from a letter by C. C. J., Longview, Texas)

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(from a letter by Pvt. H. F. W., Jefferson Barracks, Mo.)

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friend's house and were talking about something that interested her. She said she would like to talk to me more about it. I naturally assumed she was just being polite.

"NEXT evening Jean called me. I told her I was leaving for New York the next morning.

"She said 'I'll come right over'; and jumped in her car, just as she was—in dungaree slacks. She had been working in her garden.

"I'm very fond of Jean—because when she says a thing she means it. Years ago she discovered that her mother had a yearning for a certain type of house and furniture. Jean said she'd get her something just like that someday.

"So for years she clipped pictures of furniture, closets, bookcases and other things that went to make the type of a home her mother wanted.

"Finally she had a whole bookful of pictures of things her mother had admired. She took these to an architect, a cabinet maker and a furniture manufacturer and had a house built for her mother, incorporating all the things and furniture she had wanted."

Our investigation finally reached the fellow in whose side Jean Arthur is not only a thorn, but a giant cactus—the publicity man. For Columbia's blonde prize has never been catnip to the Fourth Estate. She has always been sand in the writers' spinach. News photographers break down and cry at the mention of her name.

Long-suffering among the publicity men was Bob Fender, now with Warner Brothers, but formerly of Columbia. For years he thought Jean was a problem, then he witnessed an incident that showed him Jean Arthur's true nature.

"When Jean was on the 'Arizona' location," Bob relates, "a lot of poor little Mexican kids came around. These kids were so poor they didn't even have a dog and a Mexican without a dog is a sad sight. So Jean went to the pound and got dogs for them and gave each enough food to last his dog a couple of months.

"Naturally, she forgot about it. It simply seemed to her the right thing to do and nothing to remember.

ABOUT five months later when we were at Tucson for the premiere I called at the hotel to take Jean to the train. As we walked through the lobby a lot of little Mexican kids came up to her in a group. They were the ones she had given the dogs to.

"They had made presents for her—little baskets with pictures of their mother or father or the dog she had given them stuck on them, bright little mirrors they had made for her and brightly colored little cloth presents. They had put their names 'Jesus,' 'Gomez,' 'Rosia,' 'Maria' on them. All the presents had been put into a large clothesbasket and they set that at Jean's feet.

"She knelt down on the lobby floor to look through the basket and began to cry.

"She cried all the way to the train.

"She sat in her stateroom with tears running down her cheeks as we pulled out of the station. She knew that the presents those kids had given her represented a lot of work. They hadn't forgotten her—and had been waiting five months to show their appreciation.

"I often wish some of the people I've heard knocking Jean Arthur could have seen her then."

THE END



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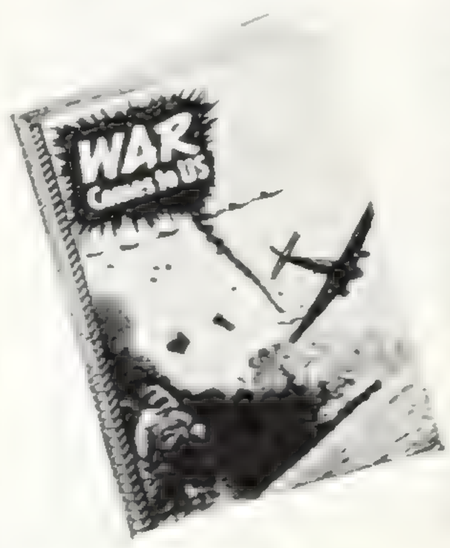
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Casts of Current Pictures

"CROSSROADS"—M-G-M: *David Talbot,* William Powell; *Lucienne Talbot,* Hedy Lamarr; *Michele Allaine,* Claire Trevor; *Henri Sarrou,* Basil Rathbone; *Mme. Pelletier,* Margaret Wycherly; *Dr. Andre Tessier,* Felix Bressart; *Dr. Alex Dubroc,* Sig Ruman; *Prosecuting Attorney,* H. B. Warner; *Commissaire,* Philip Merivale; *Carlos Le Duc,* Vladimir Sokoloff; *President of Court,* Guy Bates Post; *Deval,* Fritz Leiber; *Baron de Lorrain,* John Mylong; *Defense Attorney,* Frank Conroy; *Martin,* James Rennie; *Pierre,* Bertram Marburgh; *Asst. Defense Attorney,* Harry Fleischman.

"EAGLE SQUADRON" — Wanger-Universal: *Chuck Brewer,* Robert Stack; *Anne Partridge,* Diana Barrymore; *Paddy Carson,* John Loder; *Leckie,* Eddie Albert; *McKinnon,* Nigel Bruce; *Johnny Coe,* Leif Erikson; *Wadislaw Borowsky* Edgar Barrier; *Hank Starr,* Jon Hall; *Nancy Mitchell,* Evelyn Ankers; *Dame Elizabeth Whitby,* Isobel Elsom; *Aunt Emmeline,* Gladys Cooper; *Olesen,* Alan Hale, Jr.; *Ramsey,* Don Porter; *Meeker,* Edmund Glover; *Bell,* Stanley Smith; *Barker,* Howard Banks; *Griffith,* Richard Crane; *Chandler,* Clarence Straight; *White,* Richard Davies; *Welch,* Harold Landon; *Meyers,* Todd Karns; *Chubby,* Charles King, Jr.; *Hoskins,* Donald Stuart; *Grenfall,* Frederick Worlock; *Air Minister,* Stanley Ridges; *Bullock,* Robert Warwick; *Lieutenant Jefferys,* Richard Fraser; *Major Severn,* Gavin Muir; *Private Owen,* Harold de Becker; *Sergeant Johns,* Rhys Williams; *Sir James Partridge,* Paul Cavanagh; *The Kid,* Gene Reynolds; *Black Watch Officer,* Alan Napier; *Phyllis,* Jill Esmond; *Bridget,* Queenie Leonard; *Day Controller,* Olaf Hytten; *Sir Charles Porter,* Ian Wolfe; *Lubbock,* Carl Harbord; *Sir Benjamin Trask,* Charles Irwin; *A Mother,* Mary Carr; *Georgie,* Simon Olivier; *Billy,* William Severn; *A Little Girl,* Linda Bieber.

"FLIGHT LIEUTENANT"—Columbia: *Sam Doyle,* Pat O'Brien; *Danny Doyle,* Glenn Ford; *Susie Thompson,* Evelyn Keyes; *Sanford,* Jonathan Hale; *Major Thompson,* Minor Watson; *Father Carlos,* Frank Puglia; *Larsen,* Edward Pawley; *Becker,* Gregory Gay; *Scanlon,* Clancy Cooper; *Carey,* Trevor Bardette; *Foulet,* Marcel Dalio; *Jackson,* John Gallaudet; *Sandy Roth,* Larry Parks; *Bill Robbins,* Lloyd Bridges; *John McGinnis,* Hugh Beaumont; *Danny Doyle,* Douglas Croft.

"FRIENDLY ENEMIES"—Small-U. A.: *Karl Pfeiffer,* Charles Winninger; *Henry Block,* Charles Ruggles; *William Pfeiffer,* James Craig; *June Block,* Nancy Kelly; *Anton Miller,* Otto Kruger; *Mrs. Pfeiffer,* Ilka Gruning; *Gretchen,* Greta Meyer; *Inspector McCarty,* Addison Richards; *Braun,* Charles Lane; *Schnitzler,* John Piffle; *Nora,* Ruth Holly.

"GAY SISTERS, THE"—Warners: *Fiona Gaylord,* Barbara Stanwyck; *Charles Barclay,* George Brent; *Evelyn Gaylord,* Geraldine Fitzgerald; *Ralph Pedloch,* Donald Crisp; *Gig Young,* Gig Young; *Susanna Gaylord,* Nancy Coleman; *Herschell Gibbon,* Gene Lockhart; *Austin,* Larry Simms; *Penn Sutherland Gaylord,* Donald Woods; *Gilbert Wheeler,* Grant Mitchell; *Dick Tone,* William T. Orr.

"IN OLD CALIFORNIA"—Republic: *Tom Craig,* John Wayne; *Lacey Miller,* Binnie Barnes; *Britt Dawson,* Albert Dekker; *Ellen Sanford,* Helen Parrish; *Helga,* Patsy Kelly; *Kegs McKeever,* Edgar Kennedy; *Joe Dawson,* Dick Purcell; *Mr. Carlin,* Harry Shannon; *Mr. Hayes,* Charles Halton; *Whitey,* Emmett Lynn; *Mr. Bates,* Bob McKenzie; *Mr. Tompkins,* Milt Kibbee; *Chick,* Paul Hilton; *Mrs. Tompkins,* Anne O'Neal.

"MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS, THE"—RKO Radio: *Eugene,* Joseph Cotten; *Isabel,* Dolores Costello; *Lucy,* Anne Baxter; *George,* Tim Holt; *Fanny,* Agnes Moorehead; *Jack,* Ray Collins; *Ronson,* Erskine Sanford; *Major Amberson,* Richard Bennett; *Wilbur Minafer,* Don Dillaway.

"MAGNIFICENT DOPE, THE"—20th Century-Fox: *Tad Page,* Henry Fonda; *Claire Harris,* Ann Bari; *Dwight Dawson,* Don Ameche; *Horace Hunter,* Edward Everett Horton; *Barker,* George Barbier; *Messenger,* Frank Orth; *Secretary,* Rosanne Murray; *Sadie,* Kitty McHugh; *Jenny,* Maria Canty; *Albert Gowdy,* Hobart Cavanaugh; *Charlie,* Hal K. Dawson; *Mrs. Hunter,* Josephine Whittell; *Fire Engine Salesman,* Arthur Loft; *Reporter,* Chick Chandler; *Peters,* Paul Stanton; *Secretary,* Claire DuBrey; *Mr. Reindel,* William Davidson; *Mitchell,* Harry Hayden; *Carson,* Pierre Watkin.

"MAISIE GETS HER MAN"—M-G-M: *Maisie Revier,* Ann Sothern; *"Hap" Hixby,* Red Skelton; *Cecil,* Leo Gorgey; *"Pappy" Goodring,* Allen Jenkins; *Mr. Stickwell,* Donald Meek; *Mr. Marshall J. Denningham,* Lloyd Corrigan; *Jasper,* Walter Catlett; *Professor Orco,* Fritz Feld; *Percy Dodd,* Ben Weldon; *"Ears" Coffin,* "Rags" Ragland; *Art Giffman,* Frank Jenks; *Elsie,* Pamela Blake.

"MOONLIGHT MASQUERADE"—Republic: *Alan Bennett, Jr.,* Dennis O'Keefe; *Vicki Forrester,* Lynne Frazee; *Nikki Marquette,* Betty Kean; *Lord Percy Tickledcrry,* Eddie Foy, Jr.; *Count Eric,* Otto Verebes; *Fairchild,* Franklin Pangborn; *John Bennett, Sr.,* Paul Harvey; *Robert Forrester,* Jed Prouty; *Miss Mink,* Tommye Adams; *Miss Ransey,* Miss Adrian, and "The Three Chocolateers."

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"NIGHT IN NEW ORLEANS"—Paramount: *Steven Abbott,* Preston Foster; *Ethel Abbott,* Patricia Morison; *Lieutenant Richards,* Albert Dekker; *Edward Wallace,* Charles Butterworth; *Shadrach Jones,* Dooley Wilson; *Sergeant Riordan,* Paul Hurst; *Janet Price,* Jean Phillips; *Harry Vickers,* Charles Williams; *Dan Odell,* Cecil Kellaway; *George Wallace,* William Wright; *Carney,* Noble Johnson; *Carlson,* Joseph Pope; *Madame Lamballe,* Yola D'Avril; *Taxi Driver,* George Chandler; *Tony Croupier,* Henry Brandon; *Grady (Driver of Police Car),* Lee Phelps; *Sergeant Bliss,* Arthur Loft; *Dr. Brady,* Harry Hayden.

"PACIFIC RENDEZVOUS"—M-G-M: *Lieutenant Bill Gordon,* Lee Bowman; *Elaine Carter,* Jean Rogers; *Olivia Kerlov,* Mona Maris; *Andre Leemuth,* Carl Esmond; *Commander Charles Brennan,* Paul Cavanagh; *Mrs. Savarina,* Blanche Yurka; *John Carter,* Russell Hicks; *Professor Harvey Lessmore,* Arthur Shields; *Lanny,* William Post, Jr.; *Jasper Dean,* William Tannen; *Dr. Jackwin,* Frederic Worlock; *Kestrin,* Curt Bois; *De Segroff,* Felix Basch; *Gordon Trisby,* Addison Richards; *Secretary of the Navy,* Edward Fielding.

"PIED PIPER, THE"—20th Century-Fox: *Howard,* Monty Woolley; *Ronnie,* Roddy McDowall; *Nicole Rougeron,* Anne Baxter; *Major Diessen* Otto Preminger; *Aristide Rougeron,* J. Carrol Naish; *Mr. Cavanaugh,* Lester Matthews; *Mrs. Cavanaugh,* Jill Esmond; *Madame,* Ferike Boros; *Sheila,* Peggy Ann Garner; *Willem,* Merrill Rodin; *Pierre,* Maurice Tauzin; *Rose,* Fleurette Zama; *Frenchman,* William Edmunds; *Focquet,* Marcel Dalio; *Madame Bonne,* Marcelle Corday; *Madame Rougeron,* Odette Myrtil; *Railroad Official,* Jean Del Val; *Lieutenant,* Robert O. Davis; *Military Police,* Henry Rowland; *Aide,* Helmut Dantine; *Barman,* George Davis.

"PRIVATE BUCKAROO"—Universal: *Andrews Sisters,* Andrews Sisters; *Lon Prentice,* Dick Foran; *Lancelot Pringle McBiff,* Joe E. Lewis; *Joyce Mason,* Jennifer Holt; *Sergeant "Muggsy" Shavel,* Shemp Howard; *Lieutenant Mason,* Richard Davies; *Bonnie-Belle,* Mary Wickes; *Colonel Weatherford,* Ernest Truex; *Donny,* Donald O'Connor; *Peggy,* Peggy Ryan; and Harry James and his orchestra.

"RUBBER RACKETEER"—Monogram: *Gillin,* Ricardo Cortez; *Nikki,* Rochelle Hudson; *Bill Barry,* Bill Henry; *Mary Dale,* Barbara Read; *Dumbo,* John Abbot; *Mule,* Dick Rich; *Larkin,* Dewey Robinson; *Freddy Dale,* Sam Edwards; *Tom,* Kam Gong; *Angel,* Milburn Stone; *Curly,* Pat Gleason; *Butch,* Alec Callam.

"SHIP AHOY"—M-G-M: *Tallulah Winters,* Eleanor Powell; *Merton K. Kibble,* Red Skelon; *"Skip" Owens,* Bert Lahr; *Fran Evans,* Virginia O'Brien; *H. U. Bennet,* William Post, Jr.; *"Stump",* James Cross; *"Stumpy",* Eddie Hartman; *Art Higgins,* Stuart Crawford; *Dr. Farno,* John Emery; *Pietro Polesi,* Bernard Nedell, and Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra.

"SWEATER GIRL" — Paramount: *Ja Mitchell,* Eddie Bracken; *Susan Lawson,* Ju Preisser; *Martin Lawson,* Phillip Terry; *Mrs. M nard,* Frieda Inescort; *Louise Menard,* Betty Ja Rhodes; *Professor Henry Menard,* Nils Asthe *Patsy Connors,* Ella Neal; *Miles Tucker,* Kenn Howell; *"Happy" Dudley,* Bill Henry; *Johnny A nold,* Johnny Johnston.

"TALES OF MANHATTAN"—20th Centur Fox: *Orman,* Charles Boyer; *Ethel,* Rita Haywort *Diane,* Ginger Rogers; *George,* Henry Fond *Charles Smith,* Charles Laughton; *Browne,* E ward G. Robinson; *Luke,* Paul Robeson; *Esth* Ethel Waters; *Rev. Lazarus,* Eddie (Rocheste Anderson; *Halloway,* Thomas Mitchell; *Luth* Eugene Pallette; *Harry,* Cesar Romero; *Ellen,* G Patrick; *Edgar,* Rol[illegible] Mar Martin; *Mrs. Smith,* [illegible]; *Attor* lini, Victor Francen; [illegible]; *"Father" Joe,* James Gleason; [illegible]; Harry Davenport; *Hank* [illegible] Costello, J. Carrol Naish; *The* [illegible] themselves; *Secondhand clothes* [illegible] Orth; *Wilson,* Christian Rub; *Piccolo* [illegible] Arno; *David,* Harry Hayden; *Judge,* [illegible] krum; *Henderson,* Don Dou[illegible]; [illegible] Marsh; *Grandpa,* Clarence M[illegible]; [illegible] George Reed; *Nicodemus,* Cordell Hickma *"Spud" Johnson,* Paul Renay; [illegible] Lynn; *Grandmother,* Adeline DeWalt Reynol *Actress,* Helene Reynolds.

"THEY ALL KISSED THE BRIDE"—Colu bia: *Margaret J. Drew,* Joan Crawford; *Mich Holmes,* Melvyn Douglas; *Marsh,* Roland You *Mrs. Drew,* Billie Burke; *Johnny Johnson,* Al *Jenkins; Crane,* Andrew Tombes; *Vivian Dr* Helen Parrish; *Mahony,* Emory Parnell; *Su Johnson,* Mary Treen; *Secretary,* Nydia Westm *Dr. Cassell,* Ivan Simpson; *Stephen Pettingi* Roger Clark; *Private Policeman,* Edward Garg

"WINGS FOR THE EAGLE"—Warne *Roma Maple,* Ann Sheridan; *Corky Jones,* Den Morgan; *Brad Maple,* Jack Carson; *Jakye Han* George Tobias; *Pete Hanso,* Russell Arms; *Borden,* Don DeFore; *Tom "Cyclone" Shaw,* To Fadden; *Johnson,* John Ridgely; *Stark,* Frank W *Cox; Personnel Man,* George Meeker; *Miss Baxte* Fay Helm; *Midget,* Billy Curtis; *Policeman,* Emo Parnell; *Motorcycle Officer,* Edgar Dearing.

"YANKEE DOODLE DANDY"—Warne *George M. Cohan,* James Cagney; *Mary,* Joan L lie; *Jerry Cohan,* Walter Huston; *Sam Har* Richard Whorf; *Fay Templeton,* Irene Mannin *Dietz,* George Tobias; *Nellie Cohan,* Rosemary L Camp; *Josie Cohan,* Jeanne Cagney; *Sin* Frances Langford; *Erlanger,* George Barb *Schwab,* S. Z. Sakall; *Theatre Manager,* Wa Catlett; *George M. Cohan, As a Boy of 13,* Doug Croft; *Eddie Foy,* Eddie Foy, Jr.; *Albee,* Mi Watson; *Goff,* Chester Clute; *Madame Barth* Odette Myril; *Josie Cohan, As a Girl of 12,* Pat Lee Parsons; *Capt. Jack Young,* The President.

The Shadow Stage

(*Continued from page 24*)

✓✓ Tales Of Manhattan (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The adventures of a man's dress suit.*

TWO producers, Boris Morros and S. P. Eagle, had an idea: They would tell the story of an elegant dress suit from the moment it left the tailor shop down through its life and times to its ultimate finish.

They have told their story well in complete and separate episodes with an arresting and, shall we say, awe-inspiring cast. Some episodes are gay, some tragic and some stronger than others, but all are composites of a delightfully different movie.

Rita Hayworth, Charles Boyer and Thomas Mitchell begin the story, with Mr. Boyer's elegant new suit getting itself thoroughly molested right off. The contents of its pockets bring on an amazing heart-switcheroo among Henry Fonda, Ginger Rogers and Cesar Romero, before it travels on to bring tears and laughter to Charles Laughton and his wife Elsa Lanchester, and to bring an equal measure of hope and despair to Edward G. Robinson before its finish as a scarecrow in a sharecroppers' settl ment.

Of course you won't miss it; you enjoy it; you'll be entertained by it.

Your Reviewer Says: A five-ring big-t circus.

✓ Crossroads (M-G-M)

It's About: *An amnesia victim who past becomes a ghost.*

FOR the second time in his caree William Powell plays an amnesia vi tim, but there's little or no comedy i volved in this dramatic story that boas Hedy the Beautiful as Bill's wife.

Suspense almost crowds the playe from the screen, from the slightly co fused beginning to the surprise finish. tells the story of a French diplomat wh a victim of amnesia, brings his black mailer to trial only to be met with almo convincing proof that he was both crim nal and murderer earlier in his life.

Basil Rathbone, Claire Trevor a Margaret Wycherly are clever as t folk on the shady side of the fence.

Felix Bressart is good as the fami friend.

Your Reviewer Says: An interest-holder.

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✓✓ The Magnificent Ambersons (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *An arrogant young man of good family who gets his come-uppance.*

ORSON WELLLES adheres to no timeworn, one-track methods. His people behave and talk as human beings with no compromise to cheap theatricals. He places them here in an exquisite but authentic setting, presents them with originality, both photographically and photogenically.

Booth Tarkington's novel supplies the story of a spoiled pampered brat of a well-to-do Middle Western family who ruins his own and his mother's life with his selfishness. Dolores Costello is beautiful as the mother, Joseph Cotten does a superb piece of underplaying as the man who loves her, Tim Holt comes into his own as the despicable son. Anne Baxter does her best work to date as Cotten's daughter and the girl young Holt loves, Ray Collins is one of the best supporting actors any cast could have. But—and we've saved this for the last—Agnes Moorehead, the bitter frustrated sister-in-law, all but steals the show with a terrific performance.

Your Reviewer Says: A magnificent picture.

✓ Ship Ahoy (M-G-M)

It's About: *A dancer who becomes involved with foreign spies.*

ELEANOR POWELL taps out with her nimble dancing feet an S.O.S. message that reveals to Government agents a plot to steal a mine by foreign spies. She also taps out messages that reveal to movie audiences she is by far the best woman dancer on the screen.

Red Skelton, her boy friend, is given some pretty hackneyed material, but somehow Red brings life, laughter and amusement to his role. Bert Lahr is comical as Red's stooge and Virginia O'Brien a cutie pie as Bert's heartbeat.

A pair of Negro dancers killed the preview audience with their round-hat-and-no-expression routine.

Your Reviewer Says: Funny bone-ish.

✓ Wings For The Eagle (Warners)

It's About: *Three workers in an airplane factory and how they find happiness.*

THE plot of this timely drama is subordinated to the exciting background of the busy Lockheed factory where the fighter-planes are built and the scenes taken there are most vivid and interesting.

Among the many workers is Dennis Morgan, who hopes the draft will pass him by because of his job. He goes to live with his old college pal, Jack Carson, and his wife, Ann Sheridan, the breadwinner of the family. The couple split up and both Jack and Ann also find jobs at Lockheed. There the two young men compete to win Ann, until Morgan changes his mind about evading the draft.

George Tobias gives a moving performance as the foreign-born foreman who loses his job because of his nationality. Russell Arms, as his son, also lends strength to the film.

For its exciting picture of the men who build our planes, we give it our one-check rating.

Your Reviewer Says: Timely and interesting.



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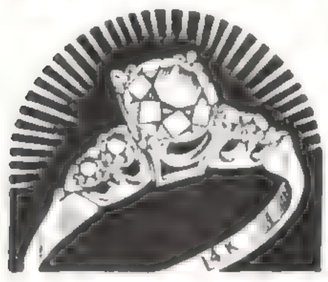
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Maisie Gets Her Man (M-G-M)

It's About: *Maisie flops at vaudeville but does all right with her soldier boy.*

RED SKELTON joins Ann Sothern as *Maisie* in this latest episode of the series and the result is Iowa's main product—c-o-r-n. In fact, at times it grows so thick the customers feel the need of a plow. But it's good clean fun, we'll say that much.

Maisie meets up with Red, a stage-struck local yokel, after a harrowing experience with a knife thrower, of all things. Red convinces Ann he's a panic on the stage—that is, he convinces her until he gets there. And then it's the audience who grows panicked at Red's howlingly funny stage fright, with little *Maisie* carrying on as best she can.

The story, after a detour through a bond swindle, winds up in an Army camp which gives it an Uncle Sammy send-off. Allen Jenkins, Leo Gorcey and Donald Meek are a gleesome threesome

Your Reviewer Says: They Dood It.

Moonlight Masquerade (Republic)

It's About: *A boy and girl fated for marriage by a business agreement.*

DENNIS O'KEEFE either marries Jane Frazee, daughter of his father's business partner, or forfeits a fortune. And the same goes for Janey. The pair have never met, it seems, so Jane has her nutty secretary Betty Kean impersonate her at the arranged meeting. O'Keefe has the same idea. He has Eddie Foy Jr., who sports a phony title, impersonate him. Need we say more—except that Miss Frazee sings delightfully, Betty Kean dances keenly (no pun) and dancing colored boys go to town with their stepping.

Your Reviewer Says: They didn't fool us.

✓ They All Kissed The Bride (Columbia)

It's About: *A woman executive who trips over love.*

JOAN CRAWFORD comes to the screen in a delightful little comedy all about a stern woman executive, head of a trucking company, who tries to run everyone's life and gets all tangled up in love.

Joan is beautiful as the unbending executive and alluring as the woman who falls for the man she's determined to squelch, one way or another. You see, the man, who turns out to be Melvyn Douglas, threatens to write an exposé of her father's life and Joan is bound he shan't. When he turns up as an uninvited guest at her sister's unhappy wedding, Joan has him arrested, believing him to be her sister's real love.

That's when Mr. Douglas begins to cut Miss Crawford down to his size and the trimming provides some mighty amusing moments.

The jitterbug sequence between Joan and Allen Jenkins is an out-and-out riot and worth a million laughs.

Roland Young, Billie Burke and Helen Parrish are very nice people to have in any picture, too.

Your Reviewer Says: A good solid comedy.

Night In New Orleans (Paramount)

It's About: *A police lieutenant who is accused of murder.*

THIS is all too much for us. Everything turned black and there we were in a coma trying to figure out why Police Lieutenant Preston Foster should bother about his silly wife Patricia Morison and why Albert Dekker, another police officer, should think Foster committed a murder and why Cecil Kellaway had to be dragged in to complicate things. The biggest mystery of all is why we ever sat through this thing in the first place.

Your Reviewer Says: It's the audience that gets murdered.

Flight Lieutenant (Columbia)

It's About: *A father who heroically makes restitution for a wrong.*

THE tried-and-true plot of this story is as familiar as an old shoe and just as comfortable. It tells of an aviator (Pat O'Brien) who, through drink, causes a plane crash in which his co-pilot is killed. His license revoked, the man takes to wildcat flying in Dutch Guiana to support his young son.

It's inevitable, of course, that the son grows up to fall in love with the daughter of the man killed through his father's negligence and that the result is heartache and disillusionment for all concerned.

Restitution comes when the father gives his life to save his son and supply valuable information to the Government. Glenn Ford is splendid as the son. Evelyn Keyes hasn't much to do as the girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Trite but interesting.

In Old California (Republic)

It's About: *East meets West smack on the nose.*

JOHN WAYNE is a young fella from Boston who comes out to Sacramento in the old pioneer days to open up a much-needed drugstore. Villainous Albert Dekker, inflamed by jealousy over his dance-hall sweetie's interest in Wayne, poisons the drugs and nearly succeeds in having Wayne lynched. The sudden hullabaloo over the discovery of gold saves him.

But, of course, the inevitable fight between the two nearly wrecks the town and the audience.

Binnie Barnes is a bit miscast as the dance-hall queen. Patsy Kelly and Edgar Kennedy are cute. Edgar is the cutest.

Your Reviewer Says: It's the same old Wes

Friendly Enemies (Edward Small-U.A.)

It's About: *Two German-Americans who trap a spy ring.*

OUTMODED as the hobble skirt is the story, taken from the play of twenty odd years ago, of two argumentative old German-Americans who talk themselves and the audience half to death. And do it with German accents, at that.

Charlie Ruggles and Charles Winninger are the friendly enemies. James Craig is the son who is thought to be lost at sea and Nancy Kelly his girl.

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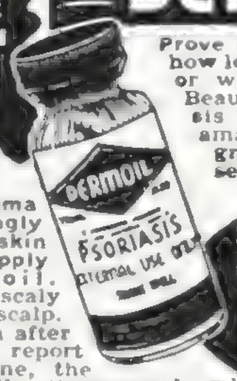
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Your Reviewer Says: Too much sauerkraut for our taste.

Sweater Girl (Paramount)

It's About: *Murder on a college campus.*

KILLINGS set to music is a novel idea to say the least. The fact the gruesome happenings occur during rehearsal for a college musical makes it even more incongruous, with Eddie Bracken and girl friend June Preisser trying to solve the mystery. Handsome Nils Asther gets himself suspected among others.

The hit tunes, "I Don't Want To Walk Without You, Baby" and "I Said No," the Liberty magazine song, even overshadow the plot with their catchiness.

Phillip Terry and cute songstress Betty Rhodes add to the doings.

Your Reviewer Says: Guess who dunnit while you tap those feet.

Private Buckaroo (Universal)

It's About: *A band in the Army.*

TOO much of a good thing has been done to a cinder in this story. Music, both instrumental and vocal, is strung together tighter than ten-cent store beads with very little room for plot. Jitterbuggers or those jive people will undoubtedly love the music of Henry James's band and especially Henry's trumpet playing. They will get hep (Are we saying this right?) when the Andrews Sisters warble their cute but numerous ditties and may even applaud Dick Foran's several numbers. But we can just see the look on Uncle Elmer's face while this is going on. If he goes back to the movies within a year it will surprise us.

Jennifer Holt, Joe E. Lewis and Shemp Howard try to squeeze a word in edgewise.

Your Reviewer Says: They said it all with music.

Rubber Racketeer (Monogram)

It's About: *A bootlegger of rubber who meets his just fate.*

TIMELY, at least, is this story of a released convict (former bootlegger) who organizes the racket of bootlegging cheap rubber. When a blowout from one of his bad tires kills a defense worker, the lads, led by Bill Henry, start an organized fight against the villains that results in a free-for-all fight in a warehouse.

The racketeer is played by Ricardo Cortez. Rochelle Hudson and Barbara Read are the girls.

Your Reviewer Says: New wine in old bottles.

Pacific Rendezvous (M-G-M)

It's About: *A naval lieutenant who deciphers an enemy's code messaae.*

GOOD heavens, how and why do they make such mixed-up pictures that serve only to waste the talents of capable players such as Lee Bowman and Jean Rogers?

Bowman, the naval officer who craves action but who gets a desk job of deciphering code, is far and away better than the material he works with. Jean Rogers, the female in his life, also deserves better fare. Spies Mona Maris, Carl Esmond and Blanche Yurka are so obviously spies it all becomes a bit ridiculous.

Your Reviewer Says: Sassafras!

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Lemon-aid

Catch on quick to this idea of Mary Martin's and maybe you'll owe your summer success to a lemon!



BY ANN HAMILTON

OF all the hot, sticky, enervating things to do, walking around the back lot of a movie studio tops the list. The California sunshine, of course, is responsible for the movies' being here, but as I plowed across the Paramount lot a few days ago I couldn't help wishing that it could be turned off occasionally, or at least have the heat sting taken out of its rays.

Then I reached the sound stage where the cabaret scene for "Happy Go Lucky" was being filmed and there at one of the tables, looking as though they'd never heard of a rising thermometer, were stars Mary Martin and Dick Powell. Kind-hearted creatures that they are, they called me over to join them, saying sympathetically, "You look as though you're in the market for a thirst quencher."

"I certainly am," I answered, dropping into the chair Dick pulled up. "What have you got?"

"The best one there is," Mary said enthusiastically. "Lemonade. Here I've always thought people drank lemonade just because they like it and it tastes good, but the Red Cross nutrition course I've been taking explains that lemons and all the other citrus fruits are so wonderfully good for us that we ought to drink it."

"You must like living in California, then, where you can pick your citrus fruits off your own trees," I said.

"I certainly do," Mary agreed. "Just last week we drove down to San Bernardino through those miles and miles and *miles* of groves. And those groves," she went on seriously—and for all her pert cuteness, when Mary is serious she is very, very serious indeed—"are as valuable to our national health and to our winning the war as—well, as a lot of tanks are, maybe, because citrus fruits are full of Vitamin C. And did you know," she went on, "that that's the Vitamin that the body uses right up and can't store, and the one that we lose when we perspire?"

"No, I didn't," I began, then I had an idea. "Why, that's one reason why lemonade—"

"Sure," Mary broke in. "It not only gives you the fluid you need, but it has loads of Vitamin C, too."

"And Vitamin C is the anti-fatigue Vitamin," I mused, "and you are one of the peppiest people I know. So may I quote you, Miss Martin, as saying that you owe your success to a lemon?"

We all laughed, but Mary said just as emphatically as ever, "Just the same, what you eat and drink has a lot to do with how you feel and *that* has everything to do with success or failure."

She's right, of course, and so enthusiastic about this whole business of good health as it is related to food that she has collected a whole stack of citrus fruit recipes. First of all is spiced lemonade—and made without sugar, too!

Spiced Lemonade

½ cup water
½ cup molasses
12 whole cloves
1 stick cinnamon
6 lemons
1 qt. water

Boil together ½ cup water, molasses and spices for five minutes. Strain and chill. Combine with juice of lemons and water, pour over cracked ice and serve.

Another — and a nourishing — thirst quencher that is a favorite of Mary's is Orange Cooler, and, like the other citrus recipes she is so enthusiastic about, can be made without sugar.

Orange Cooler

2 cups orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
¼ cup maraschino cherry juice
1 cup ginger ale
2 tbls. honey
1 pint vanilla ice cream
2 tbls. sliced maraschino cherries

One of the grandest salads you hav ever eaten is yours if you will follo Mary's recipe for orange avocado mousse

Orange Avocado Mousse

1½ tbls. granulated gelatin
6 tbls. cold water
3 small, soft avocados
3 tbls. lemon juice
1 tps. salt
dash of Worcestershire sauce
¼ cup mayonnaise
½ cup cream, whipped
1 avocado
2 or 3 oranges

Soak gelatin in water for five minute place over warm water and stir unt gelatin is dissolved. Keep mixture war while you peel and rub through siev three small, soft avocados. Cool gelati to room temperature and add lemo juice, salt, Worcestershire sauce an mayonnaise and when well blended fol in whipped cream. Turn into ring mol which has been rinsed in cold water an chill until firm. Turn out on large cho platter on bed of crisp celery or water cress. Fill center with orange section and avocado slices. Serve with Frenc dressing.

Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page* 19)

I WAS FRAMED—Warners: Michael Ames is framed by political crooks, but he breaks jail and flees with his wife, Julie Bishop, to another town where he becomes a newspaper editor. But he's blackmailed before he finally discovers he's been cleared of the former charge. (July)

JUKE GIRL—Warners: Appalled by the conditions of farmers and workers under racketeering Gene Lockhart, Ronald Reagan sides with farmer George Tobias, although his friend Richard Whorf throws in his lot with Lockhart. Ann Sheridan, traveling juke girl, falls in love with Reagan, and the two find themselves accused of murder. Dull. (July)

✓✓ *JUNGLE BOOK*—Korda: A pageantry of sound and color and beauty, with Sabu as the boy raised by wolves who is forced by the tiger to take refuge in a small village. There he finds his real mother, Rosemary deCamp, but when the greedy men of the village learn he guards the secret of hidden treasures they force him back to the jungle. It's delightfully fantastic entertainment. (June)

✓ *KID GLOVE KILLER*—M-G-M: Intelligent writing, acting and directing combine to make this B picture one to shout about. Van Heflin as the scientific crime detective, Lee Bowman, his friend, is a killer who places a bomb in the reform mayor's car, and Marsha Hunt as the girl who almost marries Bowman are all excellent. (June)

KLONDIKE FURY—Monogram: This is the same old story of a doctor, Edmund Lowe, who loses a patient while operating, flees the whole mess like a weakling, then is faced with the same operation in a new environment. Bill Henry is an embittered cripple, Lucile Fairbanks his sweetheart, and Ralph Morgan a backwoods M.D. (June)

LARCENY, INC.—Warners: Eddie Robinson, Broderick Crawford and Edward Brophy open up a store next to a bank as a front and then start tunnelling under to the vaults. But they become so fascinated by their success as legitimate businessmen that they decide to give up robbing the bank, until Anthony Quinn, a pal from prison, decides otherwise. With Jane Wyman. (June)

MAD MARTINDALES, THE—20th Century-Fox: Jane Withers attempts to capture her older sister's (Marjorie Weaver) rich beau to the distress of her young suitor Jimmy Lydon in this hokumy story. Jane deserves better material. (Aug.)

✓✓ *MALE ANIMAL, THE*—Warners: A man-sized panic, this comedy of an English professor, Henry Fonda, his wife, Olivia de Havilland, and Jack Carson, ex-football player who returns to the college and almost breaks up Fonda's happy home. Fonda almost gets dismissed from college because he's accused of being a Red. Joan Leslie and Herbert Anderson add to the fun. (June)

MAN WHO WOULDN'T DIE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Pretty farfetched is this, what with a corpse that's missing from its grave and Marjorie Weaver being so frightened that she pretends Lloyd Nolan, detective *Michael Shayne,* is her new husband so he can solve the mystery. (July)

MAN WITH TWO LIVES—Monogram: Edward Norris, following an accident, awakens from a deathlike stupor to be possessed with the soul of a gangster who was executed at the time of Norris's lapse from consciousness, and takes over the gangster's activities and his girl. It's finally all explained; but really, after all! (June)

MEET THE STEWARTS—Columbia: Warm and cozy is this story of a poor boy, William Holden, who marries a rich girl, Frances Dee, and their efforts to live on a budget. Frances is lovely and Holden, as always, gives a sincere and polished performance. (Aug.)

MEXICAN SPITFIRE SEES A GHOST—RKO-Radio: It's Lupe Velez again, and Leon Errol impersonating *Lord Epping.* But when the real *Lord Epping* turns up, you can imagine the zaney results. Buddy Rogers is the handsome husband of Lupe. Loud and noisy. (Aug.)

MISS ANNIE ROONEY—Small-U. A.: Shirley Temple is cute as the young modern who executes a mean jitterbug and Dickie Jones is the rich young man who adores her. William Gargan is her father and Guy Kibbee her grandfather. (Aug.)

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER—Universal: Reporter Kent Taylor witnesses the murder of a jockey as he's about to cross the finish line, so Taylor grabs a cab and trails the murderer. Don't waste your time. (July)

MOKEY—M-G-M—All about a misunderstood boy who gets into serious trouble, with Donna Reed handed the thankless role of a young stepmother who refuses to understand her husband's son *Mokey.* Dan Dailey Jr. plays his father. (July)

✓✓ *MOONTIDE*—20th Century-Fox: Jean Gabin is a sensation as a waterfront wanderer who rescues a forsaken waif, Ida Lupino, from her attempted suicide and discovers he wants to settle down with her. Thomas Mitchell and Claude Rains are excellent. Gabin and Lupino are unforgettable. (July)

✓✓ *MRS. MINIVER*—M-G-M: The best picture of the month and high among the best of the year is this charming and appealing story of an English family during this war. Greer Garson is *Mrs. Miniver,* mother of three children, and Walter Pidgeon her architect husband. It's a picture for Hollywood to be proud of. (Aug.)

MURDER IN THE BIG HOUSE—Warners: Newspaperman Van Johnson sets out to find out why a convict was electrocuted one hour before the set time. With the aid of Faye Emerson and George Meeker, he uncovers a political frame-up that almost leads to another murder. Minor stuff. (July)

✓✓ *MY FAVORITE BLONDE*—Paramount: Howl of the month is this farce where British agent Madeleine Carroll, pursued by Nazi agents, takes refuge with vaudevillian Bob Hope and accompanies him West. Such a procession of mixups as these two get in and out of! You'd lose your breath if you weren't using it for laughter. (June)

MY FAVORITE SPY—Harold Lloyd-RKO-Radio: Kay Kyser is a frustrated bridegroom who is yanked into the Army on his wedding day, then released as a secret member of the F.B.I. Ellen Drew, his bride who is unaware of his F.B.I. affiliation, believes the worst when Kay is jailed with Jane Wyman. (Aug.)

✓✓ *MY GAL SAL*—20th Century-Fox: In this gay musical Victor Mature portrays *Paul Dresser,* the songwriter. He runs away from home, joins a traveling show where he's befriended by Carole Landis, then meets the New York stage star, Rita Hayworth, with whom he falls in love. (July)

MYSTERY OF MARIE ROGET, THE—Universal: This is all very confusing, what with the body of Maria Montez being found in the river, but then Maria herself walks in as she's been erroneously identified. But then Maria really gets murdered. Patric Knowles is in charge of the case. (July)

NO HANDS ON THE CLOCK—Paramount: Chester Morris is a private detective honeymooning

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with Jean Parker in Reno when the son of a wealthy rancher disappears, and Jean eggs Chester on to take the case. Dick Purcell, Astrid Allwyn and Rose Hobart round up the cast. (June)

ONCE UPON A THURSDAY—M-G-M: Marsha Hunt is the maid secretly married to employer Richard Carlson, but when Carlson returns from a trip he becomes engaged to Frances Drake, believing Marsha has divorced him. When they learn at the engagement dinner party that Marsha is about to publish a book of memoirs, the results are most amusing. It's a gay little picture. (Aug.)

POWDER TOWN—RKO-Radio: A stupid little number, with Edmond O'Brien as a scientist who invents an explosive and must be protected at all times by Vic McLaglen. But then both Edmond and his bodyguard are almost blown up. Girls wander around and get all mixed up in it too. (Aug.)

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR—Republic: Don Barry plays an irresponsible soldier who neglects his duty, thereby causing the death of his pal. Later, of course, he sees the error of his ways. Alan Curtis and Fay McKenzie are also good, but it's really the dramatic news flashes and timely inserts that keep the story alive and interesting. (Aug.)

RINGS ON HER FINGERS—20th Century-Fox: Henry Fonda, wage slave, meets Gene Tierney at a rich resort. Each thinks the other's wealthy, although Gene is just a front for swindlers Spring Byington and Laird Cregar. Amusing. (July)

✓ *RIO RITA*—M-G-M: Not the old "Rio Rita," but it does have Abbott and Costello. They've never been funnier as they blunder into a sabotage plot laid by Nazis in a Texas resort. Kathryn Grayson and John Carroll sing and romance. (June)

✓ *SABOTEUR*—Universal: Packed with suspense, this story holds your interest despite many loose ends. Robert Cummings is a defense plant worker accused of sabotage who escapes the police, picks up Priscilla Lane and makes his way to New York where he uncovers the real saboteurs. (July)

SCATTERGOOD RIDES HIGH—RKO-Radio: Guy Kibbee, as the small-town philosopher, *Scattergood Baines*, helps Kenneth Howell to get back his dead father's favorite horses by outwitting a small-town snob with a hen-pecked husband, Jed Prouty. It has a warm homey coziness. (July)

SECRET AGENT OF JAPAN—20th Century-Fox: British agent Lynn Bari calls for a mysterious letter at the Shanghai night club run by Preston Foster. Foster, who thinks she's employed by the Japs, gets into the fray and finally discovers the head man of the Japs. Noel Madison, Sen Yung. Miss Bari and Mr. Foster are swell. (June)

SHIPS WITH WINGS—U.A.: An English-made picture, expressing the importance of aircraft carriers in battle. The story has the usual heel who is discharged from the R.A.F. and eventually becomes a hero by blowing up a dam. The English cast features Leslie Banks, John Clements and Jane Baxter. The photography is remarkable and worthy of applause. It's fair war stuff. (Aug.)

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER—Columbia: Rich Jinx Falkenburg is mistaken for a taxi dancer and ends up as a singer with a band. Bert Gordon, the mad Russian, makes people laugh. (July)

SLEEPYTIME GAL—Republic: A hodgepodge about three hotel chefs, Billy Gilbert, Fritz Feld and Jay Novello, who help Judy Canova impersonate a night-club singer so she can win a contest to sing with Skinnay Ennis's band. (June)

✓ *SPOILERS, THE*—Universal: Alaska in the Gold Rush days, with John Wayne, beloved of Marlene Dietrich, owner of a gambling saloon, discovering that Randy Scott is attempting to steal the mine Wayne owns jointly with Harry Carey. There's a terrifically exciting fight. (July)

SUNDAY PUNCH—M-G-M: Connie Gilchrist runs a boarding house for prize fighters, and everything goes along fine until her beautiful daughter, Jean Rogers, comes home, and then comes Love. Dan Dailey, Jr. plays the janitor, and William Lundigan the college lad who wins Jean. The big fight climax is a thriller. (Aug.)

SUICIDE SQUADRON—Republic: Anton Walbrook gives a sterling performance as a Polish pianist on a concert tour through the States, where he marries Sally Gray, then returns to fight for Poland. The actual scenes, filmed from R.A.F. Spitfires, are exceedingly impressive. (July)

SYNCOPATION—RKO-Radio: This little ditty wanders around aimlessly and gets nowhere. Jackie Cooper marries Bonita Granville, a belle from New Orleans, joins a symphony orchestra and leaves it to organize his own band. The one and only redeeming feature is the aggregation of popular band leaders in the finale. (Aug.)

✓✓ *TAKE A LETTER, DARLING*—Paramount: A delightful comedy with Rosalind Russell as the woman advertiser who hires Fred MacMurray as an escort-secretary. But when Fred ogles charmer Constance Moore, Rosalind runs into the arms of MacDonald Carey until things straighten out. Robert Benchley is Rosalind's partner. You'll love it. (July)

TARZAN'S NEW YORK ADVENTURE—M-G-M: Johnny Weissmuller, the perennial *Tarzan*, comes to New York in search of *Boy*, who was taken to civilization by big-game hunters, and his adventures there result in thrills and chuckles. Maureen O'Hara as *Jane* and Cheeta the ape are with him, of course. (Aug.)

TEN GENTLEMEN FROM WEST POINT—20th Century-Fox: The establishing of West Point Academy and the training of the first group of students under Major Laird Cregar make a most interesting story, but histrionically it's very weak despite the cast of George Montgomery, John Sutton, John Shepperd and Maureen O'Hara. Cregar is splendid. (Aug.)

✓✓ *THIS ABOVE ALL*—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power is the bewildered English soldier who deserts his regiment and meets and falls in love with Joan Fontaine, member of the W.A.A.F., and through her learns what England is fighting for. Both their performances have power and pathos, and the characters of Thomas Mitchell, Nigel Bruce and Philip Merivale are expertly drawn. We heartily recommend it. (Aug.)

✓ *THIS GUN FOR HIRE*—Paramount: The big news in this exciting melodrama is Alan Ladd, a newcomer who springs into the big time in his role of the killer. Laird Cregar is terrific as a slimy stooge, Robert Preston very good as the police officer and Veronica Lake proves herself an actress. It's thrilling and suspenseful. (Aug.)

✓✓ *TORTILLA FLAT*—M-G-M: This has fire, humor, pathos. Spencer Tracy is a conniving loafer. John Garfield is the hot-tempered *Danny* who loves Hedy, a Portuguese girl with matrimonial ideas. Frank Morgan is the village recluse. All four are splendid characterizations. (July)

✓✓ *TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI*—20th Century-Fox: A whooper-dooper service picture that is bound to stir the patriotism of all Americans proud of their Marines. Smart aleck John Payne antagonizes his fellows, later proves himself a hero. Randolph Scott and Maureen O'Hara are good. (June)

TRUE TO THE ARMY—Paramount: Judy Canova sees a murder committed, so in order to escape the murderers she lands in an Army camp, where she's disguised as a soldier by her beau Jerry Colonna and stage star Allan Jones. Ann Miller's snappy tapping and William Demarest's bewilderment as a top sergeant are very good. (July)

✓ *TUTTLES OF TAHITI, THE*—RKO-Radio: A novel and refreshingly different story of the improvident clan of *Tuttles* who dislike work and have a whale of a good time. Charles Laughton is at his best as the lackadaisical head of the enormous family. Jon Hall is his sailor-son who falls in love with neighbor Peggy Drake. It's amusing and well done. (June)

TWIN BEDS—Small-U.A.: Too many husbands in one bedroom in this alleged comedy, with Mischa Auer and Ernest Truex skidding in and out of Joan Bennett's bedroom, just missing her husband, George Brent, who seems quite unamused. (July)

TWO YANKS IN TRINIDAD—Columbia: Racketeers Pat O'Brien and Brian Donlevy join the army and fall in love with the same girl, Janet Blair. It's gusty and rowdy. (June)

WHISPERING GHOSTS—20th Century-Fox: Milton Berle is a smart-aleck radio detective, but he runs into trouble when he tries to solve the murder of an old sea dog, what with Brenda Joyce, the murdered man's niece, in search of the hidden jewels, two ham actors hired to frame Berle and several shady characters around. (July)

WHO IS HOPE SCHUYLER?—20th Century-Fox: Five women are suspected of being a secret political ringleader and spiritualist using the name of Hope Schuyler and wanted as witness in a bribery trial. Is she Mary Howard, Sheila Ryan, Janis Carter, Rose Hobart or Joan Valerie? You'll find out when almost everyone has been killed. With John Payne and Joseph Allen Jr. (June)

WIFE TAKES A FLYER, THE—Columbia: In Holland under the Hitler regime Allyn Joslyn, a Nazi Major, has dishonorable intentions toward Joan Bennett, about to divorce her absent husband Franchot Tone, an R.A.F. flyer, is passed off as the husband, but has to be divorced the next day. Briefly, they make a monkey of the Major. (July)

YOKEL BOY—Republic; Alan Mowbray, Hollywood studio head, brings on Number One Movie Fan, Eddie Foy Jr., to advise on stories. Public Enemy Number One takes over and saves them from ruin. Gangster Albert Dekker and Joan Davis, his warbling sister, are good, but it's corn. (June)



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